

PRINCETON '63

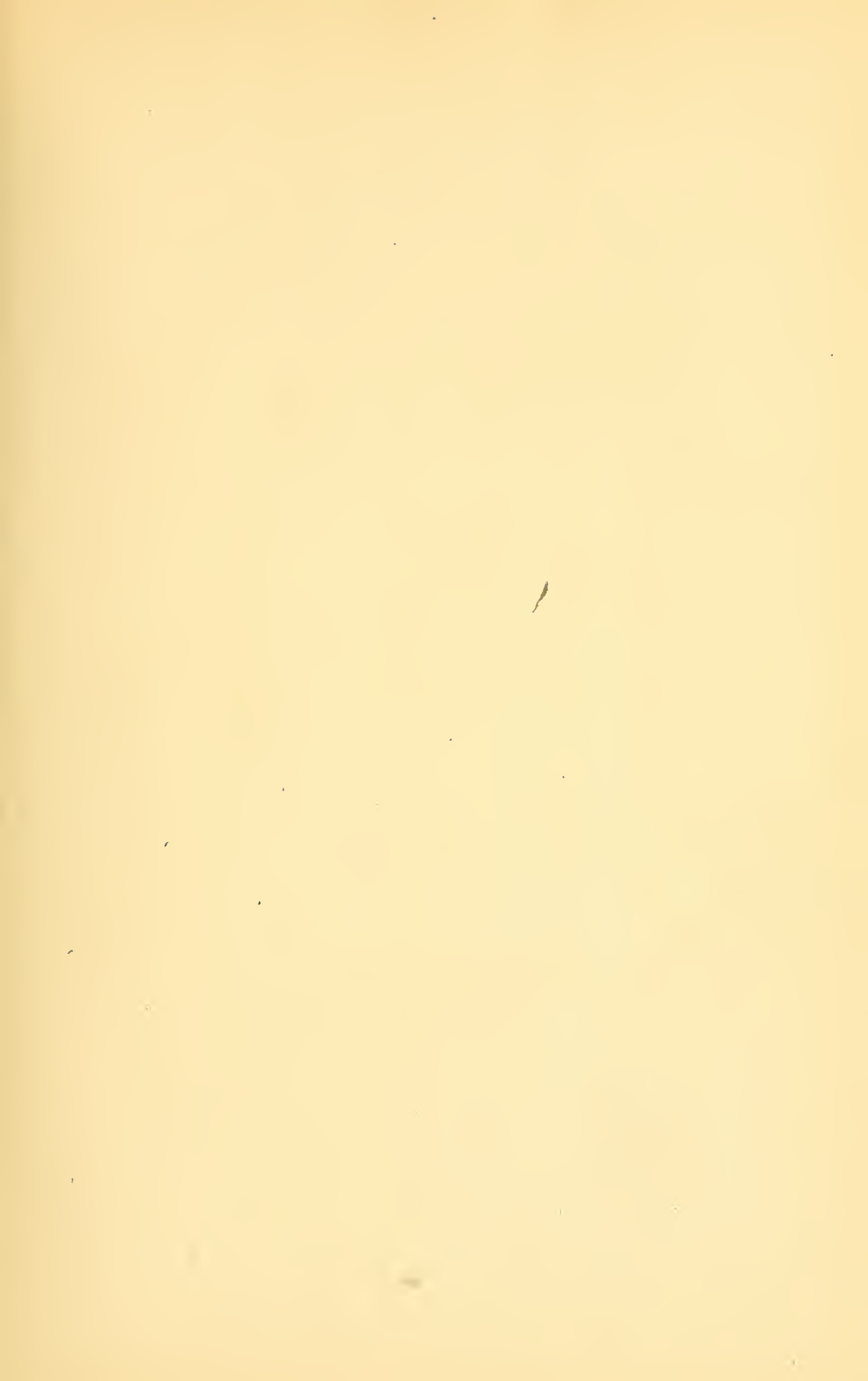




Class L II

Book 4604

1863d



PRINCETON, SIXTY-THREE

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FORTIETH-YEAR BOOK

OF THE MEMBERS OF THE

CLASS OF 1863

COLLEGIO NEO CAESARIENSIS

NASSAU HALL

NOW

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY Class of 1863

1863



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CLASS OFFICERS

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FOREWORD

THIS BOOK originated at the reunion of 1903. A Circular had been issued from Philadelphia, March 19th, preceding, by Dr. S. S. Stryker, Class President, and Professor J. W. Patton acting as Secretary, inviting the Members to the Class to the Fortieth-year Dinner at the Princeton Inn on the Monday of Commencement week, June 8th., and likewise to lunch at University Hall on the Saturday previous, and to take part in the Procession to the Ball Game, which is the feature of that day. There was a good response to this, some twenty-one of our number in all being on the Campus during Commencement time. Some account of these occasions and the names of those who were present, will be found under the sketch of Holmes. In the course of the Banquet Professor Patton was requested to continue to act as Class Secretary, in the room of the lamented Samuel B. Huey who died in 1901. The proposal was then made by Gen. Reeder that we have a Class Book, which was seconded by Prof. Patton, who proposed my name as Class Historian. With warm assurances of co-operation from all sides the project was started.

The honor was quite unlooked for, but too gratifying to be refused, and I undertook the work gladly. I had not a shred of preparation, however, and had even quite forgotten a little collection of Class and College *ana* saved up in post collegiate days, but laid by and buried in the dust of many many years. A thick packet of sad and defaced envelopes, stamped by the postal authorities "Unclaimed, Return to Sender," turned over to me by Prof. Patton as the fruits of his endeavors to reach our Class-mates, suggested melancholy thoughts and did not encourage hopes of a fruitful correspondence. In fact, though not dead myself, I had a vague impression that I should find but few to contribute materials for a Book,—which accounts for some blundering in the Circulars of Announcement and Inquiry which I hastened to send out. Many prompt responses soon came in, but many names required the persistent effort of months to accomplish the results here given, and a few have defied all my

research. However, everybody helped, and I have reached the end of my very pleasant task. Whatever may be thought of the Book, I am proud and indeed surprised at the success met with in tracing so nearly all of our Classmates by correspondence with themselves or their friends. I can but wish you all, Survivors of Sixty-three, as much pleasure in the reading, as I have had in gathering these widely-scattered and fragrant leaves.

As nearly as possible one half the number of names in the Book are those of Classmates who have passed away; necessarily demanding a certain sobriety of treatment. It has been a little sad to have to write the memoirs of so many departed whom I once knew as friends in life. That this circumstance might not impart a too painfully sombre complexion to the whole work, I have accepted gladly everything that would contribute to variety and relief, which may account for a feature or a touch here and there. It has made me want to sport a little with those who still could smile back at me. I have preferred to let Classmates speak for themselves wherever the *data* could be so used, and in all cases it has been my endeavor to reflect as closely as possible the humor and personality of the man. Several of the Sketches have been given as written by the subjects themselves or by their friends, without alteration, or almost so. Some have required a slighter or greater editing; some have been moulded by other hands after being shaped from the *data* by me. Thus the authorship is variously mixed; however, I am responsible for very much the greater part, and in a work so largely composed of dates, names, and small details, the openings for errors are too numerous for me to hope that there will not be many, with all my care.

It remains only to give All Hail to you, as I pass over these fruits of my labors into your hands. I am thankful that so many remain to see these days of prosperous change, when COLLEGIO NEO CAESARIENSIS of old has become UNIVERSITAS PRINCETONIENSIS of to-day;—and it is my fervent trust that each one of the Band, living or dead, who went out forty years ago in the earnestness of the old College motto, *Prodesse quam Conspici*, rest now and evermore in the benediction written with the present University arms, *DEI sub numine viget*.

HENRY U. SWINNERTON.

Cherry Valley, N. Y., May 25, 1904.

IN MEMORIAM

It is painful to announce the death of our Classmate, Andrew Kirkpatrick, which took place from a sudden illness, May 3rd., instant, after these pages were in the hands of the printer. The event was widely noticed in the press with comments on the character, prominence and peculiarities of this very able jurist.

Judge Kirkpatrick took a lively interest in this Book and has corresponded freely on the subject, his latest letter having a passage which is of pathetic interest in view of its intimation of a weariness which perhaps meant more than he realised when he wrote of it. The Class Historian had had occasion to mention to him a place here offered for occupancy during the summer months. He writes, under date April 15th.,—"I have not been able for many years to go so far from home that I could not be in daily touch with Newark, and be able to go back and forth for the transaction of necessary business. I therefore go to a nearby place on the sea shore, instead of an inland place such as you suggest. I thank you, however, for calling my attention to Cherry Valley, and assure you that in my present rather tired out condition I would be glad of the rest which it would afford."

Hon. John Lind McAtee passed away in Chicago, June 13, 1904, after a four days' illness from paralysis caused by hemorrhage of the brain. Our Classmate had just previously passed through an illness of two months from neuritis, which had greatly prostrated him, but from which he was hopeful of recovery. His only daughter and eldest son were with him.

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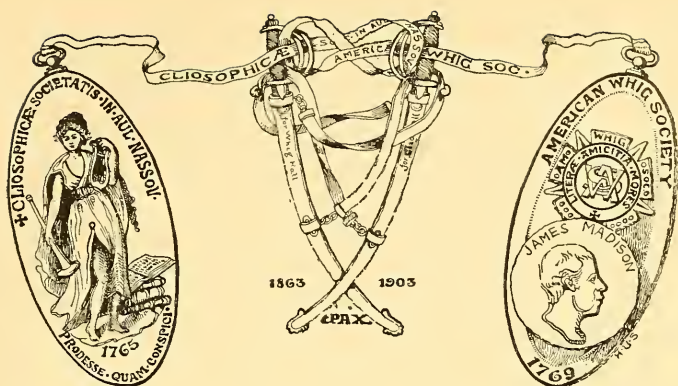
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PRINCETON, SIXTY-THREE

LEWIS K. ALBRO. A poor beginning maketh a good ending; and the whole of this Book were ill-judged by the sum and story of its first two names. Albro was from Elizabeth, N. J., where the family is by some still remembered. He was with us only in the Sophomore year, and is not even mentioned in the Class "Record" of 1866-7, our Triennial "Book," edited by our Classmate Sheldon. R. T. Haines writes that Albro went to Cincinnati soon after he left Princeton; but the wife of a gentleman of the name who was born in that city states that to his knowledge there has never been an Albro there not of his family. The name lends an ingredient to the make-up of the Class, scarcely found elsewhere, which adds to its composite character. This lady writes, that some years ago she was anxious to establish her husband's eligibility to the Sons of the American Revolution, but the result of her researches, that the Albros were all notorious Tories in the Revolution, so disgusted him that he has refused ever since to be interested in their history.

J. AMBROSE, Jr. *Nomen et praeterea nihil.* The fact that his residence is given "New York City," is equivalent to his being "lost in London." Mr. Ambrose was with us only in the Freshman year; is said to have "polled intensely and left at the end." And he had not been heard from at the date of the

"Record" of 1866-7. He roomed at 27 West College, his roommate being Isaac G. de G. Angus, of Elizabeth, who died, however, in 1885. A Henry Ambrose, of Salisbury, Mass., came over in 1640, whose descendants there, Henry, John, etc., are traced to 1746,—and there an end.

JOHN SMITH BACKUS, M.D., was born in the Parsonage of the First Presbyterian Church in Baltimore, Md., where his father was pastor, April 20, 1841. He was of a family of distinction in the Presbyterian ministry, identified with Albany, N. Y. and Weathersfield in Connecticut. His father, Dr. John Chester Backus, one of two eminent brothers, singularly handsome men of great ability, both of whom were Moderators of General Assembly, was a Director of Princeton Seminary, and died in 1884. His mother was Letitia C. Cooper, of Philadelphia. The father and the uncle, Jonathan Trumbull Backus, of the First Church, Schenectady, had each a single long pastorate, the one of thirty-nine, the other of forty-one years.

Our Classmate entered the Class in 1861 as a Junior, and graduated in 1863. He took a diploma from the Baltimore Medical College in 1866, and within a year or so went to Europe for further medical study in Germany, and died at Berlin, Prussia, in 1871, at the age of thirty years.

Backus was tenderly considered by his fellow students, in view of the incurable lameness which set him at inevitable disadvantage. There was no mighty Lorenz within call at his birth, with mercifully cruel hands to repair the natal mishap which was to maim his happiness and shorten his life. Yet he was of a smiling, cheerful disposition, with something sweetly childlike about him that appealed to us all, and even now gives a tinge of pleasure to the sadness of his memory.

A.B and A.M.

WILLIAM CHESTER BAIRD is of a scholarly family closely associated with Princeton through a long series of years, as instructors, however, rather than as of the student body, except in the Seminary. As he explains in the notice given in the "Record" of 1866-7, he was diverted from his plans of a professional life by the death of both his parents

about the time of his graduation. He is one of a number who commenced College life with us whose personality made an ineffaceable impression and whose withdrawal was felt as a distinct loss. He was with us during our Freshman year, and then entered New York University, where he took his A.B. in regular course in 1863. His brother, considerably older, became professor of the Greek language there in '59. He was named for Rev. Dr. William Chester, a Director of the Seminary, for many years connected with the Presbyterian Board of Education, and a warm personal friend of his father.

He was born in Geneva, Switzerland, October 11, 1842, the son of Rev. Dr. Robert Baird, who was Secretary and Agent in Europe of the Foreign Evangelical Society, whose wife was Fermine Ophelia Amaryllis Du Buisson. Dr. Baird, (who was from Fayette county in southern Pennsylvania), was a Jefferson College man and while studying in the Seminary was a Tutor in Princeton College, and afterwards for some years Principal of the Princeton Academy. He subsequently carried on his successful life work in the service of several Missionary, Sunday School and Evangelical Societies in this country and on the Continent of Europe, leading up to the American and Foreign Christian Union, of which he was "magna pars," contributing greatly to the cause of pure religion in European countries. Few men of that period were more widely known and more widely acquainted than Doctor Baird. Their residence was at Yonkers, and the elder brothers, Charles W. and Henry M., as well as two nephews of our Classmate, Robert, and Henry Martyn Baird, Jr., all studied at the University in the neighboring city. Henry M. Baird was, like his father, a Tutor at Princeton during his Seminary course, has received many literary distinctions and has long been professor of Greek in his University. After his graduation Mr. Baird served the country in the war of the Rebellion as a private in the 17th N. Y. State militia in 1863.

Prevented from following his plans of study, Mr. Baird in 1864 went into manufacturing business in New York, which proving unremunerative at first, he made trial briefly of fresh fields, tempting success in Nevada, but soon returned to New York again, embarking in commercial and manufacturing lines in which he has spent the years since. He has a strong musical

predilection, the taste for which he has always done something to promote and encourage in the circles about him. He was Conductor of Music in the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, from 1872 to 1898, and was Conductor of the Chester Glee Club, an active musical organization of Brooklyn, from 1884 till 1891. He was a founder of the N. Y. Vocal Society, which enjoyed unexampled success, and was for thirty years a member of the Mendelssohn and the English Glee Clubs, etc.

Mr. Baird married, June 23, 1886, Grace Summer, daughter of Williams Andrews Williams, of Tarrytown, his present residence, his office being at 66 West 22nd street, New York. His son, Alfred Clark Summer Baird, was born November 1, 1894.

THEODORE ALLING BALDWIN is a veteran missionary of the American Board in Asiatic Turkey, who has labored with success now for many years at Broussa, just south of the Sea of Marmora, and on the northwest flank of Mount Olympus,—Prussa ad Olypum, in fact,—the old capital city of an ancient kingdom, which gave the title Prusias to the kings of Bithynia. It seems like a suitable place for a staving Greek scholar at home with his Iliad and such. It is comforting to be able to add that this Olympian seat has not been the scene of any of the painful experiences to which so many of the missionaries in Turkey have been exposed.

Baldwin was born in Newark, N. J., November 1, 1843,—next door neighbor to the present Class Historian, in Mulberry street *ad Boudinot*, and playmate and schoolmate for all the earlier years of boyhood. It was historic ground,—a farm of the family of that Elias Boudinot, who was President of the Continental Congress, First President of the American Bible Society, and a Trustee of our old College. His father was Samuel A. Baldwin, an Alderman of the City, and prominent supporter of the old First Church, over which our Princeton contemporary Dr. D. R. Frazer now presides, and in which our Classmate Nichols and Baldwin's brother Frederick are officers. The family is of the oldest, and has been identified with the settlement and history of Newark and that part of New Jersey from the middle of the seventeenth century. His mother was Letitia D. Ward, of another of the oldest and most respected Newark families.

Unbeknown to his old neighbor, the families having separated for some years, Baldwin prepared for College in Newark under John Provost, and the two were surprised to meet each other on the Campus and to find themselves in the same Class, at the beginning of the Sophomore year, August, 1860. Baldwin at once took a high standing, and with a grade of 98.8 graduated second only to that tough competitor, McIlvaine's, 99.4. Truly it was not in our Class that the feeblest students went as missionaries!

After graduation, the country being in the midst of the throes of war, he served as did many of the students, during a vacation of six weeks in the Christian Commission, at work among the sick and wounded soldiers, at Camp Nelson, near Lexington, Kentucky. After that for fourteen months he was in the Quartermaster's Department in the same camp and at Lexington.

In the fall of 1864 he went to Princeton Seminary, where he graduated in May, 1867. He offered himself without delay as a missionary to the American Board, with which the New-school branch of the Church then cooperated in its foreign work, and being accepted, proceeded to marry the lovely Newark girl who had promised to go with him,—Miss Matilda J. Layton, daughter of Wm. E. Layton, Esq., of Newark, May 8, 1867.

His first field of service was in Constantinople,—that hub of the world,—where he labored from 1867 till 1870, acquiring the Armenian language and getting otherwise ready for the work. For the next five years he was at Magnesia ad Sipylum,—Manissa, as the Turks call it. It is on the river Hermus, in ancient Lydia, at the northern base of Mount Sipylus, and just over the mountain from the important seaport of Smyrna. You could have met old man Herodotus or Solon or Croesus here any day, some twenty-five centuries ago. Here he became familiar with the Turkish speech.

In 1876 he removed to Constantinople again and became Treasurer of the American Missions in Turkey and Persia, which he continued until the Fall of 1880, when he relinquished that position to engage in more direct evangelical work. He was settled in Broussa in 1880 and has been there now for twenty-four years, with only one vacation in this

country, from January till the first of August in 1888. With patience, yet with confidence of the certain result,—with progress slow to the eye as a watch's minute hand, yet as sure as the coming of to-morrow, he has kept at it and will so do. Mrs. Baldwin has given much of her time and strength during this long, unbroken period to educational work, and has the satisfaction of seeing a number of her graduates in positions of usefulness in different parts of the Turkish empire and in this country.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin have no children. They have just arrived in their home land for a vacation of a few months, which they expect to spend in Newark and the vicinity, and nothing would please them more than to see, or at least, hear from, the brethren of '63.

Address, care of Mr. B. W. Jones, 77 Beekman street, New York City.

Baldwin was a tremendous "shortstop" at baseball, and would be what they call now a Christian athlete, with his picture in all the sporting papers;—only we didn't go to College for that sort of thing in our day! A.B. and A.M.

THOMAS J. BALLARD was a son of Judge Thomas J. and Kettura Ballard, of Fairmount, on the eastern shore of Maryland, overlooking Tangier Sound, where he was born, June 4, 1841. "His father was for many years Judge of the Orphans' Court, of Somerset county," writes Judge J. Upshur Dennis, of Baltimore, (Princeton, '65), who was Ballard's schoolfellow at the old Washington Academy at Princess Anne. "The family has lived in Somerset 200 years, and has always maintained a high position. I always regarded Tom Ballard as the brightest and most capable man at the Academy in my day, although not a few of them have since achieved high positions on the roll of honor. He was greatly gifted and had already acquired high scholarship before he entered Princeton."

He joined the Class early in 1861, Sophomore half-advanced, and on February 7th following he wrote his father that he was very homesick, the southern students had gone, or were going. The yearning for home was upon him, perhaps as one over whom the coming physical catastrophe was gathering. Mrs. Ballard, his stepmother, states that he was only a few months

in Princeton, he had to be brought home on account of sickness, and died on the 14th of the October following, 1861.

MARTIN VOORHEES BERGEN is a long-established law practitioner of Camden, N. J., whose legal attainments and reliability of character were recognized last year by his appointment as Judge of the District Court of his city. He is a descendant of the old Bergen family, of Netherlands origin, after whom Bergen county in New Jersey is named; and he and Christopher Augustus Bergen, his brother, are of the eighth generation of the name and family in this country. The common ancestor of the family, who originally settled on Long Island, was Hans Hansen Bergen, of Bergen in Norway, who removed thence to Holland, and thence again, in 1633, to New Amsterdam, now New York. Some of his descendants removed from Long Island about fifty years later, and settled in the valleys west of the Hudson in what is now Bergen county and within the territory which was later to be known as New Jersey, then a part of the Dutch colony.

With his brother he prepared for College at the Edge Hill school at Princeton, and joined us in the Class at the beginning of the Sophomore year. He entered the law office of his uncle, the late Peter L. Voorhees, of Camden, who was a leading legal authority of that part of New Jersey. In due time he was admitted to the bar as an attorney by the Supreme Court of the State, in November, 1866, and as counsellor at law in the fall of 1869, since which time, mostly in partnership with his brother Christopher, under the firm and style of Bergen and Bergen, of Camden, he has practiced law in that city.

Since the illness of Mr. Christopher Bergen, in 1894, which occasioned his withdrawal from the firm, he has practiced alone.

Mr. Bergen was married in February, 1880, to Mary Agnes Atkinson, but has no children. He was for many years Superintendent of the Public Schools of the city of Camden, to which position he was re-elected repeatedly, and from which he resigned in the past year, 1903. On April 1st, 1902 he was appointed by Governor Murphy of New Jersey, Judge of the District Court of the city of Camden, which judicial position he still occupies.

The Class Historian is prompted to say, from sources in full knowledge and on which we may rely, that Judge Bergen is as popular in the county in which he lives, and with its bar, as he was with us at Princeton; and if any were looking for an able and conscientious legal man in any of those courts, to take charge of a case, he would be exceedingly well advised if he chose Martin V. Bergen, or for that matter the other member of the firm as well.

A. B. and A. M.

CHRISTOPHER A. BERGEN, whose parentage and ancestry are mentioned in this sketch of his brother, Martin V. Bergen, was born in Bridgepoint, Somerset county, New Jersey, August 2, 1841; was prepared for College at Edge Hill Classical school, Princeton, and entered with his brother. After graduation, he turned for a time to teaching,—first a country school at Hopewell in Mercer county, and afterwards in a private school of his own which he established at Princeton,—pursuing at the same time law studies under the direction of his uncle Mr. Voorhees, of Camden. In November 1866, he was licensed as an attorney, and in the fall of 1869 as counsellor, by the New Jersey Supreme Court. He opened a law office in partnership with his brother, Martin Voorhees Bergen, and through his legal attainments and forensic abilities soon became known as a prominent and successful member of the Camden county bar.

Mr. Bergen has been twice married. His first wife was Harriet James, daughter of Thomas D. and Augusta S. James, to whom he was married August 5, 1869. Two sons were the offspring of this union; the first, George J. Bergen, graduated from Princeton in 1891, and is at present a practicing lawyer in Camden, married to a daughter of former Attorney-General Grey of New Jersey. The second son, Martin V. Bergen, Jr., graduated from Princeton in 1892, and is a member of the bar of Philadelphia, and there practicing.

His second wife, whom he married January 26, 1886, was Fannie C. Hirst, daughter of the late William L. and Adele C. Hirst, by which marriage there are four children.

For many years after being admitted to the bar, Christopher A. and Martin V. Bergen composed the firm of Bergen and Bergen, practicing in the city of Camden, the co-partnership

being dissolved only when the subject of this sketch became incapacitated from further legal services, in the year 1894. Mr. Bergen has never been an active politician. However he is a pronounced Republican in his views and position, and was elected President of the Camden County Republican Club in 1886. In the fall of 1888 he was elected Representative in the Congress of the United States, from the first District of New Jersey. To this position he was a second time elected in 1900. On the completion of his terms in Congress he resumed the active practice of his profession.

In 1894 Mr. Bergen's health was subjected to strain and, indeed, broken down, by over-work and the severe exactions of business, resulting in his being stricken with a paralytic attack, by which he was suddenly prostrated while engaged in an argument in court. Successive strokes followed, from the effects of which he has not yet so far recovered as to be able to resume the active practice of his profession. He is now living in his seaside cottage at Atlantic City, N. J., with his family, and is happily able to enjoy occasional visits from old friends. Although confined to his apartment and physically much deprived, our Classmate Nichols, who frequently calls upon Mr. Bergen, reports him mentally sound and stout-hearted, still hopeful that time will restore him some portion of his former vigor,—a splendid example of a man rising superior to the assault of misfortune. On these visits the friend of old time is always met with a hearty welcome in memory of the happy associations of earlier days.

The Class so far venture upon there being "something" in faith-cure, as to believe that their hopes and good wishes,—and their prayers,—may make our good Chris's most sanguine anticipations true.

A. B. and A. M.

STEPHEN ALEXANDER BOVELL, editor of the *Herald and Tribune* of Jonesboro, Tennessee, has his home at Limestone, near by, in one of the mountain valleys of Washington county. Although deterred by recent sickness and "hardly able to do what I have done," he gives his story as below. One of the Meccas of lifelong desire, as the pilgrim's longing to see Jerusalem and of Paul to "see Rome," is the old collegian's desire to "see Princeton before I die." He says:

I know very little about our class; I have been North several times since the war, but have never visited Princeton. I want to go there once more before I "shuffle off the mortal coil."

I have had my ups and downs, prosperities and adversities, so far in life, but have been able to maintain a happy middle ground between poverty and wealth. I have been a newspaper editor for most of the time, and have acquired some distinction in this field. My vocation perhaps accounts for my immunity from the worries and torments of riches. For many years I have been the editor of the *Herald and Tribune*, a Republican newspaper, published at Jonesboro, Tennessee, the capital of the "lost State of Franklin" and the first capital of Tennessee.

Within eight miles of this old town are Washington College and Salem Church, which are the first Church and the first institution of learning west of the Alleghanies, and they were founded by the Reverend Samuel Doak, D.D., who was a graduate of Princeton in 1783. I was a student of this College five years before going to Princeton. It was at Brownsboro in this county of Washington that I was born, May 3, 1842; and I have been told that I could read at four, write and "cipher" at five, and had read the Bible twice through before I was six. At the age of thirteen I had read Virgil, Xenophon, Cæsar, Livy and Homer.

I am German on my mother's side, and Scotch-Irish and French on my father's. My paternal great grandfather Bovell was a French Huguenot and a Presbyterian minister; his son Stephen, a Presbyterian minister also, and my father a learned and distinguished physician. The Bovell family is noted for its large number of Presbyterian ministers named after the first martyr and whose name I bear also, and the fact that I do not wear the ministerial robe is not attributable to any lack in home training and in the Princeton influences.

Although I was there but a short time, I feel that I owe much to Princeton College. It was a revelation to me, I loved its associations and the most fragrant memories cling around its classic shades.

And the boys of the Class of '63,—the '63 of a century gone,—it seems that I can recollect them all as they answered to

the roll call. Oh, Time, how cruel are thy ravages! I have seen but two of them since I left College, John A. Gammon and Rowland Cox whom I met by accident, happening to be traveling on the same train. I have heard of but one other, Samuel M. Inman of Georgia. A noble, generous-hearted and pious boy, it was logical that he made a distinguished and successful man in the business world.,

I have been married twice. There were three children by my first wife. Two are dead and the other, a boy of sixteen years old, is living near Chicago. My last wife is childless. My address is Limestone, Tenn. (R. F. D., route 2), within three miles of the "first Church and the first institution of learning west of the Alleghanies," within two miles of the birthplace of Davy Crockett, and the same distance from the birthplace and home of Doctor David Nelson author of that wonderful book, "The Cause and Cure of Infidelity" and of that immortal hymn, "My days are gliding swiftly by."

CHARLES HENRY BRECKINRIDGE, whose middle name points to the Henry family of Virginia patriot fame, graduated at West Point Military Academy, June, 1865; was commissioned in the 15th U. S. Infantry as second lieutenant, and died of yellow fever at Fort Morgan, Mobile Bay, September 9, 1866.

His mother was *Sophronista* Preston, who died when he was but a few months old. He was born in Baltimore, in the Manse of the Second Presbyterian Church, September 9, 1844,—his father, Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, being the Pastor at the time, and contemporary of Dr. Backus in the First Church. As with him and his brother, there were three brothers Breckinridge, being the only ones who reached middle age, who were Moderators of the General Assembly. The extended ancestry of this family is given in the first and second of the Year Books of the Sons of the American Revolution. The names of those connected with Princeton make up a long list, the Rev. John Breckinridge, an uncle of our Classmate, being a Professor in the Seminary; Dr. Benjamin Breckinridge Warfield, now of the Seminary, and President Ethelbert L. D. Warfield of Lafayette, being his nephews. Judge Samuel Miller Breckinridge, the father of Mrs. R. K. Cross, wife of

one of our number, was a first cousin to him, and he was elder half-brother to Major-General Joseph C. Breckinridge, U. S. A.

His father became President of Jefferson College, and afterwards settled at Lexington, Kentucky, as pastor, and as Professor in the Seminary at Danville. Here, at Centre College, Charles received his preparation for Princeton, and he joined us as Sophomore in November, 1860, rooming in the old Refectory. At the end of that year he adopted the military career and went to West Point. His promotion to First Lieutenant was of same date as his first appointment at his graduation. He was stationed at Mobile and at Macon, Ga., where he was made Assistant Adjutant-General of the Department of the South, after which he was successively in command of posts at Huntsville, Mount Vernon Arsenal and Fort Gaines, near Mobile. He later held Fort Morgan, and it must have been but a little before the melancholy end that, in 1866, he wrote the Class Annalist, of his being "overwhelmed with business" as Judge Advocate of the Court of Inquiry into the recent riots in Mobile. He died at Fort Morgan, August 27th, that year, of the terrible disease, "contracted," as the Order of his regiment recites, "by personal attendance during the fatal illness of his West Point Classmate and friend, Lieutenant J. K. Heslop, Corps of Engineers" (who had just arrived from elsewhere infected with the disease), "and, although in receipt of a leave of absence, he remained at his post to abide the event of sickness in his command, apprehended from a death among them by so dire a malady." A shade of even sadder romance and tragedy is cast over the story of this young life so suddenly closed, by the fact which this official statement hides—the leave was for his wedding, the day of the marriage was set, and a casual newspaper mention of what had occurred was the only warning to the expectant bride of the event which changed her wreaths to ashes.

JAMES VAN ALLEN BUTLER, A.B., Princeton, '64. One of the brightest glimpses in the "Record" of our Triennial days is that given in the extract from a letter from Butler, in which he tells gaily of his movements and his prospects; how, as we knew, he left Princeton in our Sophomore year, in the middle of May, 1861; went right out to Chicago, his early

home, and after some months' stay, studied law at Dixon in Illinois, less than half a year; when, in August, 1862, he came back to Princeton and joined the class of '64. He regularly graduated with them; taught at Fishkill on the Hudson a year, in the family of Charles M. Woolcott, and then returned to Chicago. He continues: "In May, 1865, I went into the office of Arrington and Dent, to prosecute my law studies. I have been in that office two years to-day, which is rather a coincidence. I was admitted to the bar in the month of March, 1867; I expect soon to start for myself. If I complete my arrangements soon I will let you know before you publish the Report. I expect to reside permanently in Chicago. I am not married, and have no intention of trying my luck in that direction—at least for the present. I have no children to entitle me to any Class cradle." P. O. Address, 122 Lake street, Chicago.

A cerebral disorder supervened not long after, and the sunny picture thus shown closed down, like evening's brilliant glories, in a darkness that has left no subsequent glimmer, but the curt, dry official note of the Medical Superintendent, Dr. John W. Ward, of Trenton: "Died, March 14, 1903." So it lasted till this fortieth year!

The strange mystery of misfortune, so irrespective of desert, exterior promise or inward attractive qualities, drives us to the Hope of another life, in which the half-done design shall be completed, and the sad inequalities shall be made even! In our Class photograph albums is the singularly sweet profile likeness of this young Classmate, as pure and beautiful a face as artist ever painted, or ever won the love of woman.

A. B. 1864, and A. M.

AUGUSTUS CASS CANFIELD. The *Iron Era* of Dover, Morris county, N. J., of date May 15, 1891, observed "No funeral service in this county ever brought together a greater number of its representative men than that of ex-Senator Augustus C. Canfield, Saturday, May 9th, at Succasunny."

It mentions among "those prominent in the iron industry who were present, Superintendent Edward S. Moffatt, of the Lackawanna furnaces at Scranton," there to honor the memory of his college friend. There were floral tributes from the

“employees of the Ferro Monte railway and of the Dickerson mine, and from the Grand Jury, who, with the county officers attended in a body.” From the words of Job, “The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me understanding,” the preacher pointed out that in these days much is made of ancestry, but in the Scriptures our ancestry is traced directly to God; and herein consists the value and dignity of life. Hence the appeal for living to honor God. Life is God’s gift for service, of which the career of the deceased was a pertinent illustration. “What he was as a citizen, friend and neighbor is known; his career in public life and his fidelity to principle are known, and his record as a friend is in the hearts of his friends.”

He was laid at rest beside his father and the members of the family in the cemetery adjoining the Church. Mention was made that his services in legislative halls are shown by increased facilities for travel, for which the people of New Jersey throughout are his debtors; and that no greater acknowledgment of respect could be paid by the men of his own county than was shown in the concourse attending the burial of Senator Canfield.

The family of Senator Canfield have been prominent in developing the various industries connected with the production of iron, from the important deposits of rich ore which distinguished this region. Frederick Canfield was a nephew of Mahlon Dickerson, Governor of New Jersey and Secretary of the Navy under Jackson and Van Buren. He was the father of our Classmate, who was born at the family residence, Ferro Monte, May 4, 1842, and was just forty-nine years old at his death. He prepared for College at Chester, near by, under Rev. William Rankin, and joined our Class in the Sophomore year. Upon his graduation he entered the office of Jacob Vanatta, of Morristown, where he was admitted in 1867, and practised law for some time in that place. His election to the New Jersey Assembly in 1871 began an important political career which was marked by signal service to the State. Elected as a Democrat over his Republican antagonist, he was in 1872 re-elected without Republican opposition, and again, although defeated for the Senatorship in 1874 by Hon. John Hill, he in 1877 carried the county by a great majority. By his

agency, at an opportune time, a general railroad bill was passed with great effect, which gave a new freedom to transportation affairs in New Jersey, and resulted in the construction of new railways that have developed every part of the State, bringing incalculable benefits and wealth to the people. Through this service Mr. Canfield became for a time one of the best known and most popular men in New Jersey. In general politics he was a protectionist Democrat.

Retiring from political life he devoted himself to promoting local projects, to the interests of the Dickerson-Succasunny Mining Company, and the Ferro Monte Railroad. He was a Director of the Longwood Valley Railroad, of the Lake Hopatcong Improvement Company and of the Morris County Savings Bank.

Canfield never married; of great good nature and unfailing humor, he was both practical and serviceable, a friend of the working people, who felt that they could always command in him the hand of an able helper, gratuitously as well as disinterestedly devoted to the interests of his neighbours and friends rather than to selfish ends of his own. Largely through his efforts and through personal study and attention to the problem, the roads of his vicinity were made into a system of boulevards perfect and beautiful.

Princeton and the Class of '63 have in A. C. Canfield, if all representations are not fallacious, an example that does them credit. "His thorough education" is cited by the authority above mentioned, as "culture of the man and his qualities, augmented by incessant reading, and we doubt if there was a better informed man in the county upon all topics of general interest and utility." Says the *Iron Era* in another column: "As the funeral procession passed out of the ancient Revolutionary Church that day at Succasunny, a working man with saddened face and with tears in his eyes, said to a friend, 'This is the only time I ever saw Senator Canfield when he did not speak to me.' Many tributes have been paid to his memory, but none more eloquent or greater with meaning than this; for there is no better estimate of a man's merit as a citizen than the good will which awakens the grief of the humble and lowly when he shall have been called home."

His death was due to a sudden attack of the heart from

rheumatism, with which he had suffered for some years. His younger brother, Edmund, having died a number of years before, Mr. Frederick A. Canfield, of Dover, remains the only representative of the family in his generation.

He was in the seventh generation from Thomas Canfield, who settled in Milford, Conn., in 1646. Three of his great grandfathers served in the War of Independence, and the father of the fourth was a member of the Provincial Congress of New Jersey, the son himself being engaged in making iron and flour to "help the thing along!" A.B. and A.M.

FRANCIS BARBER CHETWOOD is a Clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York City.

He studied Theology at the Episcopal General Theological Seminary in New York for two years, and at Divinity Hall, Philadelphia, for one year, where he graduated. He was ordained to the Diaconate by Bishop Odenheimer, of New Jersey in 1866, and the same year became assistant to the Rector of the Church at Lambertville. He was Rector at Keyport in 1870, and at Claremont in 1871. Since relinquishing that parish he has been employed in Secretarial and Mission work in New York, long in offices at the Bible House and later for a series of years at the Church Mission House, Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street, having his residence part of the time at Hartford, Conn., and part of the time in Elizabeth, his old home. His present address is given as 49 West Twentieth street, New York City.

He was the son of Francis B. and Elizabeth (Phelps) Chetwood, and was born at Elizabeth, N. J., December 8, 1842. He was fitted for College at Pearl Cottage with other of our Class-mates, and came into our number in August, 1860, receiving in due course the usual degrees of A. B. and A. M. Chetwood was a most agreeable fellow, as we felt, thoroughly in spirit with us all, and the Class Historian is glad to give as his salutation, "I wish you and every member of the Class of '63 good luck in the name of the Lord!" A. B. and A. M.

JAMES FRANCIS CLARK, whose home was in Philadelphia, was born in New Jersey. He joined us at the beginning of the Sophomore year; was one of our brightest men, with a

final standing of 96.6, and graduated fourth, receiving the Belle Lettres Oration. He contemplated the ministry and entered the Princeton Theological Seminary in 1864, studying there part of two years, according to our Triennial "Record," but was already in ill health in 1866.

The asterisk affixed to his name in the General Catalogue of the College is an error. Last July the brief word was received from a relative: "Has been an invalid in a hospital since graduation." A.B.

Clifton Wharton Clifton, 550 Park Avenue, New York, appears among the non-graduate members of our Class, in the *Princeton Directory* for 1892. Mr. Clifton is just our kind of delightful gentleman, and we should be proud to have him, but he is an Hon. A.B. of '64.

NATHANIEL BRYANT COLMAN, M.D., Assistant Surgeon in the Civil War, resides at Los Gatos, California. He was born at Vassalboro, Maine, October 13, 1833, the son of Charles M. and Mary Bryant Colman. His ancestry on both sides settled near Cape Cod, early in the Seventeenth Century. He studied at Yarmouth and Waterville Academies, in Maine, and entered Colby University, in the last named place, in 1859, and while there affiliated with the Delta Upsilon fraternity. He transferred to Princeton in the fall of 1860. In the spring of the next year the death of a brother called him to Maine, and the outbreak of the war put an end to his College course.

He entered the army as Hospital Steward, August 18, 1862, in the 17th Maine Vol. Inf., and was promoted to Assistant Surgeon, November 23, 1863, in which rank he served through the war.

In 1865 he graduated in Medicine at Dartmouth College; and practiced his profession of Medicine and Surgery in Portsmouth, N. H., eight years. In 1874 he visited Europe, and in 1878 went to California, practicing in San Francisco five years. In 1883 he removed to the State of Washington and settled at Montesano, in the western part of the State. Here in 1886-7 he was a member of the City Council, and in 1888 was Mayor of the city. He is a member of the State Medical societies of Maine, Massachusetts, California and Oregon, and

was in continuous service as a medical practitioner from 1866 to 1898, besides his four years of hospital and medical service in the army,—thirty-six years for the relief of human ills.

In 1866 Dr. Colman married Miss Leonora Wilson, of Gorham, Me. There are no children.

In 1894 he became editor of *National Reform*, a Prohibition journal. He has been debarred of late years from professional duty by rheumatism, which also incapacitates him from manual labor, except light work, and he follows the pursuit of an "Orchardist" in a small way.

He writes,—“Your letter gives me much satisfaction and pleasure. I thank you for its spirit of fellowship of days lang syne. My stay at Princeton was so very brief that, after so much lapse of time, I feel hardly entitled to a place in the Class. I cannot, of course, refuse your kind request to include my name and life sketch in the forthcoming Book. You are truly prosecuting a worthy and difficult task.

The Civil War was hard on Princeton. I remember very distinctly the flag-raising over it in '61, and the scattering of its students immediately after. I thank you for the names of the many you have found after so much hunting.”

HARRY COX, the elder of two brothers who were inseparable in all the early incidents of their lives, and afterwards were partners in the practice of law, was born on October 1st, 1840, in Philadelphia, where the family then resided. The parents were John Cooke and Annie Johns, his wife, daughter of Judge Jos. Galloway Rowland, of the Supreme Court of Delaware. Mr. Archibald Cox of New York, in giving his information remarks, “I am at a loss to discover anything ‘picturesque’ in connection with the ancestry of my father and uncle, unless it may be found in the fact that their great grandfather, Colonel Charles Stockly, of the eastern shore of Maryland, spent nine months of his service in the Continental army in a prison ship in New York harbor.”

The two boys were prepared for College in Quincy, Illinois, where the family had removed meantime, under a Mr. Richards, whether as tutor in the household or keeping a small private school. They were together constantly until they entered College in the Freshman Class at Princeton, where they

roomed together at 43 North. Harry, however, was compelled to leave College in the Sophomore year on account of the failure of his health, and the same cause which thus abridged his education placed him at some disadvantage all his life and ultimately cut him off while still in comparative youth.

He studied law and was admitted to the bar at Quincy, where he practiced his profession with his brother until 1868. In that year he removed to Washington, D. C., the business of the firm having developed in the line of the law of patent right. Here he continued engaged in the work of legal practice in partnership with Rowland Cox, until his death, which occurred July 4th, 1878. Mr. Harry Cox never married.

ROWLAND COX, one of the foremost lawyers in the city of New York, in the lines of his special practice, was born in Philadelphia, July 9, 1842. He was younger brother to Harry Cox, preceding, prepared with him at Quincy, Ill., and entered Freshman. He won the Alpha medal for English composition, and ranked well in the Class. In 1862, shortly after the opening of the Senior year he left College to enter the army, which he did at Philadelphia in company with Montgomery Hamilton and John Magee Williams; at the same time Henri Holden and MacLeod Thomson left and enlisted in New Jersey. Mr. Hamilton's statements are as follows: "About Rowland Cox,—I knew him as well as I did any one in College, and after events threw us even more closely together. Williams, Cox and I enlisted at the same time in the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and were messmates for some months. We were the only Princeton men, (except Humphreys, '64), who were in that regiment, at first called 'Buell's Body Guard' and also 'Anderson's Cavalry.' We were all three promoted, or rather, received commissions from separate States, mainly through home influence. Cox was appointed on McPherson's staff and was present when the General was killed. Those who left in the Senior year of the Class of '63, were promised their degree, and some of them certainly received it. I can recall only six. Two, Stanfield and Henry M. Williams, left in Junior."

He served as a private with that regiment, on detached duty,

for about a year. In 1863 he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain, and assigned to the staff of General McPherson, as above stated, and was with him constantly until the time of his death. Upon that event he was assigned to the staff of General Grant; but he was then in Georgia, and in some way the order did not reach him for some three months. During an interval he served with General Moore. Meanwhile the place on Grant's staff was filled, and Captain Cox was assigned to the staff of General Blair, with whom he remained until December, 1865, when he resigned. He was brevetted Major at the close of the war.

He returned to Quincy where he studied law, and was admitted April 1, 1866. He remained practicing for two years, and then moved first to Washington, where he practiced from 1868 to 1875. He gained important recognition in the Durham Tobacco case and others involving difficult points of patent right, copyright and delicate questions bearing on unfair competition. The importance of this work led him to remove to the city of New York, where he was engaged until his death, May 13, 1900. He received the degree of LL.B. from Princeton, at what date does not appear.

Mr. Cox's legal labors included most conspicuously the branch of law last mentioned, leading up to a number of decisions upon points to which he had devoted much attention and upon which his arguments were held in very great respect, as well by the Bench of the various courts, as by discriminating members of the profession. The chapter of the law relating to unfair competition in business which is perhaps the most enlightened to be found in the books on the subject, has been written almost entirely within the last twenty-five years, and it is generally recognized that no one hand had a larger part than his in developing the conclusions in that beneficent achievement. Hamilton writes, "He was counsel in the 'Encyclopedia Britannica' case, and in the 'Mumm's Champagne' case, in which points concerning trade marks were at issue, and he conducted them successfully. These cases attracted wide attention; so that he was very widely known, and was certainly second to none. He used to send me his briefs when he won a case in the United States Supreme Court." Mr.

Cox was the author of two books on the subject of trade-marks and of numerous articles in legal periodicals.

In 1868 he married Fannie Cummins Hill, of Smyrna, Delaware, who with four children survive him. They are Rowland Cox, Jr., physician of New York, Archibald Cox, a lawyer practicing in New York, Mrs. Aubrey Herbert Weightman, of Philadelphia, whose marriage took place last fall,—and Robert Hill Cox. From 1875 till his death he resided in Plainfield, N. J., where as Trustee of the Public Library, Governor of the Public Hospital, as councilman and otherwise, he took part in local affairs.

The day following the death of Mr. Rowland Cox, at the opening of the Circuit Court of the United States in New York City, proceedings were had in his memory, in the course of which, after eulogistic remarks by various members of the bar, the court, by his Honor Judge Lacombe, said: "It is eminently proper that upon this occasion an entry should be made in the minutes, recording the expressions of the bar in this matter, and the loss of the court at being deprived of the benefit, the delight, the charm, of the arguments which have been advanced to it by Mr. Cox. It is a great thing to be a man of ability, a man of industry, a man of indomitable perseverance. Mr. Cox possessed all these attributes, and also an absolute integrity, upon which every Judge who heard him felt that he could rest with confidence. He pursued a career as counsellor, not only with the object of doing his duty by his clients, but with the very highest ideals of professional and commercial honor; and it is that characteristic, more than any other, which will commend his memory to us."

Rowland Cox twice speaks of coming upon traces of his southern Classmates when campaigning in Mississippi. When on the staff of McPherson they were quartered at the plantation home of Benjamin Sherrod Ricks. The family were at home at the time; General Ricks' sister, Miss Fannie R. Jones, of Canton, Miss., writes to the Class Historian, "I remember Captain Cox; he was at my father's house during what we called 'Sherman's raid.' He made inquiries about my brother, stating that he was a Classmate at Princeton." Another occasion was a similar encounter with traces of two Classmates whose friends have been lately heard from very

pleasantly:—he wrote in 1866, “The Roach brothers were in the Rebel army. During the Vicksburg campaign our forces occupied a plantation owned by them,”—the same, no doubt, now occupied by Nailor Roach, Esq., son of J. Wilkins Roach of our Princeton days. Bovell speaks of meeting Cox, and Nichols often conversed with him on suburban trains out and in from New York, discussing law points relating to patent cases, trade-marks and such like matters. A. B. and LL. B.

RICHARD K. CROSS, after the deprecations we all feel even if we do not express, on the score of modesty and diffidence about writing our own obituaries, starts by saying, “Please write me down, Richard K., A. B. and A. M., Princeton, and LL. B., Law School of the University of Maryland. I was born in Baltimore, 21st July, 1842, my parents being Richard J. and Mary Jackson (Dickey) Cross. Prepared in the school in Baltimore, of Topping and Carey, an excellent school,—Mr. Carey, a Princeton man, and Professor Topping, of the Class of ’30, had been Professor of Ancient Languages there. He was said to have been a great Greek scholar and teacher; but he was too high Church and high strung for Dr. McLean, and they lost him. I had sufficient remnants of their knowledge to cause Dr. Giger to give me a good grade in Latin; but the Class said at the time that it was because Gige’ and I came from Maryland!

My ancestors were Scotch-Irish people, Presbyterians in a long line; my mother’s father, Dr. Ebenezer Dickey, received his degree from Princeton, and we had at one time in our home six graduates of the College.

I entered the Sophomore Class, and you know in the good old times almost anyone graduated. I studied law in the University of Maryland Law School here, which largely educates the Maryland bar and has always been good. June 6, 1883, I married Miss Mary Caball Porter Breckinridge, the daughter of Judge Samuel Miller Breckinridge,—who was a Princeton girl by inheritance. Our oldest child, a boy, died;—two girls about fourteen and fifteen years old go to the Bryn Mawr School,—not being eligible for Princeton.

I have always enjoyed the ‘out of doors,’ and used to box with ‘Teddy’ Van Dyke an hour a day in College, and with

him hunt frogs on Stony Brook. He has since then become a mighty hunter, as seen by the articles in the periodicals written by him, on 'Hunting Large Game,' and hunting of all kinds. A fondness for sport keeps one healthy and enables one to die at 'eighty years young,' as Dr. Holmes said of himself at that age. My memories of Princeton are very precious. I have seen but little of the Class since graduation,—a visit or two to Jackson at Chicago, one or two calls on Huey at his office in Philadelphia, and an occasional sight of one or another of our men, has been the extent of my knowledge. My interest in Princeton has never abated,—only last night we entertained the College Glee Club; and we have one of the largest and most successful Alumni Associations outside of New York. I am practicing law, as you see by the legends above,—I have found enjoyment in it, and have had some interesting experiences and friends in the profession. Many of them have joined the large 'majority.' For many years I was very intimately associated with an older Princeton man in the same office, Mr. John H. Thomas, of the Class of '44, I think, a great lawyer and lovely character;—who often told me of his recognizing in the James (S.) Johnson, the well known character about the college rooms and buildings, who died lately, a runaway slave, of the comic interest surrounding his trial which ensued, and of the purchase of his freedom by a Princeton lady. 'Jim' was a slave in the family of Mr. S. Teackle Wallis, and Mr. Wallis went to Princeton after Jim, who persistently asserted that he had never seen him before—until out of the toils, when, in his stuttering voice he out with, 'H-how d-do, Mar'se Teackle!' Mr. Wallis was for years the most brilliant man at our bar, and Mr. Thomas was his partner. They often spoke of 'Jim's' trial;—I wonder if they met him in the other world!

God bless you, my dear S., and all the good fellows we have known and loved! I hope to meet you all before we all go,—though it does not seem probable from the past."

As the Classmates will be anxious to learn how the members of our Class fared in the terrific fire at Baltimore on February 7, 1904, the following lately received from Cross is annexed.

"The recent fire which destroyed nearly every Office Building

here, swept me clean, all my books and every scrap of paper, except what was fortunately gotten out of my safe before the fire reached it; as it was lost also. I think my Biography was on my desk, and I had started to change in only a few particulars your editing of my paper. Only the business part of the city was destroyed, so that our Classmates did not have to turn out in the night, and I do not hear that any of them suffered materially. But you would feel badly if you had lost your sermons and every book and scrap from which you extract them."

Henley Smith writes that he had a large warehouse burned, upon which he was in prospect of collecting the insurance.

A.B. and A.M.

RENSSELAER WILLIAMS DAYTON writes of himself,—"I am credibly informed that I first drew breath, January 9, 1843, in Middletown Point, now Matawan, New Jersey, the son of Alfred B. and Elizabeth R. Dayton. My childhood did not materially differ from that of boys in general. I received my early and preparatory education in the school of my own home, entering Princeton College in 1859, and graduating in 1863. Directly thereafter I began the study of law, was admitted to practice in the State of New Jersey in November, 1866, and became a pretty successful country practitioner.

I regret to admit that I never married, and am naturally childless,—a fact which I often deplore. During the past few years my health has not been good,—'There is a cross of heavy weight for every human life to bear,'—and I am bearing mine as patiently and philosophically as possible, hoping in the end for the recompense of the 'fadeless crown.' I have given you a brief outline which you can work up as may seem best."

He speaks of a son of our Classmate Mordecai, at Keyport, near him. "A short time ago he presented me with a Class cane of 1863, which had belonged to his father, on which were cut the names of seventy-eight members of the Class, together with the title of the College, Nassau Hall, Class motto, etc." The Class Historian remembers the cane, and cut a lot of the names,—fellows making two or three jabs with the point of a knife, and turning the rest over to the Class Sculptor,—as he then was, for completion!

The above modest letter reserves as much as it expresses. Dayton's father was a physician, and received honorary A. M. from Princeton while his son was in College. His mother was Elizabeth Ray, daughter of Ferdinand Van Derveer, of Somerville, N. J. He entered Freshman half-advanced. He studied law with Hon. Henry Stafford Little, at Matawan, and afterwards was for a great number of years in partnership with him successfully, under the firm name of Little and Dayton. Although he filled no public office, he was in high repute and pursued a career worthy of his name and his associates; and as a man is known by the company he keeps, the Class will be interested to know, that Mr. Little,—who was of the Class of '44, was Clerk in Chancery and President of the New Jersey Senate,—has won the regard and placed every Princeton man in his debt through the handsome benefactions he has made to the University, in the erection of the Stafford Little Halls, the elegant and most picturesque long range of dormitories overlooking the railway station,—edifices not to be excelled in suitableness to the eye and adaptation to their purpose by those of any institution of learning in the world.

But this aside, the modest summary scarcely does justice to what our Classmate is and represents among our number; and the object of this Book is not less to set this forth, than to give a bare record of facts and dates personal. Through his ancestors direct or collateral his name is interwoven with the geography, as well as the history of the great new empire of this western continent,—as will be found from these pages to be the case with ancestors and connections of no small number of our Classmates. There are on the Atlas of the United States places named after Fulton to the number of thirty-eight, after Franklin, ninety, counties as well as towns. These are the monument to men of wholly extraordinary fame. There are no less than twenty-seven Daytons in the States that have grown up since the Colonial period, all traceable to this family of respected men,—more than twice as many as were named after Cæsar—(lasting enough to catch the eye of Clio),—bespeaking in the minds of the men who were building up the country a regard for the name of more than ordinarily substantial nature, corresponding to the characters of the men who gave it currency. They belonged to that superior class

of public men whose distinction is the result less of their own impulse towards the achieving of position, than to the admiration and confidence of those who appreciated their qualities.

These men were scholars, as the long list of Dayton names on our General Catalogue shows. Our Classmate is descended from Elias Dayton, who fought as an officer in the Colonial and Revolutionary wars, and who was a trusted friend of Washington,—who was the first President of the society of the Cincinnati, holding that exceptionally honorable office till his death in 1807. His hands were in the work of the founding of the Republic. His son Jonathan, (Princeton, 1776), Representative in Congress, Speaker of the House and United States Senator, had been a member of the convention that framed the constitution,—also a builder and founder of what we are.

William Lewis Dayton, who graduated in 1825, in the Class with Zabriskie's father,—uncle of our Classmate,—was a Senator from New Jersey, and was United States Minister at Paris during the delicate period of the Civil War, when the designs of Louis Napoleon upon Mexico were causing deep resentment, and produced a situation demanding diplomacy of the utmost care. Another William L. Dayton, his cousin, was Minister to The Hague under Arthur's administration, and also Judge of the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals.

Mr. Dayton, though without family of his immediate own, is surrounded by a circle of strong and growing younger people, professional and Princeton men and lovely interesting women, with whom he is on the most affectionate terms, and by whom he is held as dear as if they were his own children. He has been sojourning of late at Asbury Park.

A.B. and A.M.

EDWIN EUGENE DENNIS, of Stockton, Worcester county, on the eastern shore of Maryland, entered the Class as Freshman, and left Princeton at the outbreak of the Civil War, at the end of the Sophomore year. He was a planter and lived a retired life engaged in the affairs of his farm, and also in the extensive oyster industry in the waters of Chesapeake Bay. He never married, and died at Moorhead City, N. C., June 30, 1899.

Mr. Dennis was of excellent family, some of whose members

have occupied positions of influence and importance in the State and elsewhere, and a number of his connections have been graduates of Princeton.

JAMES SHEPARD DENNIS. Born at Newark, New Jersey, December 15th, 1842, son of Alfred Lewis and Eliza (Shepard) Dennis. His ancestry in the maternal line of descent is traced back through eight generations to Governor William Bradford of the "Mayflower" and Plymouth colony; on his father's side to English Quakers who came over in the early colonial times, and settled in Eastern Pennsylvania, subsequently moving to Northern New Jersey. Among paternal ancestors also were some who took part in the War of the Revolution.

He was prepared for College at the Alger Institute, Cornwall, Connecticut, and by private tutors at Newark, New Jersey, entering Freshman year at Princeton College in 1859. He took the entire course of four years and was graduated in 1863. In the autumn of 1863 he entered Harvard Law School, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for one year of study before matriculating as a student for the ministry at Princeton Theological Seminary. In the autumn of 1864 he entered the Seminary at Princeton, remaining three years until graduation in 1867. During the Senior year in the Seminary convictions of duty, resulting from a devout and conscientious study of foreign missions, led him to choose this sphere of ministerial service and the question was decided before graduation.

He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Newark in 1866, and ordained as an evangelist by the same in 1868, with a view to service in Syria under appointment of the American Board of Missions. This was before the transfer of the Syria mission to the care of the Presbyterian Board in 1870. For eighteen months previous to his departure for the east he served as stated supply of the High Street Presbyterian Church, Newark, sailing for Syria in October, 1868.

His first residence in Syria was the ancient city of Sidon, where he remained two years and a half studying the Arabic language. He then returned to the United States and was married, June 26, 1872, to Miss Mary E. Pinneo, of Newark, both sailing a few weeks after for Syria.

Soon after his return he removed, in 1873, to Beirut under appointment of the mission to take charge of the theological instruction of native students for the ministry. He served in the capacity of Principal and Professor of Systematic Theology in the Seminary at Beirut for eighteen years, and during that period in addition to ordinary routine duties, he prepared several text books in the Arabic language for the use of theological students. One volume was upon the Evidences of Christianity, another upon the Science of Biblical Interpretation, and a third was a treatise upon Systematic Theology. The latter was in two volumes of about 500 pages each, being an eclectic compilation from the best English sources, chiefly the works of Dr. Charles Hodge and his son Dr. A. A. Hodge. Although essentially Calvinistic, the doctrinal outlines of the book were shaped to conform with the liberal rather than the ultra conservative construction of historic Calvinism. All of these text books are now used in several theological schools in the Levant, including Egypt, where the Arabic language is the medium of instruction.

The death of his father and duties resulting from this event led to his return to the United States in 1891. Since then the claims of service here have seemed imperative, and the way has not opened for a renewal of missionary life in Syria. As soon as it became evident that the stay in this country might be prolonged, he resigned his official connection with the Board of Missions, but at the request of the Mission and with the approval of the board, an unsalaried and informal position was given him as an honorary member of the Syria Mission, and the way was thus left open for his return if that becomes practicable.

In the meanwhile he has devoted himself to serving the cause of foreign missions in this country as opportunity offered. At different times he has temporarily aided in the editorial and secretarial departments of the board, being invited at one period, when a regular vacancy was to be filled, to become a permanent secretary. Duty, however, seemed to point to other lines of work, and time and strength for several years have been given chiefly to the preparation of missionary literature. Upon the establishment of the Students' Lectureship on Missions at Princeton Seminary he was in-

vited to deliver the first course, in 1893, and was again asked to fill the same appointment in 1896, the students themselves requesting that the sociological aspects and results of missions be the theme treated. These two appointments issued in the publication in 1893 of "Foreign Missions after a Century," and in 1897 of the first volume of an extended work on "Christian Missions and Social Progress;" an additional volume has since been issued in 1899, and the third is in course of preparation, with the prospect of publication in 1904.

In the spring of 1900, as Chairman of the Committee on Statistics, he presented an elaborate report to the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions held in New York City. The report in detail was subsequently published at the author's expense in a volume entitled "Centennial Survey of Foreign Missions." The purpose of this "Survey" was to give a summary view of the progress of foreign missions at the close of the nineteenth century. It was issued in 1902.

In connection with the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago in 1893, he delivered an address on "The Message of Christianity to Other Religions," and has spoken on behalf of missions in numerous conventions, Churches and ecclesiastical assemblies, besides contributing many articles to magazines, reviews and papers.

He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Princeton University in 1879. He is a member of the "Society of Mayflower Descendants," the "Society of Colonial Wars," the "Sons of the American Revolution. Dr. Dennis is also a member of the Princeton and Quill Clubs of New York City, a Fellow of the American Geographical Society, a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and of the Ministerial circles of *Chi Alpha* and *Sigma Chi* of New York City.

An only son, Alfred Lewis Pinneo Dennis, was graduated from Princeton University in 1896, received from Columbia University the degree of Ph.D., and is now Professor of History and Political Science at Bowdoin College, Maine. Present address, 17 East 37th street, New York City.

A. B. and A. M.

JOHN RICHMOND DEWING is one of those Classmates about whom all inquiries for new information have been fruit-

less. He was the brother of Rev. Chas. S. Dewing, Princeton '65, and Seminary '68, who was for years very prominent, and a Secretary, in our Home Mission work in New England and California,—but who died a few years ago; at which time his son, Lewis A. Dewing, was at San José. All efforts to reach the relatives have been futile, and we have little beyond the facts,—some of them conflicting,—of the "Record."

He was born at Warren, Pa., the son of Edward Coburn and Amelia (Coburn) Dewing; entered Freshman, but married, and left at the end of the Sophomore year, June, 1861. He is affirmed to have "entered Rutgers College, graduating in 1862; Alleghany Seminary in the fall, and was at Princeton Seminary one year, where he graduated." The Princeton Seminary Catalogue, however, credits him with only the middle year of the Class that entered in the fall of 1863,—giving his death, "July, 1864," the "Record" putting it in "the fall of the same year."

He entered the service of the Christian Commission, (and perhaps previously of the Sanitary), and was in chief charge of the Camp of the Commission at the army hospitals, City Point, Va., at the time when the present writer was, for a few weeks, there in the same work, which the latter left on account of prostrating sickness, apparently not many weeks before Dewing succumbed to typhoid;—his death occurring at his home at Warren, as the "Record" states, later on in 1864.

WYCOFF E. DEY departed this life in the month of July, 1903, just as the work on this Book was undertaken. No communication has been established with his immediate family. He was in the Produce Commission business in New York City, connected with the extensive concern of Hezekiah Warne, in Duane and Reade streets, in the crowded vicinity of the great centre of this traffic at Washington Market. Dey street, not far from here, carries a reminiscence of his family name as connected with the early days of the city, in association with other thoroughfares all about whose names speak of men and families,—steady-going Dutch, enterprising English and Scotch, and earnest Huguenots, who laid the foundations of New York's amazing prosperity. He was from the neighborhood in Monmouth county, New Jersey, which was

settled by the Holland Dutch very early; "Englishtown," a place hard by tells of a time when Dutch was almost exclusively spoken, and an English family was rare. The rich soil is now almost wholly devoted to the raising of perishable supplies for the millions of the great cities. No doubt our Classmate's ancestors were in the battle that hot June day when base Lee sought to ruin our cause, and Washington rebuked him in words as fiery as the day. One of the name, Mr. Franklin Dey, is Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture at Trenton, and others are honorably prominent in the locality.

Mr. Dey was born at Manalapan. His father was Peter Johnston Dey, an Elder in the Presbyterian Church at Cranbury prior to the building of the Manalapan Church, and his sister married a Perrine of the former place. He prepared at Lawrenceville, and was with us only in the Freshman year. I am indebted for assistance in tracing this Classmate to Mr. Peter Forman, of Englishtown, Mr. David Baird, of Baird, and Mr. F. Dey. It was months afterward that information of his demise reached me, through his niece, Mrs. H. W. Herbert, of Englishtown.

JOHN HAYNIE DONE. Born in Snow Hill, Worcester county, Maryland, June 22, 1843. His father was General Superintendent of the Illinois Central Railroad Co., at Chicago. His mother was a daughter of John Leeds Kerr, United States Senator from the eastern shore of Maryland. On his ancestral roll appear an officer of the Continental army, a chartered member of the Society of the Cincinnati, and a Judge of the Appellate Court of Maryland. The record hath note of several worthies whose restless activity in minding other people's affairs, or whose shortsighted sympathy with the "under dog in the fight" brought them into prominence in their day. Lord Baltimore has 'em in his Privy Council and they followed Claiburne in his rebellion against the Lord Proprietary. The Cavalier, the Puritan, the Courtier and the cattle lifter of the Scottish Marshes, all are there, embalmed in the family history. But we will close the book right here; it is not polite to examine too closely, for there is a certain "Hempden reminder" of the suddenness of death,—a ghastly Memento mori,—often

found on the best-pruned and regulated family tree, an embarrassing topic to some.

Ubi sunt qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Obeas ad inferos,
Vis si vos videre!

After his father's death in 1856, his mother brought the family to Princeton. The two eldest boys, John and Josiah, were placed in the "Princeton Select Classical School," taught by Mr. John C. Schenck, and in a room in the rear of the Methodist Church on Main street, they were inducted into the Humanities. How thorough was the foundation can only be surmised from the fact they managed to escape being plucked when they went up for their exams. It is hard to get the rights of things sometimes, and it is often better to be born lucky than rich:—the boys entered College together and were true and loyal comrades to the last. How it happened the videttes of Whig Hall succeeded in capturing him, and not the pickets of Clio, I do not know; perhaps the Maryland delegation was chiefly of that side of the "Back Campus," and like most southerners they went with their State. I well remember our dear mother's trepidation the evening of their initiation, and her solicitude next morning as to the complete inventory of their persons and clothing.

What was John Done's standing in his Class, I cannot say. He was bright and fairly industrious, but I doubt he sought the bubble reputation of a First Honor man. His natural leaning was to Belles Lettres, and with his quick perception and musical ear he soon acquired an easy and flowing style. His letters and papers evidence this in a marked degree. He enjoyed College life, was popular with his associates and formed many close attachments. He entered enthusiastically into all the fun going, and while I don't know his record *in re* "Hornsprees," it was, perhaps, no better than it should have been. He was a great society man and mighty fond of the girls,—God bless 'em! His sweethearts were legion, for he discovered a new charm in each divinity;

“And when he was far from the lips that he loved,
He was bound to make love to the lips that were near.”

—He simply couldn't help it. His Classmates,—now grave and reverend seigniors,—but whose pulses then bounded with the “frolic wine” of life, will doubtless recall the goddesses whose shrines fairly reeked with his incense;—the full moon called him, and the “lascivious pleasing of the lute.” With a choice coterie of fellow lunatics, “oft in the stilly night” would he rouse decent folk to profane objurgation by insisting, “She sleeps, my lady sleeps!”

A long and severe illness in his Sophomore year compelled him to lay books aside for a while, and when he resumed study it was with the Class of '64. The following year he entered the race for Junior Orator, and I recall his elation when reporting his success to his mother next morning;—she was always to him Guide, Philosopher and Friend. There is no telling how many volumes he ransacked for a subject for his speech,—something that hadn't been threshed out an hundred times before by an antecedent Demosthenes. I reckon he began to hate the whole thing ere he found the sentiment he intended to exalt with his eloquence.

That was a happy winter for him,—and his last, that of 1862-3. Things had gone his way in the Class, the season was unusually gay, and he entered into the festivities with characteristic vim and delight. He was an expert skater and spent many hours of recreation on Stony Brook and Van Deventer's pond. From some imprudence perhaps, he caught a severe cold on the ice; pneumonia supervened, and terminated fatally forty-eight hours after seizure. He was conscious to the last and expired peacefully, testifying to his faith in his Redeemer. He died February 28, 1863.

He was but a youth,—only twenty years old,—but in maturity a man, every inch of his six feet one. With a perception and judgment beyond any experience he could possibly have had, he counselled and advised his mother in her perplexities. The younger ones felt his watchful eye and his ready encouragement stimulated their progress. He looked forward impatiently to the career awaiting him, and was girded for the conflict when stricken down in the tents.

That was forty years ago, but how vividly the scenes reappear! So startlingly real are they that as I write I can almost feel the touch of a vanished hand and hear a voice long stilled.

(The above sketch, together with the one which follows, are from the pen of Mr. William Leeds Doane, of Birmingham, Alabama, younger brother of the subjects.)

JOSIAH BAILEY DONE, M. D., brother of John H., born at Snow Hill, Maryland, 1844. Entered the Class of 1863 with his brother, but withdrew from College before graduating. More fiery and headstrong than John, many of the restraints of discipline appeared to him small and trivial, and he was at no pains to conceal his impatience or to refrain from ridiculing the peculiarities of his teachers. Whatever plots against the peace and dignity of "Old John," or others of reproachful name, or whoever was the special butt at the moment, I rather think found in him a gleeful conspirator. And once black-listed, he was doubtless held responsible for many pranks of which he was innocent, but for which he secretly envied the perpetrator.

The war wrought tremendous changes at Princeton. A large proportion of the students were from the Southern States. Most of them returned home and joined the Confederate Army. Of course where lines were so sharply drawn, there was no doubt to which side the sympathies of the two brothers were given. Doubtless many imprudences were committed, many foolish things said and done. The Country was in the throes of a mighty conflict that aroused the fire and partizanship of the entire nation. I remember the excitement when a student was dragged from his bed and put under the College pump, one night; and how every Southern lad, feeling he was marked and suspected, became a walking arsenal and carried himself after the manner of him who beareth a chip upon his shoulder.

There was something about the "Knights of the Golden Circle." Passwords and cyphers, etc., were current, and our dear mother was in constant terror lest her boys should be led into some compromising act.

All this just suited Joe Done, and while he was under the strict injunction of his mother, it was more than his nature could stand not to be an intensely interested spectator when the very air was charged with political excitement. During his Junior year, while his brother was on sick leave, his relations with the Faculty became "strained," to say the least, and his mother finally consented to his taking his name off the College books, believing it did him more harm than good to remain where he had lost his interest. He immediately—without losing a day—commenced the study of medicine with Dr. Archibald Alexander and entered Bellevue College, N. Y., that Fall. The change from the academic shades of Old Nassau to the pulsing life of New York, was a liberal education of itself, although on different lines, and he found in the new field scope for his every faculty. With an easy and self-possessed manner, a ready address and air of culture and refinement, he soon had entrée to a distinguished circle. He also discovered that to win in New York one must be master of his trade, and that could only be attained by intense application. I remember he told me for weeks he read thirteen hours a day. Visiting home on an occasional holiday, we could but notice the rapid growth and development of his mind and the maturity of his conversation.

On graduating he became Assistant Surgeon at Bellevue Hospital, and afterwards full surgeon in charge. During his incumbency he was thrown with the leading men in his profession, who soon recognized his abilities and frequently called him into consultation. So creditable was his record that on returning to Princeton for a vacation, Dr. McLean, ignoring his past cloudy record, offered him his A. B.

He served two years in the Hospital, gathering experience of incalculable benefit to him. He then accepted the offer of a partnership from Dr. Lewis H. Sayre, of New York, under the firm name of Drs. Done & Sayre. The Association at once gave him place and standing, as Dr. Sayre stood at the head of his profession as a surgeon. The partnership lasted nearly a year when he determined to open an office of his own. In this he was successful from the start, but his health failing from overwork he secured the appointment of Surgeon in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and sailed for China

in their new Steamer, "City of New York," then on her maiden voyage. He remained with the company upon the China station until, feeling his health sufficiently restored, he resigned and returned to private practice at Yokohama, Japan. There he met and married Miss Carrie Baker, of New York, in 1869. He lived in Yokohama three years after his marriage and built up a large practice. He died of blood poisoning November 4, 1872, in his twenty-eighth year, leaving a widow but no children.

He was a good man; of a genial and loving disposition, thoughtful and considerate of others. His manners were quiet and reserved, but carried a charm that invited confidence, and his friendships were dear and lasting. He was a close student of his profession, and on general topics was the best informed man of his age I ever knew. An affectionate son, a devoted husband, a kind and thoughtful brother, he died lamented by a host of friends who mourn his untimely end.

Hon. A. B. 1865.

FRANCIS DU BOIS, M D., was born June 15, 1842, in New York City. His father was born in Switzerland and came to this country when a young man. He was for many years engaged in business in New York as an importer. His mother was also of Swiss descent. These antecedents have made it quite congenial for him to find in European countries his home for a great part of his time during the years that have passed.

He entered our Class as a Sophomore and graduated with us in 1863, and his versatile and witty characteristics were much enjoyed. After leaving Princeton, Du Bois took the course in Medicine and Surgery at the College of Physicians in Fourteenth street, New York. He was never actively engaged, however, in the practice of his profession, although he has always in measure kept up interest in medical science. He never married. His circumstances obviated the necessity of depending on his profession for a livelihood, and enabled him to suit his inclinations in travel abroad. After completing his studies at the Medical College he spent a considerable number of years residing temporarily in France, Italy, Germany, Spain, Austria, etc., and for several years enjoyed a sojourn in Japan. For the last ten years he has become more

settled, and has had his residence continuously in Paris, where his address is 34, Rue Tronchet, except summer variations at the baths and watering places. Last summer he was at Divonne-les-Bains, near Geneva, within sight of Mont Blanc. He has been around the globe several times, and may dispute with our most widely-journeying members the palm as Class Traveller.

Dr. Du Bois's only near relatives now living are a nephew and niece, children of a deceased brother, who live in New York. His nephew, Francis E. Du Bois, M. D., is a graduate of Princeton, of the Class of 1901. He has taken the Medical course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and has an appointment to Roosevelt Hospital.

The Class Historian is indebted for some items to Mr. Theodore F. Jackson, 84 Broadway, Brooklyn, who is Mr. Du Bois's agent in New York. Our Classmate writes the Class Historian: "The name Cherry Valley brought back to my memory many happy days spent there as the guest of the Campbells, our College cotemporaries. Your name called up to my mind the face of an honest man and a sincere one. (This is where the Class Historian gets *his* "taffy,"—from Paris;—he has to give a lot!) As far as I am concerned, I have very little to say. I have been pretty much everywhere, I have seen pretty much everything, and have settled down in Paris, the Paradise of an old man who has the physical strength to stand the strain, the moral strength to say No when necessary, and the Philosophy of Mark Tapley,—Panglory!" *Panglory.*

Perhaps our Classmate's experience is like that of a friend of the writer's, who spent some years in the gay capital in the study of music,—who, when inquired of by a lady, What he thought of Paris? replied that, Well, Paris was not what it ought to be! Dr. Du Bois should not content himself with an attitude of abstention. He should do a little missionary work, and try and make Paris what it ought to be. A. B. and A. M.

DANIEL REQUA FOSTER, Clergyman, was born in Patterson, in Putnam county, N. Y., September 22, 1838, son of Edmund and Eliza (Requa) Foster. In the paternal line he descends from Elder William Brewster and Stephen Hop-

kins, of the Mayflower, and from William Foster, who landed in Boston in 1634;—in the maternal line from the Huguenot Requas, who came to this country in 1690 and settled in New Rochelle, N. Y. He descends also, through his mother, from the Lees of Kent and the Browne family of Rye, England,—one of whom, Sir Stephen Browne, was Lord Mayor, of London, in the reign of Richard II.

Mr. Foster prepared for College in the Military Academy at Peekskill. He entered with us in the Freshman year, was graduated with us, and received the M. A. degree in course, three years later. He was Junior Orator from the American Whig Society and Marshall of our Class Day exercises. Owing to the erection of the Chancellor Green Library in 1897, he had our Class elm replanted in front of Marquand Chapel, where it has flourished, as does the Class; and under its shadow the great processions of the University are now formed. For prominence, beauty and vigor the tree we planted is an emblem of the Class it represents on that Campus. Here on the day when the bronze Historical Tablet was affixed to Nassau Hall, October 21, 1896, the Class assembled by its representatives, half of whom were Sons of the Revolution, the Committee being Stryker, Huey and Foster,—and the latter broke forth in poetic strain to this effect:

Boys of old Sixty-three, we bid you welcome
To the Halls of Old Nassau!
Hail to fond memories
Of other days and deeds!
Peace to the dust of fallen comrades.
As the old Roll is called
We see their shadowy forms—
They are not, yet they are.
Our tears for them and theirs,
Warm welcome for the living!

How changed these scenes—
The buildings and the College green,—
We see their ampler width,
We know their growing fame.
We hear the greater name,
The "Princeton University."
We prize them all;
We claim them our inheritance
And feel the impulse and the opulence.
Prophetic gleams of what our manhood should become.

As future years roll on we should grow strong,
With wider reach for truth, and brighter hope in God.

He graduated in Theology at Princeton in 1866. During one vacation he served, with Hayt, in the Christian Commission at Memphis and Little Rock. Upon his graduation he accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church of Phelps, N. Y., and while there married Anna Evans, daughter of Jonathan Steward, of Trenton, N. J. In 1870 he took the pastorate at Pennington, in which his labors were greatly blessed;—seventy persons united with the Church at one time and at another forty-one, the Church was rebuilt, and he also organized and built a Church at Hopewell on the borders of the Parish.

In 1886 the Bethany Presbyterian Church at Trenton, near by, was organized, and the same evening called Rev. Mr. Foster to be their pastor. The story of the origin of this Church in the prayers and impulses of two devoted women is very affecting, and its growth was really phenomenal. Foster had the great joy of receiving in thirteen years eleven hundred and thirty-one members, more than half new converts. Here, as in all his pastorates, he was his own evangelist; but these excessive labors greatly impaired his health. He had two extensive tours in Europe, but resigned in January, 1900. The occasion was signalized by a service at which Rev. James Kennedy remarked that thirteen years before Bethany had no sheltering roof nor any enrolled membership,—merely a band of praying women. Now it had a property valued at \$40,000, and it had a membership of over 700, overtopping that of any Church in Trenton.

Mr. Foster still resides on Greenwood avenue, Trenton, N. J., and is deeply interested in the Bethany Church. On the seventeenth anniversary, last November, the Church, being without a pastor, had the opportunity to invite him to preside, when he preached a sermon of review and gratitude, reciting the astonishing history of the enterprise. He is otherwise active in evangelistic and philanthropic affairs, a member of the Board of Managers of the State Charities Association, and President of the New Jersey Children's Home.

Foster has just sent in his Application to the Society of Mayflower Descendants; he is a life-member of the New Jersey Historical Society, of the Sons of the Revolution and of the Huguenot Society of America; and he is eligible also to membership in the Society of Colonial Governors, Colonial Wars, and of Founders and Patriots;—thereby establishing his title to membership in a Class that surely cannot be excelled for historic and patriotic ancestry. A. B. and A. M.

JOHN AIKEN GAMMON, Captain in the Confederate Army, is a man whom it took a Diogenes lantern to find after the, to us, oblivion of all these years; yet, being found, he responds, "All my remembrances of Princeton are of the happiest," and laments, "I was at none of the Reunions." In reply to the queries of the Schedule sent, he gives this amazing statement of his ancestry: "All of my great grand-fathers were soldiers in the Revolution, and ten of my great-great-uncles, five of whom were Charter members of the Cincinnati, and three of them in the United States Senate,"—fit for any Peerage!

The son of William G. and Adelaide Gammon, he was born at Jonesboro, Tennessee, in the old war country of the Cherokees, January 2, 1844. Prepared at Martin Academy and at Emory and Henry College, Virginia; entered Princeton in the Fall of 1860, and left April 20, 1861, to take part in the war. "Entered Confederate Army in 1861, and served nearly four years, including four months at Prison on Johnson's Island, after the end of the war. Enlisted as Private, was made Second Lieutenant, and promoted to Captain, September 20, 1862. Studied Law, but never practiced: engaged most of the time in clothing business at Rome, Georgia, but had to quit in 1899." "Married to Rosalind Burns, June 18, 1873; have had six children, five boys and one girl. Have two grandchildren; my eldest son married into a family whose custom it is to have more girls! Have sought nor held any public place; 'The private station is the post of honor.'"

As to "Events, travels, etc.," this veteran rejoins, "I have been shot quite numerously, and carry some very uncomfortable lead about me constantly." Apropos of "Present Pursuit and Address," "I am pursuing only the GRAVE,—

Rome, Ga." He has "met none of the Classmates, except Inman, Bovell and Greenwood. Bovell is living near Washington College, Washington county, Tenn.; I met Greenwood on the street in Richmond in 1864; his then address was Augusta, Ga."

Every word of the graphic notes of this relict of the cruel war is interesting, and I have given them mostly in his own language. I append a letter which I am sure must take all our hearts. Understanding that he had gone over to the majority, it was thought to be good fortune to find the address of his widow.

Rome, Ga., August 25, 1903.

MY DEAR SWINNERTON:

In the Summer of 1864, when Grant was trying to break into Petersburg, Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, to which I belonged, had become so depleted that a Captain commanded the Brigade, and I overheard a soldier say to the officer in command of his Company, "Lieutenant, there are only ten of us left: — How long will it be till we are all killed?" The Lieutenant replied, "I don't know; and I don't care a cuss: A man was in big luck who was killed at the first battle of Manassas!"

I had not the luck to die then, or up to the present time; so your reference to me as "the late Mr. G." is a little previous; and I am prompt to reply to your letter addressed to Mrs. G.

I had intended writing something of a letter, but am so nervous that I write with difficulty. Hoping that your lot in life has been happier than my own, and that at the great Reunion in the Valhalla beyond the Grave we may meet and live forever in the bliss denied all here, I am,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN AIKEN GAMMON.

Few achievements of the Class Historian have given him more gratification than to succeed in finding this Classmate and bringing him into touch once more with his old College comrades.

HENRY R. GREENWOOD, of Columbus, Georgia, was in College from August, 1859, until the end of the Sophomore year, and roomed with his fellow Georgian, T. P. Langley, of Darien, at 22 East. He was, in 1866, reported killed in the Confederate service, by our Classmate Hall, who had then recently been in the South. Application to the Georgia State authorities yielded nothing, as likewise careful enquiries through Gammon, Washburn and many others. There is no trace of his friends. He is about the only Southern Classmate of whom persistent research has not yielded at least some little definite information.

At the last moment these pages were withheld from the press to follow a new clue furnished by Mrs. W. H. Locke, a copy of the *Enquirer-Sun* of Columbus, containing lists of 652 Confederate dead lying in Linwood Cemetery there. Among them, in the "Jews' Lot," appears a "Jacob Greenwood;" but questioning of the pains-taking authorities has as yet revealed nothing more to the point. Among the numerous unnamed graves may be that of our Classmate;—it may be his body on which was found some one of the mementos,—“Locket,” “Isbell,” tenderly preserved, the only trace of life's interests remaining,—or he may have been left on the battle-field in the fierce hurry of advance or retreat.

RICHARD TOWNLEY HAINES writes to the Class Historian from Thomasville, N. C., as follows: After a period of more than forty years, it certainly was a pleasant surprise to hear from you to-day. Judging from the extracts sent me, death must have been busy with the Class of '63. There seem to be but few of us old, grey-headed fellows left. You ask for some personal information. Well—I haven't set the world on fire, nor have I blurred the landscape with black clouds. I have never been sent to Congress nor to prison; I have not rolled in riches, nor begged bread from door to door. Born in Eighth street, New York City, October 7, 1841, my father, Richard Townley Haines, was a member of the old dry goods firm of Halstead, Haines & Company, of New York.

He was well known for the active part he took in religious, educational and charitable work. Connected for many years with the American Tract, Bible and Colonisation societies, he

was one of the founders of the Union Theological Seminary, and President of its Board of Trustees, and a Trustee also of Union College. He was an Elder in the Presbyterian Church, and many Churches east and west owe their start to him; and his advice was sought and followed in more cases than I have space to enumerate.

My mother was a daughter of S. V. S. Wilder, a well-known banker and philanthropist seventy-five years ago, one of the founders and First Vice-Presidents of the American Bible Society. His wife, my grandmother, Electa Barrell Wilder, was descended from Joseph Barrell, of Boston, a well-known and enterprising ship-owner, who at his own expense fitted out and sent to the Pacific Ocean, on a voyage of discovery, two vessels, the "Lady Gray," Captain Gray, and the "Columbia," Captain Kendricks. They were the first to discover and name the "Columbia" river, and while they were up this great stream about a hundred miles, trading with the natives for furs, etc., they bought from the Indian chiefs an immense body of land, of which the original Indian "deed" was placed on file in the State Department at Washington.

While they were up the river, on a foggy day the English Captain, Vancouver, and his fleet sailed by the mouth of the Columbia without seeing it, and going north took possession of Vancouver's Island. This right of discovery, supported by the Indian deed and other facts, was largely instrumental in establishing the right of the United States to the territory now known as the States of Oregon and Washington.

For many years my mother was Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church. She visited Alaska, in the days before it had become a place of frequent summer excursion, to aid in establishing missionary work there, a pioneer like her ancestor's ships in the same region; and the most northerly Mission station, I think, on the Continent is named for her, "Haines," Alaska. She was through her life active in every good work and a woman of unusual executive abilities.

Rev. Dr. David H. Pierson, of Elizabeth, undertook my early training, from A B C until the time in 1859,

"When I first came on the Campus
A Freshman green as grass."

I "rode the goat" in Clio Hall, and I was number five when the votes were counted for Junior Orators,—so near and yet so far. Except in mathematics,—of which I knew little and never did know much,—I managed to "get through," neither first nor last in our class,—nearer last, I think. That year I went to Chicago and studied law in the office of Scammon, McCagg & Fuller, and in 1864 took a special course in real estate law at Columbia College Law School, New York. In 1865 I was admitted to the Bar of Illinois and Kansas, and I practiced for about a year at Leavenworth. In 1866 I returned east and married Mary Augusta Price, and the next year was admitted to the New York Bar. In 1870 we lost our only child, an infant boy.

Finding that it paid better to buy, sell and lease city property, search titles, draw deeds, etc., than it did to try cases in court, I gradually relinquished law practice. Some ten years ago, in order to try and save what little health I had left, I came South, and we have ever since been wandering through the uplands of North Carolina..

I have never taken any active part in politics, and have held no office except that of Notary Public, in New York, Kansas and North Carolina. I am, or have been, a member of the American Geographical Society, American Institute of Christian Philosophy, the Charity Organization Society of New York City, and I am one of the founders of the Chinese Sunday School Union, and am its Vice-President. I have written no books or pamphlets, but I have from time to time added to the labors of more than one editor of magazine or newspaper, by causing them to read,—and sometimes print,—short articles or sketches, of little more than local or temporary interest and importance. I am now calmly waiting to have served on me the "Summons" which sooner or later comes to us all. And, as towards life's furtherest shore my feeble feet approach, I lift my heart in silent prayer and ask that in His own good time my age-dimmed eyes may see the glories of that other land, where dwell the saved and God.

This, with kindest regards to you and my other Classmates, and with nothing remaining in my memory but pleasant recollections of four years spent with you and them at Princeton College. Thomasville, Davidson County, N. C., November 16, 1903.

A. B. and A. M.

JOHN NEWTON FREEMAN is one of the most admired pulpit orators in the Presbyterian Church in this country, and has filled several important pastorates in that body. He was born of missionary parents at Allahabad on the Ganges, in the Northwest Provinces of India, July 17, 1844, having one only sister, a most interesting and beautiful girl, whom illness early made a deaf mute. The father, Rev. John Edgar Freeman, A. M. (born in New York City in 1809), was a graduate of Princeton of the Class of 1835, and after completing the Seminary course there entered upon his missionary work, in which he labored from 1839 till 1857. The mother of the children succumbed to the climate while they were yet very young. In those days there were none of the cool, or at least salubrious, retreats, like Woodstock, in the Himalayan uplands, for the shelter of the little ones of the devoted workers in the sweltering plains. There was no alternative but to send them home to the charge of friends such as were glad to care for them, in order to protect them from the inevitably depraving influences of heathen life, then almost unmitigated, as well as from the climate, and for the purposes of education. And so the orphan boy, with his scarcely more than baby sister, was brought across the seas by the widowed father, who kissed them farewell and went back to his work. John was placed in the care of a Mr. John Labar, at Hackettstown, in the New Jersey hills, where he enjoyed the advantages of a Christian home and laid up a stock of experiences, both humorous and pathetic, enough to have afforded, in the hands of Dickens, material for a handsome Mansard story to his celebrated Yorkshire edifice of culture. Here he got the elements of Latin and Greek with exceptional thoroughness while still very young, and laid the foundation of a proficiency which always marked him as a student.

The Rev. Mr. Freeman married again, and with his wife was overtaken by the fearful rage of the Mutiny of 1857. They were among the missionaries and others who were treacherously enticed into the boats on the river and deliberately shot down. The beautiful Memorial Chapel at Cawnpore rises over the well into which their poor bodies were thrown.

Changing to Mr. Pingry's school at Elizabeth for com-

pleting his preparation, our Classmate came to us in the Sophomore year, sharing the room of the present Class Historian, at "Home," 32 East,—not one stone of which, alas! is now left upon another. He was one of our most correct scholars, one of our most graceful speakers, one of our most elegant writers, and he was a personality much delighted in. He received the Physical Oration at our graduation. Mr. Freeman was a proficient in the sign-language and took a position as an instructor in the New York Institution for the Deaf Mutes at Washington Heights, where his sister had been an inmate and a teacher,—which he held for two years. He then attended the Seminary course at Princeton, and was called to the First Presbyterian Church, Peekskill on the Hudson. He was ordained May 17, 1868, and served in that field till 1876. He was next pastor at Lockport, N. Y., for some years, till 1881, when he was called to Immanuel Church, Milwaukee, where he preached till 1889. The Centre Church at Denver drew him across the plains, and he spent eight years at the foot of the Rockies. In 1897 he went to Calvary Church, Cleveland, remaining till 1891, when he resigned.

Our College made Freeman a Doctor of Divinity in 1891, and at the Alumni dinner, at Commencement last June, he spoke for Sixty Three before the vast assemblage in the great new Gymnasium hall, in an address which demonstrated the acoustic excellence of the immense building to entire satisfaction,—a question which had been left in some degree of painful doubt by speakers who had preceded him. He is now without a pastoral charge, and, as a member of the Presbytery of Cleveland, is devoting himself to work as an Evangelist and occasional supply.

Dr. Freeman married while at Peekskill Miss Kate Benedict, of New York, whose daughter, Kate Benedict, is the wife of Prof. Jesse B. Carter, Ph. D., of Princeton University

He married, secondly, in Chicago, Miss Ohe, by whom he has several children.

His son, Halstead Gurnee Freeman, graduated at the old University with the Class of 1903, keeping up the excellent traditions of the two generations before him.

A. B. and A. M.

HENRY RODNEY HALL is the honored pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Columbus, in Burlington county, N. J., where he has labored for thirty-five years, from which he once resigned to accept a call elsewhere, but could not obtain release from the attachment of his people.

He was born March 17, 1843, at Lewes, in Delaware, the port of the great Breakwater and costly government harbor at the mouth of Delaware bay,—settled by Swedes and Finns, as quaint and old as any place in the country, but taking on new life with its fine modern possibilities. His father was Henry Fisher Hall, a physician in large practice, Ruling Elder, and Surgeon in the army of 1812, and a strong Unionist in the Civil war, although a slaveholder. The family has been settled in Lewes time out of mind, and is said by tradition to have come from Plymouth settlement. There have been five generations of Halls who were physicians in the old town and they, the Fishers and the Rodneys were all patriots. The last, the mother's name, is English, in the line of Admiral Rodney, the family record being extant to the time of William the Conqueror; and Caesar Rodney, who was of the same line, was a "Signer." The paternal grandmother was a daughter of Major Henry Fisher, a Revolutionary patriot, who spent his fortune for Independence; and Colonel David Hall was commander of "The Delaware Line" in Washington's army. Doctor David Hall now resides in the old home.

He fitted at Snow Hill Academy, on the Eastern Shore, "the worst that any one could have and expect to enter Soph." Hall says: "I always think of the College of our day with veneration and full gratitude. The faculty, though small, does not suffer in the comparison with that of the University. Don't fail to emphasize the religious tone of the old College; recall the Sophomore Recitation-room prayer meetings, the frequent revivals, the almost entire classes of Church members. But were not those fierce times, the years of the Civil war!—hardly favorable for study, yet times to make men think. College days were happy days to me, and my Class-mates first class! My room, 22 East, is no more; it and the old Chapel levelled to make room for the splendid new library.

My father called me into the ministry, under God. This he told me was his wish when I was about fifteen, and, though I

was not a Church member, I did not rebel, though I felt no fitness for it. You recall my diffidence,—my topic, on the burlesque program, was “How Rarely Hall is heard from!” Yet here I am, a minister, pastor in this place, my only charge since 1868. My field of labor is an old Quaker community. The ‘Friends’ knew where the richest soil was, but work was needful here, for their meeting had nearly died out, and people had little more than the name of Christian. So it has always been a mission field in true sense; growth has not been great because of slow material and because of the removal of the young to the cities,—Philadelphia is twenty-five miles and Trenton twelve. I have been the means of building a new Church and minister’s house, and of collecting a little endowment of \$7,000. I have always had people of the highest culture to preach to. Two Churches, Columbus and Plattsburg, six miles apart, have composed my parish, and after thirty-five years I do not know that I have an enemy in my Churches. For several years I have been the oldest member of Monmouth Presbytery,—its Treasurer for fifteen years and Chairman of its Committee on Temperance. I have been member of General Assembly once and have often declined the nomination. My travels have been confined to this country, in every part of it. My health was never robust; in 1898 I was obliged to absent myself a whole year, and for two years after that keep my seat in preaching. But I am now regaining strength and am with no known organic trouble.

I have been twice married;—first, in 1869, to Henrietta A. Stout, daughter of Henry Stout, Esq., of Dover, Del.; second, in 1875, to Mary E. Goodell, daughter of Dr. George Goodell, of my Plattsburg congregation. Each lived but a short time, and my two children died shortly after birth.

To you, from the standpoint of a happy husband and father, and may-be grandfather, my life must look pretty blue; but on the contrary, I have enjoyed life, and do still. I love my work and my people, and have all the good I deserve, and far more;—have my pleasure in other people’s families, to which I have always had cordial welcome. I love children and young people, and have some success in winning them; I love music and have always been able to contribute my share, and all the parts of my work are increasingly pleasant to me.

Now if you come to Princeton, and have occasion to spend some time in its vicinity, my place is within twenty miles, of easy access, and I would esteem it high privilege to entertain you. I live in my own comfortable home, have plenty of room and a good housekeeper. And this to all my beloved Classmates." He adds, "Would it be anything to you if I should say that, according to the advice of good old President John, we do our morning Bible reading in the Latin and Greek Testaments, I have done so since 1863,—making a record of nearly a hundred times in the forty years." And Foster says that Hall never has repeated a sermon. A. B. and A. M.

MONTGOMERY HAMILTON writes of himself: I was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, about five hundred feet from where I now live, and my children were born in the same house. There is an old claim, still heard in Scotland and North Ireland, that we Hamiltons are descendants of Woden, or Odin, the Scandinavian War God. On my mother's side my great-grandfather and his three brothers served in the Revolutionary war. These facts, and facts they must be, may account for my youthful military ardor.

I was not well prepared for College; Indiana's schools were not then what they have since become,—about the best in the country. I think I ought not to have been admitted to the Sophomore Class, yet I was graded sixth at the first quarterly examination. In September, 1862, I enlisted in the army, but was graduated with the Class, as were all of us who entered the army in our Senior year. I could write plenty of reminiscences of College days, especially of the beginning of the Civil war; as was natural to a Westerner, I took more kindly at first to the Southerners than to the Easterners, and was rather of their set. Among the Faculty, I was something of a favorite with Guyot, McIlvaine and Duffield, but decidedly not with McLean or Atwater. I had the general Sophomore's fancy that Cameron did not like me, but I believe he dealt fairly with me. Of course Alexander did not know anyone.

With Rowland Cox and John M. Williams I enlisted in the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, often called "The Anderson Troop" and "Buell's Body Guard." Humphries, '64, went

with us. I served for some months as a private soldier, and afterwards as Aide-de-Camp on the staff of General Joseph J. Reynolds, commanding the Fourth Division of the Fourteenth Corps, General Thomas's,—the only corps in either army that never was whipped. I served about a year, was invalided, and went to Europe. There I matriculated at the University of Jena in Germany, but did not stay long enough to secure a degree. When I returned to America I entered the Harvard Law School,—Jackson, Howard Reeder and Zabriskie being there with me,—and I was admitted to the Bar, but never practiced law. During several years I was in business, of more than one sort. I have done some work in politics, but, while succeeding where I worked for others, I never managed to “get there” myself.

As to my writings, my first published work was an article in the “Nassau Lit.,” under the editorship of John De Witt, of '61,—now eminent for learning and orthodoxy,—the article was entitled “Heroines.” I have no copy. My other writings are not worth mentioning beside this.

The world has treated me kindly. I have children,—my full share toward averting “race-suicide,” but I have no grandchildren; and, perhaps fortunately, no sons- or daughters-in-law. About my travels,—I went to Europe with my father in 1857,—made the usual tour with some additions, and again, after my army life, as stated above, I spent a year abroad, getting as far as Asia. I went over again in 1866, and this time I passed between the contending German armies in the Austro-Prussian war,—coming within a few miles of one of their battles,—in order to get to Dresden, where I was to be married. On my wedding trip I had to pass between these armies again; two days after my marriage the hotel in which I lodged was occupied, on the same night, by the commander of the “Bundes Truppen” and by the Prussian commander, not at the same time, however. Otherwise I have not wandered for any length of time from my birthplace.

Happy the man whose thoughts and cares
His own paternal acres bound,
Content to spend his passing years
In his own ground.

A. B.

THOMAS O'HANLON (who graduated as Thomas Hanlon, having since reverted to the ancient form of the name), is a distinguished scholar and educator of the Methodist Episcopal Church, brother of Rev. John O'Hanlon, also a distinguished minister of that denomination. He was born in New York City, March 23, 1832, being the oldest member of the Class. He was already a minister of the Methodist Church before entering College and while serving the Milltown Church near New Brunswick, prepared himself at the Rutgers Grammar School. He joined the Sophomore Class at Rutgers College in August, 1860, and completed that year, when he was appointed to the pastorate of the Church at Princeton, and came among us as a Junior, residing in William street. He is the son of John O'Hanlon and Catharine Landers, who were Roman Catholics, born in the south of Ireland of families of large estates there, the latter as well in the City and State of New York. Numerous members of the O'Hanlon family have for a hundred years been distinguished for eminence in the medical and teaching professions, one of them now a member of the Board of Health in New York. One was a distinguished Romish priest of Rathkiel parish, in the County of Limerick. Both his parents were teachers in Monmouth County, N. J., and till he was twenty years old he worked on a farm and as a carpenter. Converted in 1847, he passed up from exhorter and local preacher. He graduated with credit, took his A. M. in course, and was made D. D. by Dickinson College as early as 1869, and LL. D. by Washington College, Tennessee, in 1893. His abilities were promptly recognized and he received the appointment to the important State Street Church, Trenton, and already in 1867 was engaged in his life work as President of Pennington Seminary, an institution for both sexes of importance and usefulness under Methodist auspices. Our Classmate, Judge Hendrickson, was his co-worker in this and other services connected with the Methodist denomination and its educational affairs.

He married Miss Hannah M. Maps, of Long Branch, N. J., March 4, 1856. The children are: Laura J., born in 1857; John Russell, 1858; Myra Augusta, 1860; Catharine, 1863; Mary, 1865; Thomas, 1868; William R., 1869; Martha W., 1876; Joseph Thornly, 1877.

Mr. Hanlon's course in College and intercourse with his Classmates was worthy of all praise. He identified himself with the student life and shared the undergraduates' interests and point of view perfectly, while never in the least compromising his position as a mature family man or lowering the dignity of his ministerial standing. He enjoyed the respect and confidence of every man in the Class. A mere catalogue of his successful labors would exceed the space allotted here. During fifty-one years of public service, eighteen of which were spent in the pastorate of some nine Churches and as Presiding Elder with care of fifty Churches, he was blessed with revivals in which over two thousand were converted; and he helped in benevolent efforts in which more than a million dollars were collected;—and during thirty-three years as President of Pennington, the property of which increased in value from \$30,000 to \$240,000, he taught 6,000 pupils, of whom 600 have served in the ministry and in missionary fields in many lands. His Bible Class at Ocean Grove, organized in 1877, increased from twenty students to 2,000 in twenty years; and he has been widely in request as writer, lecturer and preacher, on literary and political as well as religious themes. He visited Europe in 1878 and 1885. On account of his wife's health, as well as of needed respite, he retired last year for well-earned rest at Los Angeles, where he resides at 1023 South Burlington avenue.

He writes: "Say somewhere in the sketch, Dear Swinner-ton, that I have an undying love for dear old Princeton and for the glorious Class of '63. Noble fellows were they all,—they were so kind to me! I entered Princeton handicapped; it was a serious question, even if my health held out, whether I could successfully fill at the same time the two positions,—that of pastor of a Church within a stone's throw of the College and that of a student of the University. But by the very great kindness of all the students, and of all the Faculty, —and as well of all my parishioners,—under the blessing of Almighty God, my two years at Princeton were the two happiest years of my life. And how much those two years have helped me to do the great work committed to my hands these last forty years! I could never have done the work without Princeton,—dear old Princeton!

My work now, Dear Swinnerton, is almost done; the shadows from the West are lengthening fast,—the evening twilight of life's long day is almost here. But Bethlehem's star to me is becoming more and more radiant,—indeed it is flooding the very heavens of my western sky with that light that 'never shone on land or sea.' My richest love to all the Fellows of the Class of '63,—and to those of that immortal Class who have passed the boundaries of time my heart says, with warmest affection, Peace, peace, till we meet again!"

A. B. and A. M.

SAMUEL AUGUSTUS HAYT, born at Fishkill-on-the Hudson, June 13, 1841, is, on his father's side, of French Huguenot and English extraction. His grandmother was a Delavan and his father a cousin of Edward C. Delavan, the eminent reformer, of Albany. On his mother's side the ancestry is Connecticut Puritan,—“My forbears fought and bled in the Revolution.” He is the son of Samuel A. and Lavinia (Nicholls) Hayt, and he agrees that there may be a suspicion of relationship with our Classmate Nichols, whose ancestors came to Newark from Milford and Branford, Conn., in 1667.

Poughkeepsie Academy and “Williston” prepared him for College, he entered with us and graduated with us,—a Junior Orator from Clio Hall, and Orator at the planting of the elm we placed on ground near the old Chapel, now covered by the great new Library. He attended the Reunion of 1883, which, he says, was “very quiet.” One year was spent at Princeton Seminary and one at Union Seminary, N. Y., and he took a year in theology at Berlin University, first devoting a space to the study of German at Jena. Having grown up in the Reformed Dutch Church, whose natural home is along the Hudson,—which differs little from the Presbyterian, however, on his return he was ordained by the Classis of Albany of that body, in 1867. He received the degree of S. T. D. from the University of New York in 1887.

Dr. Hayt's pastoral charges have been mostly in Presbyterian Churches;—the Second Church at Belvidere, N. J., for two years; at Ballston Spa, from 1870 to 1876; Stone street, Watertown, N. Y., from 1876 to 1894, whence he went to the

Mayflower Congregational Church, Indianapolis, which he served a couple of years, up to his retirement from the ministerial work, when he lived in New York City for a time. In November last he accepted the position of Librarian of the Flower Memorial Library at Watertown, entering upon his work in January. This is a magnificent marble structure, built by the daughter of the late Governor Roswell P. Flower as a memorial to her father, adequately endowed and providing congenial occupation for our Classmate's coming days.

His marriage took place in 1869, and he has three children. With D. R. Foster, Hayt spent a summer in the service of the Christian Commission at Memphis and Little Rock. He was President for a number of years of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of Jefferson county, of which Watertown is county seat. But his life-work has been principally devoted to the exacting and useful labors of his several parishes. He has written much, though little for publication. European travel and study have taken him over and back some seven or eight times, and he mentions that he has found the greatest delight in pedestrian tours in Switzerland and Tyrol,—where we should be glad to have been with him!

"The world," says our friend, characteristically, "has been fine!" Yet he ends up a trifle away from his optimism, with the aphoristic touch, "Enjoying the past, enduring the present, and anticipating the future." May these pages deepen the joy in the past, help to endure whatever of hardship there may be in the present, and go some way to confirm the anticipation of what of good and glory there may yet be to come.

A. B. and A. M.

CHARLES ELVIN HENDRICKSON, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, is a jurist of high repute and greatly honored in his State. He was born, January 8, 1843, at the village of New Egypt, in that part of Monmouth County which is now the County of Ocean. He prepared at the Academy there, and in September, 1860, entered the Sophomore Class at Union College, continuing in Schenectady, however, but one term. With wisdom beyond his years, he joined us at Princeton and graduated with us, being little above twenty. He carried off an A Medal in gold

from Clio Hall, for which the Class Historian always owed him a grudge, but which he thinks a Mascot, or Talisman of success, and never suffers to leave his person. It means A Number One; but in any other hands would mean a no one.

For a year he conducted a classical school at Pemberton, but soon turned to the Law, studying first with Abraham Browning, at Camden, and afterwards with Garrett S. Cannon, at Bordentown. He was admitted to the New Jersey Bar in 1866 as Attorney, and as Counsellor in 1869, and settled at Mount Holly, where he has since resided. In politics Mr. Hendrickson was a Democrat, and he was elected to the Assembly from the Third District of his County as early as 1867. But his legal abilities and probity of character were too much valued to be left to the chances of mere political office-holding. In March, 1870, he was appointed by Governor Randolph Prosecutor of the Pleas for Burlington County, and was reappointed successively by Governors Beadle, McClellan and Abbott, serving twenty years in that responsible post, from which he retired voluntarily in March, 1890.

He has had a very successful and honorable judicial career, which began with his appointment by Governor Griggs to the Bench of the Court of Errors and Appeals, for a term of six years, March 26, 1896. He had served as Special Judge of that Court for five years, when he was, in February, 1901, appointed by Governor Voorhees a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State,—the position he now fills. The appointment was confirmed by the Senate, and was for the term of seven years.

Our Classmate has always given his decided countenance in support of the cause of religion. He has been prominently useful in the service and in the counsels of his Church, representing the New Jersey Methodist Episcopal Conference as one of the two Lay Delegates to the general body in Baltimore, in 1876, when he was appointed by the Board of Bishops one of the Committee to revise the Hymnal of the Church,—a work completed and presented at Cleveland the following year. He has further served the New Jersey Conference as its Trustee of Dickinson College, and likewise of Pennington Seminary, so long under the successful management of our Classmate, Dr. O'Hanlon, the two Princeton associates in that work

acting as congenial co-laborers in the cause of education. He was for a number of years President of the Trustees of that institution. He was also a Lay Delegate to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, held in Washington, in 1891, having been designated as one of the representatives from New Jersey.

Judge Hendrickson is of Dutch descent. His earliest ancestor in this country, on his father's side, was Hendrick Hendricks, who emigrated from Holland to what is now Long Island. In 1692 he came thence to New Jersey, with his two sons, Daniel and Wilhelm, and settled in the present Monmouth County. Within the next generation the name was slightly changed, from Hendricks to Hendrickson. His mother was of Welsh descent.

Mr. Hendrickson married, in 1872, Sarah Wood Nixon, of Red Bank, N. J. He has three sons and one daughter. Two of his sons, Charles E. Hendrickson, Jr., and George D. Hendrickson, graduated at Princeton, and are now members of the New Jersey Bar. The third son, James A. Hendrickson, entered this year as a Freshman in our University, in the Classical Department. His daughter, Marie Uitendale Hendrickson, is married to William J. Baird, of Philadelphia, who graduated at Princeton in the Class of '95.

The Class take unalloyed satisfaction in the success of this comrade of long years ago. They are proud of his honors; and when they remember his hearty laugh, his sound heart, and his pure Christian principles, it is their wish, should it be for them ever to be in "trouble," to have no other to be their judge than he.

A. B. and A. M.

HENRI SEYMOUR HOLDEN, for two years at the head of our Class in scholarship, private and serjeant of U. S. Volunteers in the war for the Union, was born at Hingham, Mass., August 31, 1841. He was descended in the direct line from John Holden, Captain in the Continental army and an original member of the Order of the Cincinnati; thence back to Justinian Holden, who came over from Ipswich, England, in 1632.

In 1855 the family removed to Newark, N. J., where Henri, as stated in the Class "Record" of 1866-7, "with no definite purpose in view engaged in commercial pursuits, and for three years almost entirely neglected study." However, he had

begun preparation for College at Derby Academy, and his tastes now asserting themselves, he took a year of study under Rev. J. F. Pingry, at Elizabeth, and was easily able to enter Sophomore in August, 1860. He received a Scholarship for high standing in his entrance examinations, and at once took first place among us, maintaining this position undisputed as long as he continued at Princeton. While in College a nature congenially inclined to serious devotion came to open religious expression, and he formed the purpose of preaching. We stood a little in awe of this tranquil, mental athlete; however, the present writer, during the religious interest that prevailed, took occasion to seek a conversation with Holden, who, of course, received him with cordiality, not only, but spoke freely of his past experience in religious matters,—among the rest, curiously, although not as yet a man of professed piety, on being appealed to for guidance by an acquaintance in spiritual trouble, he had pointed out to him earnestly and carefully the path to take for his soul's relief. We used to wonder at the way he reeled off dry Bible chapters in Professor Atwater's Sunday afternoon recitations; at Holden's funeral Rev. Mr. Haley, his pastor, stated that the sufferer, unable to read or to endure being read to, had spoken of the deep satisfaction he had found in the long passages he had made permanently his own in preparing for those exercises, and could read off from the record of his memory. He had an easy ability in hard work, a mature mind, and great command of his intellectual powers, with a cheery dignity and a quietly genial manner. He never lounged. His well-kept, massy flaxen hair, worn long as the style of many then was, so wavy yet always in control,—the writer well recalls the impression always made upon his imagination by the strong Greek face on its pillared neck, clothed low,—the wide and upright shoulders, and the large, statuesque figure, which made him think of ancient coins, of or the Spartan heroes at Thermopylae, dressing their locks before they went in to lay down their lives. He might be one of them!

The prospects of his scholarly ambition held him strongly, but the convictions of patriotism prevailed, and at the beginning of the Senior year, September, 1862, he sacrificed his expectations of brilliant distinction and accepted the musket

of a private soldier in the Fourteenth New Jersey Volunteers. With him as comrade in this new work went McLeod Thompson, a sturdy, plain man of solid mathematical gifts; and at the same time three others, the Faculty having promised them their diplomas, Montgomery Hamilton, Rowland Cox and John M. Williams, who entered the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, then called "General Buell's Body Guard."

The promise of the Faculty seems to have been forgotten, and it was not till 1876 that, in response to a letter from Dr. Edgar Holden, his brother, the Trustees resolved that Henri Holden's name be inserted in the Roll of his Class, where it appears as Bachelor of Arts "(post obit)," and has the asterisk to indicate his death, which is placed in 1862.

This, however, is a mistake; the "Record" states that he was present at our final Commencement in 1863, and we remember him in his army blue. He served nine months, was promoted to corporal and to serjeant at Fredericksburg (where Jackson so distinguished himself), but the exposure and hardships of that repulse broke his health, and he was sent home on sick leave, to die shortly after of pneumonia, November 10, 1863. What a country and what an army, that could afford First Honor Collegians and high grade mathematical scholars for the private soldiers in its ranks!

Our Classmate, Huey, in his tribute printed in 1867, regretfully says: "We, who had mapped out for him such a brilliant future, were forced to bow to the wisdom of the Almighty, and believe that *Holden's* mission on earth had been completed." Dr. Holden, of Newark, sends to the Class Historian an account of certain occurrences which seem to prove that an interrupted career may in the strangest way be resumed and completed by a fellow-being. He writes: "One of the most striking instances of the apparent transference of duties and of personal character to another is given herewith by Henri Holden's only and devoted brother, whose affection for him while living has not been lessened by the many years that have elapsed since his death."

How the acquaintance began he does not remember, but thinks while Henri was a student at Princeton it was, that a young man living in Massachusetts, William M——, formed for him one of those mysterious attachments not uncommon

among girls but rare between men, and which for unselfish, whole-souled devotion could not be surpassed. This young man, whose home was at a distance, had few advantages of education. There was nothing of that social community of interests which usually draws youths together; but his naturally refined instincts, and a certain nobility of soul, gave a touch to the devotion of his attachment that was nothing less than pathetic. Neither of the two were professors of religion as yet, but with Henri's conversion and determination to study for the ministry M—— was deeply impressed. However, he gave no sign of conviction on his own part; but when Henri was taken with pneumonia he came on at once from Boston, giving up his work, and devoted his whole time to waiting on, watching with and nursing the sufferer. During the few weeks of illness, which terminated fatally, Henri dwelt much on his disappointment in being unable to do any work for the Master and on his failure to give himself earlier to the cause he had espoused. So far as was remarked at the time, this had no effect on the friend;—who stayed until the funeral, and disappeared.

Little was heard from him and at rare intervals. Some time after, when the war was not yet over, Dr. Holden, being a Surgeon in the Navy, heard that M—— had shipped before the mast on a brig bound for Australia; again, after a few years, that he was driver of a stage-coach from Sydney, or Melbourne, out to the mines, and that he was preaching on Sundays to the miners. Again an interval, and it was learned that he had taken orders in the Church of England; but all this time no word came from him directly. Suddenly he appeared in Newark and at Dr. Holden's. He was a representative of the Young Men's Christian Association of Australia, with *carte blanche* to visit the principal centres of the body.

Dr. Holden thinks nothing was said of the dead friend on this occasion;—"When Henri was mentioned I saw the sudden tears come to his eyes, and no more was said." Again a long interval, when one day the Secretary of the Newark Association, Mr. Cozzens, brought a letter from Australia, asking for Dr. Holden's address, if he were still living, and enclosing a draft on the Bank of England, to be used to adorn the grave

in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery on the Anniversary of Henri's death.

Finally, concludes Dr. Holden, "Last year, 1902, forty years after that grave was closed, there came a gray-headed man, Henri's mysterious friend, with wife and daughter, to my house. At first there was the same reticence; one day, without informing any one, we found he visited the Cemetery and bestrewed the grave with flowers. But before leaving for Australia he told me frankly the story of his unabated love for my brother, and that ever since his death he had regarded himself simply as his representative in this world; that all he had done or hoped to do was as a favored and a chosen one standing in the place of that friend,—to whom he had promised this consecration, because he had died before his work on earth was fairly begun.

Mr. M—— is Rector of one of the largest Churches in Australia, a leader in all philanthropic work, president of different benevolent organizations, and especially of the Young Men's Christian Association. Devoted to the cause of Christ and humanity, he is still young in his enthusiasm and faithful to his promise and his love."

Though long for these pages, the Class Historian thinks its singular interest justifies the insertion of the foregoing recital.

A. B. (post obit.)

JOHN CALVIN HOLMES, M. D., was born where he now resides, at Cranbury, Middlesex county, N. J., January 11, 1842. The parental names were John Rathbone and Isabella Amelia (McChesney) Holmes, of English descent on the one side and Scotch on the other.

He prepared at home by a private tutor,—“result—just able to enter the Freshman Class.” He was in College till the beginning of the Junior year, October, 1861, when he left to enter the Union army; but he was rejected, owing to physical disability. He then began the study of medicine, and graduated in 1864 at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York. Forthwith he “put out his shingle” in his native town.

Still feeling inclined for army life, he received a commission as Assistant Surgeon of U. S. Volunteers, and was ordered to report to General Foster, at Newbern, but as the war came to a conclusion in April immediately following, he saw no field

service. Nevertheless, on account of his "war record," the Trustees of Princeton, who had given him the degree of A. M. on his graduating in Medicine, now placed his name with the Class of 1863.

Returning to the paths of peace, he practiced medicine for twenty-six years, with a fair amount of success;—in the early part of which time, March 7, 1871, he married Miss Mary Louise Powell. But during the "blizzard" of 1888 he was compelled to be out on horseback for three days upon professional duty, and as a result of this exposure became very deaf, and he was obliged to relinquish the work from January, 1890. He turned his hand to the manufacture of perfumery, in Philadelphia, for two years, when his health quite failed him, and he returned to Cranbury.

Dr. Holmes, in 1894, published "Substance and Shadow," a copy of which is honored with a place in the Alumni Alcove of the John C. Green Library. He has since finished another volume, "Ideals," and is now at work upon a Colonial novel, "A Jersey Blue."

Dr. Holmes has no children. He is a member of the local School Board and lectures before the advanced class of the High School on Physiology and on Mythology. He is a member of the New Jersey State Medical Society, and is a Past Master of the Masonic order. "Writing at night and during the day looking after a very little farm,—if I did not have the consciousness of knowing that I perhaps did some good in the years from 1864 to 1890, I should consider my life a sad failure."

He adds this note respecting the decennial years of the Class: "I was at Princeton at the Commencement of 1883, but there was no Reunion of '63, as only two members of our Class were present. I do not think our Class ever succeeded in having a Reunion from 1866 till 1893."

Our first Decennial, 1873, had scant observance, as appears from the circumstance that Class Secretary Huey issued, a year afterward, March 20, 1874, a circular deploring that only "A few—very few—did meet at Princeton, and enjoy an hour or two of pleasant social intercourse," at the previous Commencement, when "our Decennial year should have been

appropriately celebrated." He adds: "Before parting we resolved upon an effort to have a Class meeting in 1874," to which the circular was a call,—with what result does not appear. Dr. Holmes disposes of the second Decennial, 1883,—only two were present, himself and Dr. Beach Jones. However, Hayt writes that he was there, and Miller. In 1893 the present Class Historian was in Princeton for a couple of days. It must have been on Wednesday, that he fell in with Frank Reeder, sitting on a bench in front of North College, in melancholy mood as if deploring himself as the last rose of summer. No other soul that we knew had he seen. But the day before, Tuesday, a pleasing group had been gathered on the Campus, who indulged in happy revival of old memories and geyed each other gayly about who was most and who was least changed. They comprised, besides the writer, Chris. Bergen, J. S. Dennis, Huey, Hendrickson, Miller, Sexton, Smythe and Vredenburg.

There was no formal banquet, but we were "called to order"—such as it was, and did a little something; and then adjourned to the Alumni Dinner in University Hall, where Huey spoke for us in his eloquent manner. These all separated on the afternoon trains, and four of them were permitted to see each other again at the Reunion of ten years later.

On that occasion, Commencement season, 1903, there were present at Lunch, in "the northeast office room, University Hall," Saturday, June 6th., and as graybeards in the Procession to the Ball Game,—Hendrickson, Holmes, Freeman, Patton, Pumyea, Frank Reeder, Sexton, Strickler, Stryker, Swinnerton, Temple, Van Cleve and Vredenburg. It was a jolly, delightful afternoon, one of Princeton's best, all beholding us according us the honors of our age, with enthusiastic cheers, and the rightful position at the left of the line.

At the Banquet on Monday, at the Princeton Inn, we sat down fifteen in number;—Hall, Hendrickson, Inman, Littell, Nichols, Patton, F. Reeder, Sexton, Strickler, Stryker, Swinnerton, Van Cleve, Vredenburg, Young and Zabriskie. At the Alumni Dinner, Tuesday, in the great new Gymnasium, those recalled were Freeman,—who was our spokesman and made an excellent speech,—Foster, Hayt, Littell, Patton, Pumyea, Swinnerton and perhaps one or two others.

The thanks of the Class are due and ought to be extended to Stryker and Patton for the truly splendid manner in which this Class celebration was prearranged and carried out. It was a delightful success in every respect,—save the financial penalty to the Class prex. and the painstaking Secretary for daring to push it through.

A. B. and A. M.

OSCAR F. HORNER, of New Egypt, in Ocean county, N. J., entered Sophomore, and left at the end of that year. He was a man of some musical taste, and enjoyed the distinction, a little rare in those days, of having a piano in his room. He resides on the family homestead a little out of the village of his birth with his married brother and an unmarried sister. He occupies the office of Justice of the Peace of the Township. His principal business is reported that of surveyor and engineer of lands and scrivener in the drawing of the necessary papers in the transfer of real estate, contracts, etc., and he is much respected as a citizen by the people of the section where he has always resided.

JAMES COOPER HUESTON was a most able and energetic member of the Journalist profession, General Manager of the New York Associated Press, and subsequently a law practitioner of New York.

He was of Northern parentage, the son of John and Christiana E. Hueston, and was born at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, December 31, 1843. His father, a native of Massachusetts, went to that place in the early forties and became the Editor of the Baton Rouge *Gazette*, but lost his life in a duel with a rival editor. At the time the "Record" of 1866 was published Hueston was in the employ of the Southwestern Telegraph Company, at Baton Rouge, and stated the earlier facts of his life, in brief;—that he prepared at Baton Rouge College Institute and Oakland College, Mississippi; that he entered Freshman, roomed at 3 West, and left at the end of that year; and that he spent "four years in the Confederate army." He had met only two of the Class, "during four years of wandering and vicissitude," viz., Hutchins and Locke, and he concludes a very cordial letter with these fraternal words: "Though with the Class but one year—its youngest, but, I dare say, not its

most uneventful one—and though a stranger to most of those who enjoyed the high privilege of spending within the peaceful shades of ‘Nassau Hall’ those other years, so full of fearful strife, I yet cherish the kindest sentiments towards one and all. Those days I spent with my brethren of the Class of ’63, were among the happiest of my life.”

The Class Historian expended much effort and research in vain before developing the following satisfactory account of Mr. Hueston’s career,—for which he is indebted in particular to John McGrath, Esq., of the Baton Rouge *Daily Truth*, and to Charles S. Diehl, of the Associated Press, and likewise to our Classmate, Zabriskie, who some years ago met Hueston in New York,—where he had been for years, completely hidden from us, in the blaze of publicity.

At the outbreak of the war his avowed purpose was to enter the Confederate army, and, to avoid anticipated objection from his mother, he went directly to Northern Louisiana and joined a company composed of fellow-townsmen, known as the Pelican Rifles, which became a part of the Third Louisiana Infantry. His regiment was sent to Missouri and was engaged in the battles of Elk’s Horn and Oak Hill, so known to that side of the conflict. He was not a robust youth, and the hardships of the first year’s campaigning made him for a time an invalid. During his convalescence he was taught telegraphy by a half-brother, and seemingly he picked up the printer’s art in the intervals. He became an expert telegrapher, and soon after was detailed to the Confederate Military telegraph corps, and remained in that service throughout the war. Captain McGrath states, from local information, that “Just after the battle of Shiloh the Third Regiment was ordered to join Beauregard at Corinth, where Hueston participated in the battle of Farmerville and other skirmishes. In June, 1862, an order was issued to discharge all boys under age, in which class he was embraced. However, on returning home he found Louisiana in the hands of the United States forces, and at the close of the war he was a telegraph operator for the Confederate Government.”

He related to Zabriskie that, after the war, he was employed in New Orleans when the yellow fever epidemic raged there in the late sixties, and on the death by it of the Agent of the New

York Associated Press, he acted in that capacity as a volunteer, and afterwards permanently held the position until he was promoted to be Assistant General Manager, and was called to New York to take that post. This was in 1867, and, as Mr. Diehl states, while serving in that position he graduated from the Columbia College Law School. In 1875 he was sent to London to take charge of the Associated Press office there as Manager, and, on the retirement of Mr. Simonson, the General Manager in New York, in 1880, he was elected to that important position and was recalled to that city. He remained General Manager for nearly two years when he resigned, owing to broken health, and afterwards practiced law in the city. He died in New York in 1896, after an illness of two years.

While in London Mr. Hueston married a daughter of ex-Mayor Holmes, of Portland, Oregon, who survives him with one daughter. Mrs. Hueston's present address is No. 137 East Thirty-fourth street, New York.

Captain McGrath writes, with the affectionate familiarity of an intimate of years gone by: "I regret that I cannot furnish more information as to the life and death of 'Jimmie,' I knew him and knew his family quite well, but all have passed away from the life of Baton Rouge, and

'Time has swept, and Time is sweeping,
Many a memory from my keeping.'"

SAMUEL BAIRD HUEY, of Scotch Presbyterian and patriotic ancestry, dating from 1763, was born in Pittsburg, June 7, 1843. Grandson of John Thompson Huey and Margaret Culbertson, his father, Samuel C. Huey, down to 1886 was prominent in Philadelphia business affairs and was President of the Pennsylvania Mutual Life Insurance Company until his death. His great-grandfather fell in the battle of Trenton. Prepared in the schools of the city, and valedictorian in the Central High School, he entered Princeton Soph-half-advanced, in February, 1861, was Class "Ode-ist," and graduated with honor. He was one of those sent away as prematurely patriotic for raising the flag on North College, and charioted to the old railroad station in spontaneous ovation by his fellow students. He served in the Navy from June, 1863, till January, 1866, as Ensign upon the staff of

Admiral Theodorus Bailey, on the *San Jacinto*, and afterwards in the Pay Department, taking part in actions at Charleston, Fort Fisher and Wilmington.

Taking up the Law on the close of the war, he studied in the office of John C. Bullitt, entered, and graduated LL. B. in 1868, from the Pennsylvania University Law School, and began practice in the city. He married, June 4, 1868. Of seven children there survive: Arthur Baird, Pennsylvania University, '92; Samuel Culbertson, '99, and Malcolm Sidney, '01, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Walter Moses, of Trenton, and Miss Dorothy Huey.

Samuel B. Huey was, perhaps, as alert and busy a man as our class numbered; the mere catalogue of his activities filling out a tale of unusual length. He was one of Philadelphia's most prominent and most useful citizens, his interest extending to many directions. An active elder in the West Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, he was Superintendent there of one of the largest Sunday Schools in the city, was a director of the Young Men's Christian Association, and interested in all religious affairs. He was prominent in social, military, political and Masonic organizations, as well as in financial institutions, in the cause of education, and all the larger interests of his profession. No one of us took a more eager interest in College and Class affairs. In all these directions his attention seemed always easy to gain, his counsels were much sought, and he was the object of many marks of honor and confidence.

He served as Captain and Aide-de-Camp in the First Regiment and as Assistant Adjutant-General, Second Brigade, Pennsylvania National Guard, from which he resigned through the pressure of his rapidly increasing legal business, in 1878. His rank at the Bar was very high and for many years his practice was large and lucrative, much of it in extensive corporation matters, and his house was the trusted correspondent of prominent law firms in various cities. During the existence of the Bankrupt Law he is said to have had the largest business and experience in such cases before the United States courts of the district, and upon more than one occasion in press of business Judge Cadwallader called Mr. Huey to assist in passing upon pending cases. It was in his office in the

Drexel building that he was attacked with the heart weakness which, after repeated flattering rallies, terminated his life nine days later, November 21, 1901.

Mr. Huey's chief connection with political interests was as Secretary of the Union League, through which he exerted much of quiet but influential power, and the body marked their appreciation of his services by a gold medal on his retirement from its active duties, in 1888. But much of his most valued and long-continued public service was as member, and as President for many years up to the time of his death, of the Board of Public Education, a work entirely congenial to his educated tastes, and in which he rendered a most faithful and intelligent administration; was very highly appreciated, and contributed efficiently during his long connection, to the improvement of the organization, the edifices and the system of tuition. To this useful position he was appointed by the judges of the Common Pleas, in 1886, and he served as Chairman of the Committee on the Central High School for Boys, interesting himself very much to effect important alterations, in the course of which he visited many other cities to examine methods and appliances with a view to perfect a thorough remodelling of the institution. His reward was the satisfaction he felt in seeing the vastly-increasing attendance and public interest, which soon called for the erection of the new and noble pile of buildings at Broad and Greene streets. He did excellent work for the improvement of the condition of the colored people, and was Manager, and long Treasurer, of the Fred Douglas Hospital for their use.

He was a founder and member of the Art Club, of the University Club, and of the West Philadelphia Institute; and a supporter of the Western Home for Poor Children. He was a member of the Loyal Legion and of the Grand Army of the Republic; of the National Bar Association, and was on the Boards of Direction of the Spring Garden Insurance Company, the City Trust and Security Company, and the Edison Electric Light Company, of which he was legal adviser. As one of the soundest business men of the Church he was placed by the Presbyterian General Assembly on the Committee, with such men as ex-President Harrison and Hon. John W. Foster, to decide on the sale or retention of the costly and imperilled

Presbyterian building in Fifth avenue, N. Y. He found time to serve this Class as our efficient and pains-taking Secretary for many years, and always had leisure to write us, or to see and entertain us.

His death was sudden and much lamented; "The regard in which he was held was indicated by the honor shown him in death." The schools were closed in respect to his memory, and his remains were followed to Laurel Hill by a great number of men prominent in the business and professional life of the city. One among the body of Pall Bearers was Dr. Stryker, our Classmate, who was his attending physician, and his colleague in the worship of the West Walnut Street Church. His widow resides at 4112 Walnut street, long the family home.

A. B. and A. M.

G. DRUMMOND HUNT, Jr., was raised in Fayette county, Kentucky, in the midst of the hemp fields and rich cultivation pictured by James Lane Allen in "The Reign of Law." It was not far from Lexington, and he was of a cultured family such as early distinguished that city, the seat of a social and intellectual life so solid as to seem more ancient than it was;—perhaps the original of that idealized in "The Mettle of the Pasture," by the same writer.

Hunt received his death wound at Mission Ridge, in the battle of November 25, 1863, and died on the 29th, in his twenty-second year. As materials of his career, we have an obituary in the "Record" of 1866, from a friend in Kentucky, and also a sermon preached over his remains on the occasion of his funeral at Lexington, by Rev. D. R. Campbell, LL. D., of Georgetown, December 26,—from the text, Ezek. 24:16, "Behold, I take from thee the desire of thine eyes . . . but thou shalt not mourn nor weep." The discourse was a defence of the war as justifying the sacrifice even of such offerings as this noble young life.

Drummond Hunt was born April 24, 1842, the son of Gavin D. Hunt, Sr., "a very highly respected man, as was his family on both sides." He had schooling at Lexington and completed his preparation for College at Plainfield, N. J. He entered with us at the beginning of the Freshman year. We all remember his fine tall figure and gentlemanly address. Dur-

ing the Sophomore year he left, not immediately to enter the army, but owing to the uncertainties induced by the agitated times. He entered Georgetown College, a Baptist institution at an educational centre in Scott county, in the midst of the blue grass region, seventeen miles east of Frankfort. His health was delicate and he was soon compelled to relinquish study. The surges of war, moreover, were around him, and he took up arms for the Union.

In the Spring of 1862 he entered the Federal army as First Lieutenant in the Fourth Kentucky Volunteers, and was selected soon after by General Fry for Acting Assistant Adjutant-General on his staff, in front of Corinth. In October he was made Inspector of the Third Brigade, of the Fourteenth Corps; and finally became Adjutant of the Third Kentucky Infantry. He was in all the skirmishes in front of Tullahoma, and in all the movements in connection with the advance on Chattanooga. He won commendation at Chickamauga from his brigade and division commanders, and even attracted the notice of General Thomas, seizing the colors of a routed regiment near him and bringing them into effective action again, by which he saved his own command from the effects of a bad example and secured them important support at a critical moment. But he was too brave; at Mission Ridge far in advance of his regiment, making for Bragg's headquarters, and only a hundred yards from it he was struck in the thigh by a minie ball, his mare and his State flag in his hand each riddled with shots. His wound shattered the bone, and he died, "As noble and pure and gallant a man as ever yielded up life in the cause of country."

Hunt was a member of the Baptist Church at Bryan Station, near his home. His eldest brother, Colonel P. Burgess Hunt, is U. S. Marshal of Texas, at Dallas. A first cousin is Judge Joseph D. Hunt, of Lexington.

JOHN HUTCHINS, M.D., is a practicing physician at Selma, Drew county, Arkansas, where he has resided since 1872. Adams county, Mississippi, near Natchez, was the place of his birth, and the date, September 17, 1843,—but it not being convenient to "ask his grandmother," he is not able to recall "any prodigies of early life." "To be candid,"

he says, "I believe the world has been more friendly to me than I deserve." As to news from any Classmate, his report is singularly like that of most of us, next to nil;—"As a result of the war, and the unsettled condition of the South for years after, we were all thrown upon our own resources and, wandering far away from our old homes, have entirely lost sight of each other." The only exception to this was a meeting with J. Henley Smith at Louisville, in 1868, who was making the tour of the South with his bride. He is glad to hear that Professor Cameron, one, at least, of the old Faculty, is alive; and he would, like so many others, be glad to take Dennis once more by the hand,—though Dennis, the Class Historian is told, is really no more in the land of the living.

His preparation for College was by private tuition at his Mississippi home, and he was of "the original Class" that entered in 1859. After leaving Princeton, in 1861, like a number of the fellows from the South,—all very young yet,—he sought at first to continue his education at some Southern institution, and entered La Grange College, in Tennessee, as a Junior. The war pressure became too great, however, and he left in 1862 and enlisted in the Confederate army, as a private in the Tenth Mississippi Infantry, Chalmers' Brigade, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. In this capacity he served till the close of the war, surrendering in North Carolina with the army under General Joseph E. Johnston. These veterans all seem to think it quite too much to attempt telling which fifty out of the hundred battles they took part in! Immediately after leaving the army, in 1865, he began the study of Medicine at Tulane, in New Orleans, and graduated in 1868. For a while he practiced his profession in Mississippi, and then came to Arkansas, as above stated, in 1872.

He is married, but has no children. He has no "Public honors or mighty deeds" to record, but the proud satisfaction of feeling, "it has been in my power at times to relieve human suffering and to palliate, if not to prevent or eradicate, human woes. And if I have not always 'done my duty,' why, at your suggestion, I will,—from now, henceforth!" He rejoices,—and in this we do rejoice with him,—that he has "a very comfortable home, and one of the noblest of women for a wife."

Dr. Hutchins's father and grandfather were natives of Mis-

issippi. His great-grandfather immigrated from New Jersey to that region about the time of the Revolution. His mother was a native of Virginia.

Later he writes: "I must give you a list of the battles,—that is, the big ones,—in which with my command I took part:—Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Franklin and Nashville. I was never wounded, but came very near to death twice from sickness incidental to camp life and exposure. I am impatient to read the Class History when it is complete,—it will be so interesting and will revive memories that are among the happiest of my life."

SAMUEL MARTIN INMAN is of patriot ancestry on both his father's and his mother's sides, "Revolutionary soldiers who were in evidence at King's Mountain." The son of Shadrach W. and Jane (Martin) Inman, both of old North Carolina and Virginia families, he was born at Dandridge, Jefferson county, Tennessee, February 19, 1843. He prepared at Maryville College, near Knoxville, and entered Princeton in the Fall of 1860, his room being at 13 West College. At the great outbreak, which so sadly broke us up, he left for the South with the great body of students from the seceding States. During the war he was a Lieutenant in Company K, in the First Tennessee Cavalry of the Confederate army, and was part of the time under General Joseph Wheeler, having enlisted July 20, 1861.

The war over, he began business as a merchant at Augusta, Ga., as a partner in the firm of Rall & Inman. At that time he wrote to us at our Triennial gathering: "I feel the highest regard for and the strongest interest in the welfare of my brothers of '63, to each and all of whom I hope our worthy Secretary will kindly remember me . . . There is no class of men for whom I feel a stronger attachment than my Princeton associates, and especially the Class of '63."

Subsequently he removed to Atlanta, where and in New York he did a large and prosperous business in cotton. At one time the scale of his firm's operations in the great southern staple commodity was one of the largest, if not the largest, in the world. Mr. Inman attained a very solid financial position, even for days like these, and retired from the business

in August, 1902, from that time associating himself with the larger interests of finance and transportation.

He has been married twice; on February 19, 1868, to Miss Jennie Dick, of Rome, Ga., who died in July, 1890. Two sons and a daughter are of this union, all of whom are married, and there are six grandchildren, three boys and three girls. He married secondly, Miss Mildred M. McPheeters, of Raleigh, December 15, 1902, by whom there are no children.

In financial affairs Mr. Inman is in the Directorate of the great Equitable Life Assurance Society and of the Equitable Trust Company, of New York, in which he is associated with James W. Alexander, of Princeton name; of one of the Fire Insurance Companies; of two of the strong Banks in Atlanta, and of the Southern Railway Company. He has traveled extensively in Europe, as well as in Mexico, Canada, etc., and business or pleasure has taken him into nearly all the Territories and States of the Union.

His present address is P. O. Box 1580, New York, where, or in Lakewood, N. J., he has lived temporarily for several years; but he expects to make Atlanta his permanent home. He is a Ruling Elder in the First Presbyterian Church in the latter city, and much identified with its local affairs. He has been on the boards of various schools, hospitals and Churches. A project is being co-operated in by him for the unification, if the way is made clear, and endowment of some of the various Theological Seminaries and Colleges in the South, now small and widely scattered, in one strong institution at Atlanta. He is able to write: "I have interested myself during my business life in measures calculated to benefit those about me, and have the approval of my conscience that I have tried in a degree to live for others."

Mr. Inman has been very little in political life, and has never sought advancement in the field of public office. He enjoys, however, in an enviable degree the confidence of the people of his State, as well as of the South generally; his culture and abilities, and likewise his business talent and experience in the handling of large affairs are thoroughly appreciated, and fit him for public trust, as they doubtless would put any trust of the kind easily within his reach, from his city or his State, if he signified his inclination. But while this is known to his

friends, or to those in his confidence, the honor of a Governor's chair or the distinction of a place in the Senate have not been attractive enough as yet to draw him from the quiet life of a private citizen.

He is exceedingly loyal to Princeton and its ideals,—“*Endeavoring through the Church and school and the channels of general benevolence to help my fellow-beings, if I have succeeded, I attribute a full share to the benign influences and associations of dear old Princeton.*” The College reinstated him and gave him the degree of A. M. in 1886. He left Princeton at the end of our Sophomore year scarcely more than a boy, in rather slender health. But the rugged demands and wholesome outdoor life of the years in the army developed him into a strong and very capable man. His Classmates were glad to see him at the Reunion, after so many years and such changes as these wonderful years have brought. He wears the look of great self-command, and of a decision and executive power that are very marked and seem to account for his success.

In his character of a man of large business influence Mr. Inman has been an earnest contributor to the coalescing of the interests of the North and the South which marks our day; and he stands, with several others of our highly-valued Classmates, as worthily representing our College generation in the increasingly important field of modern commercial energy and world-developing finance. They are instances in illustration of the difference between the passive hoards of ancient selfish “riches,” and the benignly active accumulations of the modern Christian capitalist; whose resources, managed in accordance with principles of intelligence and responsibility, are the sinews of an endless beneficent power.

Hon. A.M. 1886.

HUNTINGTON WOLCOTT JACKSON died, to the sorrow of all who knew him, January 3, 1901, at the family home in Newark, N. J., the city where he was born all but sixty years before on the 20th of the same month, 1841. His death closed a noble career in which additional lustre was shed on a worthy ancestry. He was one of the most eminent lawyers of Chicago, honored with the reliance of the best men of the city, charged with high pecuniary, legal and munificent

responsibilities, and animated by lofty patriotism, municipal spirit and devotion to the public good. He was the cultivated and serviceable descendant of illustrious forbears; James Jackson, a religious man who mingled the best qualities of the three strong races of the British Isles, settled on the banks of the Hudson in the year 1746, where by marriage with the Schuylers, Brinkerhoffs and Vander Lindes, the fine traits of the Netherlands Dutch blood were added. On his mother's side the best New England descent contributed elegant social qualities, combined with intellectuality and piety. Her great-grandfather, Major-General Roger Wolcott, was Colonial Governor of Connecticut; her grandfather, Oliver Wolcott, was one of those who signed the Declaration of Independence; her uncle, Oliver Wolcott, Jr., was President Washington's Secretary of the Treasury; her father, Frederick Wolcott, held important positions on the Bench for forty years;—and her mother was a Huntington, a name of signal renown for eminent men in art, literature and jurisprudence, one of whom, Samuel, was likewise a Signer and a Governor of Connecticut.

Of his father, John P. Jackson, it was once told the present writer by his son, our Classmate, that every morning, before giving his attention to the pressing demands of a most busy life, he spent one hour in his library in careful study of the Bible. He was a deeply scholarly man, who had graduated with the highest honors at our College as early as 1823, settled in Newark in the Law, and soon became connected with the opening enterprises of transportation as counsel for the New Jersey Railroad and Transportation Company, with which he remained identified as Vice-President and Active Manager till his death, and filling many other spheres of usefulness.

The marriage of Elizabeth Wolcott and John P. Jackson was the founding of a notable family, five sons and four daughters, of whom Huntington was the youngest but one. He formed some life-long friendships and graduated at Phillips Academy, and entered College with us; was heartily admired by us all and loved for his heartiness and gaiety, went through the excitements incident to the rupture of ties, as well of friendship as of country, and left at the end of Junior to help the cause of the nation. He had taken part with others in

raising the flag on the bell-tower of old North and had been dismissed. They could not comply with the demand that the emblem of the Union should be taken down by those who raised it. The painfully trying position of the College authorities, sustained by the support and charged with the care of youth from both sections, they could not appreciate; and they accepted dismission.

Jackson's war record was very brilliant, but is too long for this place. It has been printed several times in full. He was brave, enterprising and gallant and won successive promotions for conspicuous deeds of self-forgetful valor. He entered as Second Lieutenant in the Fourth New Jersey Infantry, but soon passed to the staff of General Newton. He was at Antietam, Gettysburg, Chancellorsville; he won special distinction at Marye's heights in the battle of Fredericksburg; and he was on the Cumberland, wounded at Kenesaw, and in all the battles till Atlanta and Jonesboro. No soldier, perhaps, saw more or did more, or was more purely patriotic, disinterested and high-souled in all that magnificent and solemnly tremendous contest.

He studied law at Harvard, faced west to Chicago, and there, after a time in the office of Waite & Clark, he formed with his old Cambridge friend, David B. Lyman, the law firm of Lyman & Jackson, continuing till 1895 when Mr. Lyman withdrew, and with a son of his the firm became Jackson, Busby & Lyman. They acquired a large and valuable practice which extended through all the courts of the State and district and the Circuit and Supreme courts of the United States.

In 1878, to meet a contingency created by local corruption in political affairs, he accepted the Supervisorship of the town of South Chicago. With this exception Mr. Jackson declined all public office, and yet, while never a politician, he was most earnest and alert in his duties as a citizen. Among important trusts confided to him, his long-time friend and bachelor comrade, John Crerar (for strange to say both these warm-hearted men remained unmarried), left in his hands as co-trustee with a third kindred spirit, Norman Williams, whose dreams had been of more and better books for the people, an estate of some millions for the creation of an adequate Library in Chicago. Williams was the first president, while Jackson

labored conscientiously to frame the scheme and protect the fund from spoliation, and succeeded him when he died. The John Crerar Library is a magnificent monument to all three. His brethren of the Bar express the opinion that the overstrain of his great exertions in rescuing this sacred trust from the jeopardy of unfounded claims and litigation broke his strength and contributed to a death which was a real public loss and deep personal grief to a multitude. He sought respite in travel, going as far as Egypt and the Nile, but returned to home and country only to bid them and his friends a speedy farewell. He was a man of undisguised yet unostentatious religious faith, taking his letter from the Church, in Newark, the South Park, that he early joined, to connect himself with another, the Second Presbyterian, in Chicago. He had a fine and naturally military look, and wore an air of distinction which was with utter absence of arrogance or conceit of self. Apart from more solid qualities, his spirits, that never seemed to flag, his cheerfulness almost to gaiety, his sympathy, all but caressing, drew upon liking in a way that was singularly attractive.

His career has been beautifully summed up by the Chicago Literary Club (from which some of the foregoing expressions have been taken); by the Chicago Bar Association, of which he was President in 1888, and in the Annual Report of the John Crerar Library for 1900, which presents also a noble profile portrait of him, and which in speaking of his splendid character as felt by those about him and made manifest to his correspondents, embodies the following words of a Classmate who had received news of his death: "I saw much of him when we were at Princeton together; we often walked together, and I felt it an honor and an encouragement to have his regard, and he certainly won from me a sincere and admiring affection, which I have never parted with and such as few men have ever been able to inspire in me. Our ways and work have lain far asunder, but I have heard with pride from time to time how he had won men's esteem and trust. An occasional interchange of letters has always brought back the feeling of uplift—a kind of communication of something of his own superabounding exhilaration of life and strength. God bless his memory!"

A. B. and A. M.

SAMUEL HAYES JACOBUS was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., where his father was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, November 1, 1845. He was grandson of Peter Jacobus, of Netherlands extraction, a manufacturer and honored Elder of the First Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J.; and son of Rev. Melancthon W. Jacobus, D. D., LL. D., Professor in the Allegany Seminary, a very eminent minister, author and scholar, who as Moderator of the General Assembly (O. S.), conjointly with Dr. Fowler, the New School Moderator, presided at the opening of the re-united Assembly in 1870. His mother was Sarah Hayes, lineal descendant of Major Samuel Hayes, of the Revolutionary army; and on the side of her mother of John Ogden, of Colonial statesmanship fame.

He attended private schools in Pittsburg and at Tuscarora Academy, Pennsylvania, and spent the Freshman and Sophomore years with the Class, when he was compelled to leave on account of ill-health, which change of vocation seemed for some years to improve. He was graduated with the Class of '64, he was a cousin of Oscar Keen, '65, of Newark, and was the elder brother of Dr. M. W. Jacobus, of Hartford Seminary, a Trustee of Princeton Seminary.

Mr. Jacobus entered business and followed that career with success, first as connected with the firm of Jones & Nimick, manufacturers of hardware at Pittsburg; afterwards the house becoming the Jacobus & Nimick Manufacturing Company, and its business concentrated in the manufacturing of locks. His health failed in 1882, at which time he retired from business and removed with his family to Plainfield, N. J., where he resided until his death. In the early fall of 1882, in hope of improvement, he went with Mrs. Jacobus to Colorado Springs, where, however, he died November 8th.

He was graduated A. B. with the Class of 1864, and received his A. M. in course.

He married, October 5, 1869;—his family consisted of a son and three daughters, of whom one daughter and his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth P. Jacobus, survive, residing at Lexington, Mass.

Our recollections of S. H. Jacobus were always of pride, pleasure, and regret that the Class had lost him. He had the stamp of able and gracious personality which has marked others of his name.

A. B. '64 and A. M.

SAMUEL BEACH JONES, M. D., since 1872 a physician in extensive practice in New York City, where he is held in high esteem, was one of several of our number who prepared for College at that excellent school, the West Jersey Academy at Bridgeton; and was one of those who to our deep regret were compelled by ill-health to break off the College course in its early stages and terminate all too soon the intimacy of happy student life with those who so much appreciated them. He entered with us as a Freshman in August, 1859, and left in the last half of the Sophomore year, Spring of 1861. He received, however, the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Princeton in 1881, and thus continued an honorable connection with the place which began with his ancestors and which is carried on by his sons.

Dr. Beach Jones bears the family name of his grandmother, Mary Lamball Beach; his mother was Sarah Ralston Chester, daughter of Rev. Dr. John Chester, of the Second Presbyterian Church at Albany. His father, Rev. Samuel Beach Jones, D. D. (born in Charleston), pastor for many years of the First Church, Bridgeton, a graduate of Yale and of Princeton Seminary, had been a Professor of Theology and Hebrew in Oakland College, Mississippi, and was a Director of Princeton Seminary from 1847 to 1863 and a Trustee of the College in our day. Our Classmate's son, naturally enough, Paul Townsend Jones, C. E., was of the Princeton Class of '02; his second son, Leonard Chester, is of the Class of '07;—and his third, Edward Crosby (of Pomfret School, Class of '05), may profit by their example—if that is treason, make the most of it!

It is a patriotic stock, too, for one great-great- grandsire, Captain John Chester, fought at the battle of Bunker Hill; another in the same degree, moreover,—Samuel Beach, A. M. (of deservedly perpetuated name), graduated at the Old College and from Whig Hall, in 1783, and was a Tutor of those days, as well as a member of the early American Philosophical Society. And the ministerial line of ancestry goes back yet one degree further, to the Rev. John Thomas, remembered as the first pastor of the "Circular Church," independent, at Charleston.

It was hard lines for a youth of such decently professional and scholarly forebears to be driven even temporarily out of the succession. Seeking an occupation favorable to slender

health, he went into Engineering, mechanical and civil, and followed it in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and New York, until 1868;—at the time our “Record of ’63” was published he was in the employ of the Pennsylvania Cannel Coal and Railroad Company. This wholesome contact with tools and metals and men brought back the coveted soundness, with which the native and ancestral bent for study asserted itself and was not to be denied. So he entered the Harvard Medical School in Boston. In 1870, however, he changed to the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, and came out an M. D. in 1872. For one voyage he was surgeon on a “Black Ball liner,” one of the famous clipper ships, the Charles H. Marshall. But first he became the Resident Physician to the Strangers’ Hospital in New York. In 1872, finally, he settled in the city as a general Practitioner of Medicine, as assistant and partner to Professor T. Gaillard Thomas and Dr. H. F. Walker, with whom he pursued the arduous but congenial work for thirteen years; since which time he has practiced by himself, having his office at 12 East Thirty-third street, and residing at 165 Madison avenue;—occupied early and late with his humane labors, soothing the pain, allaying the anxious fears, staying the risk, grief and loss incident to sickness and calamity, birth and death,—and seeking no other claim to “distinction.”

Dr. Beach Jones married, October 22, 1878, Miss Gertrude Ralston Crosby, a niece of Dr. Howard Crosby, Chancellor of the University of New York and long the President of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. The children are the sons above mentioned, and one daughter who died in infancy. He keeps up the good churchly traditions of his house as a Ruling Elder, in association with Dr. George Alexander in the University Place Church, one of the tenacious few Churches “down town” (as we have to call it now—it is miles above the Battery),—yet remaining to stem the resistless glacier-advance of all-desolating “business” in the growth of the city.

At Pointe-a-Pic, on the wide and breezy lower St. Lawrence, is a summer home, where diseases and such miseries do not come, and where the weary Doctor’s heart and brain may rest. There, no doubt, a welcome waits the friends of forty years ago, as they sail, as they sail. Hon. A. M. 1881.

RICHARD THOMAS KING writes from his Plantation on Edisto Island, on the South Carolina coast, as late as March 12, 1904: "I do not know of anything that would give me more pleasure than to attend a Class Reunion, and talk with the old boys about the times when we were all young ones, but I am afraid I shall never enjoy that pleasure. My affairs are not in a condition such as will enable me to make the trip to dear old Princeton, at least in the near future.

I entered the South Carolina College in November, 1858, just a month before I was seventeen years old; left there and entered Princeton in August, 1859. I stayed out the Freshman year and one month of the Sophomore year. I was suspended for going to New York on a little frolic, which necessitated my absence until after the following December holidays. The State seceded on the 20th of that month, so I never returned. I entered the army in June, 1861, and was in it until the war ended. (Battles and things, of no consequence!)

I was married in July, 1865; in February, 1885, my wife died, having borne me nine children, four boys and five girls, seven of whom are living. I have never married again.

I am no relation to W. Howard King, of West Chester, Pa. (concerning whom the Class Historian had enquired, because the Freshman Year Catalogue gives him as occupying the same room, 14 East, with 'R. J.' King). I think the only other King in College with me was from Texas. (It gives among the Seniors, 'Jas. B. King, Gettysburg, Pa.')

My grandfather was an Englishman, who came over here after the Revolution, married my grandmother, who was a Burden, and became a large planter. A brother followed him, who also married a Burden, sister of my grandmother; so that we have no relations of the name of King but the children of this granduncle.

On the Burden side of the house, I am descended from the Kinsays of Pennsylvania. My great-grandmother on the King side was a Hawkins, and on that side I come from the Parkers, our ancestor being Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Elizabeth. My mother (to come down and start again), was a Wilkinson. On that side my great-grandmother was a Swinton, and my great-great-grandfather (of

that name) was beheaded by the British during the war, near the plantation on which I was born.

That event happened on the 28th of December, 1841, on the 'Encampment' plantation, St. Paul's Parish, in Colleton county, S. C. I have given you a sort of sketch of myself;—to go into my pedigree in full would take too much time and space. I remember Mordecai just as well as if I had seen him a day or a week ago. Some of the names mentioned among those you have sent me I do not remember; they must have entered the Class after I left in the Sophomore year. And I want you to send me the Class Roll of the Freshman year;—if I remember correctly, it started this way,—'Ambrose, Baird, Butler, H. Cox, R. Cox, B. Done, H. Done,'—now I cannot fill in, until I get to 'Jones, King, Marks, McGuire, Mordecai, Moffat,'—then I remember some others, but I cannot name them in order. I remember the Roach boys, Reading, Patterson, Pumyea,—

We are quite busy just now, getting ready to put in our cotton crop, which we will begin to plant about the first of April. Corn and sweet potatoes will follow, also melons and all vegetables. The 'truck crops,' Irish potatoes, cabbages, etc., are all in. The grass is beginning to grow, and in a few days everything will be so green that the country will look like Spring. Well, I am afraid I am tiring you out, so I will wind up;—answer this and tell me all about anything that will interest me in connection with the Class, how many graduated, who took the Honors, and anything else that you can think of. If you are married and have a family give them my kindest regards, and accept for yourself the best wishes from your old friend and Classmate." Not a bit tired; only wish there was more of it,—like a breath of balmy Southern air!

Here in Cherry Valley, so far from planting green peas and onions, maple sap will not run; in fact, at the end of April great snowbanks remained unmelted.

(Mr. King's name appears erroneously in the Freshman Catalogue as "R. J. King.") Address, Edisto Island, P. O. South Carolina.

As Mr. King asks how many graduated, it may be well to give here the program of "Speakers" at our graduation, "Signed by order of the Faculty, G. Musgrave Giger, Clerk.—College of

N. J., May 18, 1863." I append the final standing, "except those less than 70," from the "Circular" issued just before;—the unlucky ones who didn't get a speech following disgracefully behind:

Latin salutatory, Mr. McIlvaine, 99.4.

English salutatory, Mr. Baldwin, 98.8.

Valedictory oration, Mr. Sheldon, 98.8.

Also the following additional speeches:

Messrs. Young, "Philosophical Oration," 98.1; Clark, "Belles-Lettres Oration," 96.6; C. H. Potter, "Geological Oration," 96.6; Freeman, "Physical Oration," 96.5.

Littell, 96.3

Lowrie, 94.8

Huey, 94.2

Pumyea, 93.4

Chetwood, 92.5

Dayton, 91.1

Van Cleve, 89.4

Southard, 86.0

Nichols, 95.4

Vredenburg, 94.6

Sutphen, 94.0

Hall, 93.3

Foster, 92.3

Hendrickson, 91.0

Smythe, 86.6

Westcott, 95.1

Dubois, 94.5

Hanlon, 93.5

Swinerton, 93.2

Cross, 91.3

Sayre, 89.4

Parkhurst, 86.2

Then the inferior orders of creation follow like this,—all going into the Ark, though Zabriskie, for some reason ill understood, fails of due mention;—for he graduated. He finally got aboard: Backus, 87.0; Canfield, 85.0; Hayt, 81.0; McCoy, 85.0; Patterson, 84.0; Stryker, 80.0; Van Dyke, 76.0; C. Bergen, 85.3; J. S. Dennis;* Kunkel, 82.0; Miller, 78.0; Patton, 88.3; Smalley;* B. Thompson, 90.0; Zahner, 94.4; M. Bergen, 73.0; Haines;* Lupton, 89.0; Murray, 89.3; Strickler, 72.0; Turnbull;* Zabriskie.

It will be seen that some of these last took higher grades than some of the Speakers. Those marked with the star were not regularly examined. It will be a nice amusement for you in your declining years to take a lead pencil and figure out the various Rolls,—Freshman, Sophomore, etc.—from the data in the sketches.

The above count up just fifty names, with Zabriskie, fifty-one, graduating. To these are to be added the following who re-

ceived their Bachelor's degree with our Class, although they were serving in the army at the time of our graduation,—R. Cox, Hamilton, Holden, Holmes, Jackson, Marcellus, Moffat, W. E. Potter, F. Reeder, H. Reeder, Stanfield and McLeod Thomson, 12. (The last mentioned is omitted from the Catalogue by error), making the total of our graduates easy to remember, sixty-three.

John M. Williams went under precisely the same circumstances, in the Senior year, with the foregoing, and H. M. Williams with Stanfield in the Junior, but neither received the degree. The case of Hunt was different, as were some others.

Butler, Jacobus and McCauley were graduated with the next Class, '64, and Toadvine bore a Hon. A. B. '64, and J. B. Done of '65, while McGuire comes back to us so late as 1901 with an A. B. "restored to the Roll of his Class,"—making our count of graduates sixty-four.

Then there are our other Honoraries,—McAtee, A. B. '67, Kirkpatrick, A. M. '72, Beach Jones A. M. '81, Inman A. M. '86. It will be a miracle if I have got this correct, but I cannot bother with it any longer.

ANDREW KIRKPATRICK, son of John Bayard and Margarette Kirkpatrick, was born October 8, 1844, in Washington, D. C., where his parents temporarily resided, while his father was occupying the office of Third Auditor of the U. S. Treasury Department. A change of administration soon after necessitated a move, and the family was taken to the ancestral town of New Brunswick, N. J., where the father had been born. The grandfather was Andrew Kirkpatrick, who was a Trustee of the College of New Jersey and Chief Justice of that State from 1793 to 1821;—and whose wife was Jane Bayard, daughter of John Bayard, of Germantown, Pa., Colonel of the First Pennsylvania Regiment in the Revolutionary war, and a member of the Pennsylvania Committee of Public Safety.

Kirkpatrick prepared at the Rutgers College Grammar School and entered the Class of 1863 in that College. Entering upon a matter of personal explanation, he writes: "At the end of the Junior year, when the death of Theodore Frelinghuysen, President of Rutgers, occurred, I thought it

would be wise to transfer to Princeton. I, therefore, submitted to an examination and entered the Junior Class. My stay was short, from being confounded with one of those who were indulging in a 'horn spree.' I was requested to 'go home.' This I did, and although the evidence was strong that mistake had been made, I was told I could not be received back on the plea of innocence. I refused to go on any other terms, and my connection with the College ended. Afterwards, on a review of the evidence in regard to my connection with the 'horn spree,' the Trustees of the College were convinced of my entire innocence of the charge which had been made against me, and conferred on me the honorary degree of A. M. (1872), notwithstanding the cloud which the action of the Faculty threw around me."

The Class of '63 take great pleasure in making distinct record of the foregoing act of honorable though tardy justice. Mr. Kirkpatrick was admitted, after examination, to the Senior Class in Union College, and graduated in the same Class of '63, receiving the degree of A. B. Immediately after he began the study of the Law with Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, in Newark, and was admitted Attorney in 1866, and Counsellor, 1869. He "plodded along with fair success" until 1885, when he was appointed President Judge of Common Pleas for Essex county. He was reappointed in 1890 and in 1895, resigning in 1896, on his appointment as Judge of the U. S. District Court, for New Jersey. "The appointment being for life, I do not think I will resign. These are the only paying offices I have held. There have been others connected with both Church and State, but it is not worth while to mention them." It may be said, however, that Justice Kirkpatrick's judicial and business repute have been of the highest, and have led to his employment in important trusts and receiverships. He has lived in Newark ever since he left College, is married, and has six children and one grandchild. He concludes, cheerfully: "I do not complain of the way the world has used me. For the most part my lines have fallen in pleasant places, I have enjoyed good health, and hope to attend the Reunion of the Class in nineteen hundred and thirteen." So say we all of us!

The name of Kirkpatrick figures in a highly honorable

series on the Rolls of Princeton, at whose head, however, is Rev. William Kirkpatrick, Master of Arts, a Trustee of the College, of 1767 to 1769, who was an alumnus of 1757, but who appears to be a person apart. But passing this dignified figure, with nearly all those who follow our Classmate claims connection, commencing with the eminent judge above mentioned, his grandfather, whose baptismal name as well as judicial character and office he has inherited. This Andrew Kirkpatrick, of the Class of 1775, Trustee of the College from 1807 till his death in 1831, was one of the founders of the Princeton Theological Seminary, being named in the list of its incorporators, and as the first on the list of Presidents of its Trustees. He held that office likewise till his death. He was early a Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, serving seven years, when he became the Chief-Justice of the same court and continued for twenty-one years.

Littleton Kirkpatrick, of the Class of 1815, was a son of the above, and uncle, of course, of our Classmate, and a Trustee of Queen's (Rutgers) College at New Brunswick from 1841 till his death in 1859. He was Surrogate of Middlesex county and was for one term Member of Congress from New Jersey.

His brother, John Bayard, father of our comrade, graduated at Queen's in 1814. His name is on the Princeton list of honorary degrees under date of 1815, as Bachelor of Arts. Walter and Hugh Kirkpatrick, of '13 and '15, were sons of David Kirkpatrick, a brother of Judge Andrew. He was a Captain in the Revolutionary army and lived at Basking Ridge, the scene of many incidents of that war, in a house built by his father, Alexander, soon after the arrival of the family from Scotland, in 1736. The house descended to Hugh and on his death unmarried, Walter having been childless, the property passed out of the family, but is still standing in good repair, near the home of R. V. Lindabury, Esq.

All of which gives the present Andrew an excellent right to call himself a Princeton man, and if the Judge, his grandfather, could open his eyes and see the magnitude of the sums and interests involved in the cases his descendant is tossing off day by day, he would be scared stiff and exclaim, What a world has this got to be!

Kirkpatrick's grandmother and Henley Smith's grandmother

were sisters, both being the daughters of John Bayard, who was a Trustee of the College. He writes, "We used to be schoolmates, but I have not seen him for fifty years. . . . His grandfather was brought in touch with all the prominent men of the country, and I understand that Henley has just found a large lot of autograph letters addressed to his mother by Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Madison. Quite a lucky find!"

Hon. A. M., 1872.

GEORGE JACOB KUNKEL was born at Shippensburg, Pa., April 28, 1843, the son of Samuel and Rachel Kunkel. He received his preparation with our Classmate, Miller, who was his cousin, at the Collegiate Institute of their native town, and entered our Class at the beginning of the Junior year, August, 1860, and remained to graduate with this Class. He took up the study of Law at Shippensburg, reading there from 1863 to 1865, and in September that year entered the Albany Law School, where he graduated the following May, with the degree of LL. B. He returned to Shippensburg, but in April, 1867, commenced business as a practitioner at Harrisburg. He pursued the practice of Law there till he was overtaken by the disorder—locomotor ataxia,—from which he suffered as an invalid for some years. Incapacitated for business, he passed his time at home or at sanitariums until the year 1900, when he died at one of these establishments at Ephrata, Pa., July 11.

Mr. Kunkel never married. He held no public office, and his life was evidently one of quiet work devoid of incidents that would be of public interest. The full name as given above is that furnished in corrected form by his brother, Mr. C. A. Kunkel, of the Mechanics' Bank, Harrisburg,—not "Jasper," as in the General Catalogue of the College, nor "Jared," as in the Triennial "Record."

A. B.

WILLIAM HENRY LITTELL was the first child born at that crossroads on the shoulder of the South Mountain west of the Oranges, two miles from New Providence, in Union county, New Jersey, where now rises the salubrious suburban city of villas and summer palaces known as Summit. It was May 2, 1840. His grandfather, John Littell, of Passaic Valley,

published a Genealogy of the settlers between Chatham and Littell's bridge, now very rare; and from surveys of his own also published a map of the region, a valued copy of which, labelled, "To be sold only for Bread," by his mother's hand, is now in the possession of the family. Jonathan C. Bonnell, her father, was much interested in the building up of a town at the mountain crossroads, above referred to; he was instrumental in having the Morris and Essex railroad carried over that point; and when his neighbor's son, William Littell, the father of our Classmate, married Mehetabel, his eldest daughter,—whose home was in the same valley, near Chatham,—he said to the young couple: "Go and settle there, and the people will come to you." The first train of cars over the feeble railway, now the great line of the Delaware and Lackawanna, had to have the aid of William Littell's oxen to overcome the grade. It was the summit, and Summit it was called;—the great Newark inventor, Seth Boyden, was called upon and devised a locomotive capable of climbing mountain ascents, the oxen were no longer needed, and our Classmate and the town grew, the Littells being for many years engaged as mercantile business men in the place.

The Church relations were long at New Providence, however, and there he was baptised, received into communion, and eventually licensed and ordained by the Presbytery of Elizabeth to his work of the ministry.

He prepared at Flushing Institute, with Smalley, entered Sophomore, graduated with the Class, and went to the Seminary, interrupting there in 1864 and 1865 while he was private tutor on Long Island, and completing the Theological course in 1867. At Atsion, in Burlington county, N. J., a new Church had been organized, to which he was called, where there was a prospect of establishing a place of an ideal sort such as Vineland, which was not far off,—but our Classmate's destiny was to turn on the action of railways; the great and powerful Camden and Amboy influence in the winter of 1867 succeeded in restraining the Raritan and Delaware Bay road from running its trains. On this road hung the life of Atsion, and the hopeful project was given up. With it ceased the promise of the Church enterprise.

In 1868 Mr. Littell was called to the Presbyterian Church

at Setauket, near the Sound, which dates back to 1660, of which he is the ninth pastor in the space of two hundred and forty-four years; and so this first child of the newest place about New York almost, became the latest incumbent of all but the very oldest of the Churches on Long Island;—of which Rev. Nathaniel Brewster, grandson of Elder William, of the Mayflower, was the first pastor. In Mr. Littell's long service with that Church there have been improvements of the property and a steady, though not large, increase in numbers, and he has enjoyed a happy home and work among his people. On the 28th of October, 1903, a reception was extended to the pastor and his family, at which were congratulations on his extended ministry and assurances that the "dead line" had not been reached at fifty.

The family of our genial Classmate consists of his wife, whom he married in Newark, N. J., who was Miss Julia B. Brown, of Scotch descent, in a line made known in Biblical and other literary lines through John Brown, of Haddington, the Commentator, and the medical doctor, John Brown, who wrote "Rab and his Friends;" they have five children,—Robert Ballantine, Rutgers, '95; Lawrence Brown, who died at the age of eleven; Anne Bethea, a graduate of the Peebles and Thompson School, New York; Mabel Bonnell, a student of Blair Hall, who was hindered by illness from entering Holyoke; and William Barnard, now a Junior at Princeton.

A. B. and A. M.

WILLIAM HUBBARD LOCKE was born in Greensboro, Alabama, August 20, 1842,—where he was prepared for College. He died in Cedarville, in the same State, November 11, 1898. He was the son of John Locke, of North Carolina, and Ann Eliza Reese, of South Carolina, both prominent families.

He entered College with the Class in 1859, and left Princeton in the latter part of 1860, when he was a Sophomore, immediately entering the Southern University at Greensboro and remaining about a year. He then went to the State University at Tuscaloosa, where he studied till he was called out to join the Confederate army. A company was formed from the University for Colonel Hodgson's Seventh Alabama Cavalry, under the Captaincy of Charles P. Storrs, in the Brigade of

General Clanton, and this company made up exclusively of cadets, formed Clanton's escort. The regiment was discharged in April, 1865.

After the war Mr. Locke located himself in Selma, where he chose the mercantile business, in which he was engaged for some time, and from here he wrote to the Class in 1866, as mentioned in the "Record." His residence in his life subsequent to this and at the time of his death was at Cedarville, in the western central part of the State, near Greensboro and the Tombigbee river, where he was engaged in planting.

He married Miss Louise F. Jackson, December 20, 1866, in Greensboro. He has five living children and four grandchildren. Mrs. Locke supplies the above and recalls to our recollection that he was a member of the Band at Nassau Hall,—“I notice in his autograph book allusions of his Classmates to happy hours spent in music on the flute, violin and banjo, and of sweet songs together; Mr. A. H. Strickler particularly speaks of it.” Mrs. Locke refers affectingly to the College relics which were cherished by her husband, sacredly preserved by her,—the pictures of the Classmates in the “lovely Photograph Album,” and of the Faculty (which we thought less lovely), and the buildings and surroundings of the old place.

MATTHEW BONSALL LOWRIE is the President and Professor of the English Bible in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Omaha.

He was born at Blairstown, N. J., April 10, 1844, at the time when his father was pastor of the Presbyterian Church there. His grandfather, Matthew B. Lowrie, came from Scotland as a boy in 1784, and became a distinguished citizen of Pittsburgh, Pa. His father, Rev. Dr. John Marshall Lowrie (Lafayette, '40), was a well-known clergyman, and was for many years pastor at Fort Wayne. The mother's grandfather was a trooper of the Revolution, a member of Washington's body guard. It is from good authority that he was a party to the following “inedited” incident of the “Father,” who on a certain occasion rode up to a New Jersey farm-house and asked of the good wife, whose full pans were in plain sight, a draught of milk. “Oh, but I haven't any skimmed!” she

said. "Never mind, my good woman," said Washington, in gracious tone, but with a glance of intelligence at Lowrie's ancestor, who was holding up one of the pans for the General-in-Chief to drink from, "Pray never mind, I like it this way!" Lowrie protests his modesty about this event, but argues that if you have but a solitary fact to rest on, it is infinitely better to give it just as it is than to offer a multitude of facts that are not so.

College preparation was, he says, "not all he could wish it to be, partly for reasons he could not help,"—like many another,—yet he entered Soph. and graduated with the Class. Those were the days for impossible achievement!—following with the course in the Seminary at Princeton. He feels he "owes a great deal to his training in Princeton College," as we all do. He had pastoral charges with reasonable comfort and results, successively in Troy, N. Y., Galesburg, Ill., Boulder, Col., and elsewhere. Pastoral experience, however, was to be only the preparation for the very congenial sphere he was to enter later. In 1891 he was invited to a Professorship in the newly-organized Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Omaha. He accepted this and entered upon what was to prove his principal life work. A large share of the responsible oversight and administration of the Seminary has fallen upon him ever since early in his connection with it, at first rather to his regret and to the detriment of his proper branch of work. But he was placed in the Presidency; the institution has been greatly prospered in the days of its youth which continues under his administration, and it is believed that it has an assured future. He writes: "I am glad that my work, with that of others of our number, may be counted among the Class 'incidents' which shape foundations, and is of a kind upon which already a noble structure is rising."

Dr. Lowrie received his merited degree of Doctor of Divinity from Knox College, Illinois, in 1889. He married, May, 1869, Miss Elizabeth Haas, of Indiana, whose cheer and help have been invaluable to him. Of three children, but one, the youngest daughter, is left.

The Class, for its part, are delighted to immortalize one of their own number in recording these successes, and at the

same time add to their fame in rescuing from oblivion one more anecdote of the Nation's Idol. A. B. and A. M.

WILLIAM ENGLISH LUPTON, born at Bridgeton, N. J., June 24, 1841, was the son of Stephen and Martha (English) Lupton, and died at Nashville, Tenn., in the service of the Freedman's Relief Association, June 5, 1864,—as was already made known in the "Record" of 1866-7.

He was fitted for College at Bridgeton in the West Jersey Academy, in which Beach Jones, Sayre, Westcott and W. E. Potter received their preparation, and entered our Class in the Junior year. His room was 5 West, and he was the December editor of the Nassau "Lit." Already about twenty, he had been engaged for a couple of years in teaching, and had a maturity of appearance unusual to the newly-matriculated student. His mind corresponded to this impression; he had a teacher's small care for matters of "standing" and his reading and stage of general literary culture put him in advance of many of us. He was a man of distinctly pious character, and had in view the preparation of himself for the ministry of the Gospel. But it was ordered otherwise; he started for the Southwest to engage in work and teaching among the Freedmen, whose condition was drawing the sympathies of many earnest people at the North. Lupton was seized with fever at Nashville, and died there, as above stated, almost before he had time to reach his field of labor.

A beautiful eulogium of Lupton, from the pen of his fellow-townsmen, our also now deceased Classmate, William E. Potter, appeared in the Necrological portion of the "Record."

This Classmate was one of some seven of our College companions who died in civil life at a very early date,—previous to our Triennial gathering;—besides those whose lives were sacrificed in the war:—Ballard, in 1862; Holden and John Haynie Done, in 1863; Dewing and Sutphen, in 1864, and McFarlan, who is reported to have fallen victim to consumption considerably before 1866. The names of six are counted as having fallen in the armies, on either side,—viz., Greenwood, Hunt, Marks, Merritt, John H. Potter and Reading, a number perhaps fewer than most of us had supposed them

to be:—(Holden's health was broken in the army, and Dewing and Lupton died in service incident to the war, of course,—making the total sacrifice in the struggle, nine).

The Classmates ascertained to have departed since are thirty-nine, besides three whose life or death is an uncertainty (Albro, Ambrose and Parkhurst);—giving a total, including these last, of fifty-five, as nearly as possible one-half our total number, of one hundred and eleven. A. B.

JOHN LIND McATEE was born near Smithburg, Washington county, Maryland, on June 25, 1841. His parents were William Brady McAtee and Anne A. Boyd. His grandfather was Thomas McAtee, who with three brothers were soldiers in the Revolutionary army. Their forefathers had emigrated from Ireland to Maryland in 1640, and with three other families built the first Catholic Church in the Colony of Port Tobacco. A lady of that family was, in the next century, the mother of Archbishop Spaulding, in his day the Primate of the Catholic Church in America. His grandmother, Jane Brady McAtee, was from the Harrison family and a cousin of William Henry Harrison, the "Tippecanoe" of American history. Under her influence this branch of the family became Protestants about 1800.

His maternal grandfather was Walter Boyd, who likewise with three brothers was in the Revolutionary army, and as a Lieutenant was in command of Fort Frederick, a frontier post on the Potomac, west of Hagerstown. The father of Walter was William Boyd, who was a soldier in the Colonial levies, and was with Braddock and Washington in the affair of Fort Duquesne;—he was the son of that William Boyd, the unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock who in the Rebellion of 1745 "went out" with the last of the Stuarts to defeat at Culloden, and was one of the two Scotch noblemen who lost their lives for it. They also lost their estates and this son came to America, where he married Charity Talbot, the daughter of a family well known in the history of Maryland as well as of Ireland and England. The maternal grandmother was Amanda Allison, a member of the Society of Friends, from Chester county, Pennsylvania.

Our Classmate prepared for College at Academia, a Presby-

terian school in Juniata county, Pa., and at the Episcopal Diocesan College of St. James, near Hagerstown. He went to Princeton in the Autumn of 1858, joining the Class of '62 at the beginning of their Freshman year; but his eyesight failed completely at the beginning of the second year, and in February he went sadly home and to the care of oculists and opticians,—for the next sixteen years unable to read a line. It soon dawned upon him that his friends and companions were moving onward while he was standing still, and he returned to Princeton in the Autumn of 1861, where, although he was unable to read, he was permitted to join the Class of '63, have his name called in the Class Roll and hear the lectures.

But to listen to others who were able to tell right out in the open of what they knew and had learned, while he could do nothing, was to him a moderate form of torture;—he broke down in health, and at the close of the half-year quit for a time the effort to keep up with his Classmates who had sound health and eyesight. He bought an estate near Williamsport, Maryland, in February, 1870, where he settled, and, October 6, in that year, married his wife,—Mary Ella MacMurray, daughter of John G. and Antoinette MacMurray, of Lansingburgh, N. Y. They have had six children, of whom two were lost,—Robert, who died in infancy, and Agnes Jane, who survived but five years. Four are living,—Antoinette, John Lind, Jr., William Alfred and Lawrence Turnbull,—whose name recalls an admired Classmate.

The eyesight recovered sufficiently in 1875 to enable McAtee to do some reading, and he began the study of the Law; in 1877 he went to the Maryland University Law Department, where he graduated in May, 1878, at the head of his Class. In partnership with Hon. Andrew K. Syester, Attorney-General of the State, he began the practice of Law in Hagerstown, but found that his eyes would not bear as yet the strain of the reading and work, and he went west. In 1883 he bought a cattle ranch in the Indian Territory, and was thus brought near to what was to be his field of success. His wife, the beloved companion of his life, passed away on the tenth of August, 1893.

His legal knowledge, character and fitness were appreciated, and six years later he was appointed by President Cleveland

one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the new Territory of Oklahoma, and later by President McKinley he was reappointed. The influence to which he mainly attributed his appointment and reappointment by Executives of opposite policy was that of two Princeton friends, Hon. George Gray and Hon. John K. Cowen;—possibly the prophetic instinct, which enabled Mr. Cleveland to apprehend a Princeton man on Senator Gray's introduction, and inspired Mr. McKinley on the other hand to know his man when having made a record which testified, Mr. Cowen told him of it. The appointment was in each case unanimously confirmed by the Senate. Mr. Atee's opinions as a Justice of that Bench are found in volumes two to eleven, inclusive, of the "Oklahoma Supreme Court Reports."

Judge McAtee approved heartily of President McKinley's policy with reference to the Philippines and the accompanying issues upon finance, expansion and the new prosperity, which he was called upon to defend in a debate on "Imperialism" before the Bar Association of Oklahoma, in January, 1900. This drew attention to him, and he was designated by Mr. McKinley to represent the side of the administration on public occasions, and at the President's request he set forth his views in a debate on the subject before the National Catholic Summer School at Detroit, in August, 1900. He was also invited by the President, a fortnight before his death, to deliver the Annual Address on Memorial Day, May 30, 1903, at Arlington.

Our Classmate writes: "The most deeply-seated impressions which he has of his association with Princeton are of the deep, quick, tender, unceasing devotion of dear Doctor McLean to the welfare of the students, and his sympathy for them when in sickness, trouble or distress, of which he had realising experience,—and he records gratefully the benevolent recollection which inspired the good old President to decorate the subject of this sketch with the honorary title of Master of Arts, when he knew that the only qualification which he had for it was a disappointed love for learning,—which he did in 1868. He remembers with gratitude the care and constant devotion of good Dr. Wycoff in a long sickness there.

"The laying of the first Atlantic Cable was celebrated on the Campus in September of 1859, the speakers standing on

the steps of Old North. He remembers the eloquence of Stephen Alexander as he told of the time when Joseph Henry stretched the first telegraph wire from the old Museum on the east side to the Recitation Halls on the west of the Campus, and sent over it the first telegraphic message ever known to the world. The old professor declared in a voice that trembled with emotion, as he claimed that the invention belonged to Henry and not to Morse: 'These eyes have seen, these ears have heard!' for in his presence Professor Henry explained to Professor Morse the principle of the electromagnet as he employed it, while standing together at one end of that wire. His slender frame quivered, and his high falsetto voice penetrated to the remotest limits of the old Campus as he flung out his indignant tones in defence of his friend. It was a thrilling incident; he wonders who else remembers it. He thinks it was the first time he had ever seen a man inspired to high eloquence. He got a deep impression that a great wrong had been done to Professor Henry, and that the high-souled man before him was trying, as the occasion would permit, to redress it." McAtee was not able to study much at College, but has always thought that his experience there broadened his mind and liberalized his character. One of his inspirations was to hear the great Arnold Guyot, founder of modern geography, in his lectures upon his own Science;—and how could it but be a powerful inspiration to a young mind to see and hear, in the walks and groves, the halls and Churches of the old College and town, such men as Charles Hodge and the Alexanders,—Joseph Addison, Colonel William C., and sometimes coming over from New York Dr. James W. Alexander, and others who in those days made Princeton famous and great for its learning and patriotism, its moderation of view, its eloquence and wisdom. He has only grateful impressions and memories of the noble place and of the dear friends who survive there, Professors Cameron and Orris in the College Faculty, and Professor De Witt of the Seminary, whose genial disposition and sunny nature were much in evidence in the days when gaiety and cheerfulness flung round our youth their magic spells!

It was a great pleasure to be told in after years, by no less experienced and able a judge and critic of men than Alexander

H. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, that he "had observed the public men educated at Princeton College all his life, and that they were of a very marked type;—that for sound, practical wisdom and patriotism, and for devotion to the welfare of their country, together with the wise moderation and conservatism of their views, he regarded the men educated at Princeton as superior to those of any other school or College in the country." He mentioned many names of Princeton men whom he had known, as examples of this estimate, whose characters he felt proved the truth of what he said. Of these are remembered William H. Crawford and Senators Berrien and Iverson, of Georgia, and James Chesnut, of South Carolina, Princeton men and names distinguished in the South before the Civil war.

Hon. A. M. 1867.

CLAY McCAULEY may well be called the Class Traveller or Sinbad the Sailor, besides much more, highly creditable to us. He writes: "I wish I could take time to tell the Fellows my strange story. Not often has there been so varied and adventurous a life safely lived. No part of it was deliberately sought; it all just came. Now, as I enter old age, I am mooring in a sort of Snug Harbor for quiet and, I hope useful, work." Born at Chambersburg, Pa., May 8, 1843, by the time he reached College many scars on face, hands and legs told of early experiences extraordinary and perilous; and, in fact, his repute was that of a leader of other boys into mischief, but he was "never mean." His travels have led him to "every part of the United States, five times across the Atlantic, and six times across the Pacific; twice through the Gulf of Mexico, all along the east coast of Asia, from Vladivostok to Singapore, and once around the world." In Manila, just before the outbreak of our war with Spain, he "became notorious through his letters to the Boston 'Transcript' on the Philippines question," his attitude being "opposed to the whole business because of inside knowledge." In Japan for eleven years, in China five times, "one of my most interesting and important experiences was several months in the Everglades of Florida, working up a monograph on the Seminole Indians." (Published in 1884 by the Smithsonian.) His "best literary

achievement is a Grammar of Japanese and translation of the 'Hundred Classical Poems' of Japan." (Asiat. Soc. '98.)

He attributes his adventurous and intellectual traits largely to the McCauleys, his aesthetic predilections to the Maxwells, his mother's side. Both houses were Scotch-Irish of mingled Highland and Lowland stock, who immigrated in 1730. They held soldiers' warrants for land in northeast Ohio and in Arkansas, for service in the Wars of 1776 and 1812. Being an only son, this Classmate was not expected to stray far, and after preparation at Chambersburg Academy he entered Dickinson College, near his home; but he soon looked further afield, in 1861 joining us as Junior, but receiving his A. B. with the Class of '64 and A. M. in course. Mixing music and religion, philosophy and fun, he bothered Alexander and Duffield with speculative problems in piety, but acknowledges most sympathy and relief from Guyot. His purpose to study for the ministry was postponed by the call of the country in 1862, when he enlisted as private in the 126th Pennsylvania Regiment. He rose to Serjeant, Ordnance Serjeant of the Second Division, Ninth Army Corps, and Lieutenant in Company D, 126th, was captured at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. He was at Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, White Sulphur Springs and Fredericksburg. His obituary, finally, was published in the Nassau "Lit." Sed non obitus est, he was yet much alive, and ready to begin to see the world. Starting by way of a theological course at Allegheny and the Seminary of the Northwest at Chicago, conviction ultimately drew him into sympathy with the Unitarian persuasion.

McCauley's work led him to Japan, where he was a Professor in the Keiagijiku University and President of Senshin Gakuin (College of Advanced Learning), in which he did a work described in a recent "History of Unitarianism" as a "monument to his name."

He married, July 25, 1867, Miss Annie Cleveland Deane, of Bangor, Me., who died at Minneapolis in 1887, leaving no children, but after a married life, of which he writes, "I would if I dared be entirely free, tell my Classmates of the rare companionship that was mine by marriage;—an enviably happy life, and this not speaking in the way of customary or conventional eulogy."

As to literary work, McCauley has accomplished a good deal; he says: "My books are several; other writings of all sorts, from petty verse to orations magniloquent, newspaper articles by the score, lectures by the dozen, and," he adds, "I have been a continuous platform speaker and tenant of pulpits." See "Who's Who in America." At present minister of Bell Street Chapel, Independent, Providence, R. I.

A. B. '64 and A. M.

JAMES SHARON McCOY, after some years of happy labor in the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church, was driven from this work by impaired health. He then devoted himself successfully to economic engineering and the financing and development of a number of valuable inventions.

Born at Mercersburg, Franklin county, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1842, his parents were Abram Smith McCoy and Harriet Newall Sharon, both of Scotch-Irish ancestry.

He prepared for Princeton College at Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, to which vicinity the family had removed in 1850, and he entered our Class a Junior, in September, 1861, rooming at 9 West. After graduating he read Law for a time, and spent the last year of the war in the Naval service with the Mississippi Squadron aboard the *Juliette*, a tin-clad, and the *Louisville*, one of the iron-clads.

In the fall of 1865 he went to the Theological Seminary at Princeton, took three years, and graduated; was a licentiate preacher under the Presbytery of Elizabeth with Littell, Sheldon and J. R. Campbell, and was ordained by Huron Presbytery. In 1868 he started out to try his gifts in a Church of some importance at Yellow Springs, Ohio, the seat of Antioch College. In 1871 he was called to Sandusky, where he passed three successful years. Chronic insomnia ensued, by which he was completely disabled. He then went into active business, and during two years built up a profitable Insurance Agency. Having partially restored his health, he accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church in Sacramento, California, but after five months' effort was obliged to abandon the work by a return of his nervous affection. He then repurchased his insurance business in Sandusky, but after two years, finding his health still unrestored, seeking in the arid West decided

change of work and climate, he raised the capital and went to Arizona to construct a system of water works for the supply of the town of Tombstone and the contiguous mines. Water was selling at six cents per gallon. An adequate supply could be found only in the cañons of the Huachuca Mountains, twenty-five miles distant. This water, under a head of 1,958 feet,—the greatest in the world—was brought to Tombstone in lap-welded, wrought iron pipes, amid strikes of outlaw workmen and the raids of Apache Indians, and in face of the adverse opinion of hydraulic experts. The line was run under the San Pedro River and raised again 1,000 feet, where the water was reservoired, 365 feet above the town. He operated these works as Managing Director for six months after their completion, and at the end of this short period they were earning net six per cent. on the cost. He also built some houses and store buildings, and developed some mining interests profitably.

As an incident, while returning from one of the mines, in company with an U. S. Surveyor, MacCoy was met by two mounted cowboys, one of whom was evidently drunk. They stopped his team, and the drunken cowboy handed the surveyor a bottle of whiskey requiring him to drink. Both of the gentlemen, being temperate, expressed thanks, but declined the pleasure, which seemed to offend the other and more sober outlaw, who said to his companion, fiercely: "Give me that bottle of whiskey." He handed it to the surveyor, and at the same time drew out a very ugly-looking six shooter. Inasmuch as the two temperate gentlemen did not have as much as a penknife for defense, they concluded to be "discreet." Some one sent a sketch of this scene to the New York Police Gazette, in which it was published, happily without identification of our Classmate in the character of a moderate drinker!

The town of Tombstone, during MacCoy's stay, increased in population from 300 to 7,000, composed largely of the scum of creation. Murder and robbery became frequent. Life and property were constantly menaced, and even the officials, Sheriff, Deputy Sheriff and Deputy United States Marshal, were closely affiliated to the outlaws, by whom MacCoy was rated as a "Tenderfoot" and a coward. When things had become unendurable, the Governor of the Territory was invited to Tombstone, and appointed a committee of twelve to

raise and equip a company of Rangers for the purpose of exterminating the outlaws. In the midst of its work this committee, of which MacCoy was one, discovered that there was a Judas among them, who betrayed their movements, and accordingly, all the power of the committee was vested in an Executive Sub-Committee of three, our Classmate being one of the three. His duty in this critical time called for more "sand" than an ex-preacher was supposed to possess, but in due season authority enforced respect and order was restored.

With health re-established by three years in Arizona, he came to New York, and in 1885 and 1886 made the invention known as "The Pneumatic Tool," which is really an automatic mallet and chisel driven by compressed air, operated usually in the hand of the workman. It is now of world-wide utility, being used for carving, lettering, tracing and other ornamental work in marble, granite and other stones, in caulking boilers, beading flues in boilers, caulking iron-clad vessels, rivetting, chipping in all metal work, etc. Nearly all the White Squadron and merchant vessels built during the last fifteen years have been caulked with McCoy's Pneumatic Tool. He subsequently invented the only practical machine for surfacing granite, which also has come into general use. This machine, slightly modified, he has introduced successfully for scaling armor plate in nearly all the establishments in the world in which armor plate is made.

He also bought, perfected and introduced the invention known as the Standard Time Stamp, a device in general use in hotels, offices and factories, for making a printed record of the current moment. The device is automatic from the current minute up to and including February of leap year.

He has recently bought and perfected what he is going to call "The Fireless Cooker." This has been pronounced perfect by the greatest authorities of the New York Cooking Schools, but has not yet been given to the general public. It was entertainingly described to the Class Historian during a delightful meeting after the separation of so many years. In a word, McCoy has been instrumental in giving gratifying proof,—of which our Classmate Westcott was another excellent example,—of the capability of talents and enterprise consecrated to the sacred work of the Gospel, being successfully

applied to the practical ends of the most common sense kinds of business, when providentially diverted from that channel of effort, and forced into the fields of competition with original business minds. A practical engineer, who visited Tombstone, when asked who constructed that system of water works, replied: "Why, he is an ex-preacher, but he is d—d smart."

McCoy married in 1871 and has one son. He resides in New York City, and may be found by the Classmate visiting New York at his office overlooking the Worth monument in Madison Square, No. 1122 Broadway,—where any such wayfarer will be sure of a hearty welcome and some good stories of a life of varied experience, and will have a pleasant revival of recollections of the good old days. A. B. and A. M.

The writer is just in receipt of cards for the marriage reception, June 22, of Susan Stewart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Viles, Cumberland street, Boston, to Dr. William Edward McCoy. They are to be at home in Harvard street, Brookline, in October. The congratulations of the Class!

A. McFARLAN, our aborigine member, was of the Choctaw nation, Indian Territory, an Indian of pure blood, probably; a fairly intelligent man, but nowise remarkable, yet of a very good spirit. He pursued his preparatory studies at Lawrenceville, entered Freshman, and disappeared at the end of the Sophomore year, in the midst of the war excitement. He roomed by himself, at No. 9 Refectory. He was reported in 1866, on the authority of Stryker, to have died of consumption already a "long time ago." Dilligent inquiry in the Indian Territory has developed no trace of him.

JOSEPH DEAKINS McGUIRE, born at Washington, D. C., November 26, 1842, was trained in private schools in his early youth, and later took four years at Georgetown College. He entered with the Class, and left Princeton April 20, 1861. He studied French and German in Europe from June, that year, till August, 1864, the last six months attending classes at the Agricultural Academy of Gross Hohenheim in Wurtemberg. From 1864 to 1900 he made his home on his estate near Ellicott City, Maryland. He studied Law and was ad-

mitted to the Bar in 1877; and from 1884 to 1900 was State's Attorney for Howard county, in the State above named. In 1901 he received the degree of A. M. from Princeton.

McGuire writes the Class Historian (and sculptor): "Your name in BIG letters I often look at on my Class cane,—which when I hereafter look at will remind me more of the dead than of the living, I fear. There are few of the old lot whom I have ever encountered since leaving old Nassau. The College itself I have not seen until year before last, when I went there to get my A. M., which was a pleasure to me more as entitling me to consider myself as of the Class than for any other reason."

Mr. McGuire was married in December, 1886, to Anna Chapman, and has two children, a son, James C. McGuire, civil engineer, a graduate of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, 1888, and a daughter, Mary Madison McGuire.

He has devoted much time to the study of Archaeology, and has published various articles in the "American Anthropologist," etc.; he is author of "Primitive Methods of Drills and Drilling" (in "Annual Report of U. S. National Museum for 1894"), and "Pipes and Smoking Customs of the American Aborigines" (ditto, 1897). At present living in Washington, 1834 Sixteenth street, N. W.

Charles W. McAlpin, Secretary of the Alumni, writes from Princeton that, according to the Minutes of the Trustees, McGuire received an honorary A. M. in 1901 (subsequently to the issue of the last General Catalogue), and was "restored to his Class;" which means that his name be placed with the other members of the Class of '63, as having received A. B. in that year. He further explains that, as a rule, of course, the Honorary A. M. does not carry with it the degree of A. B. (A man may be already an A. B. of another College, as was Kirkpatrick, of Union). The A. M. *in course*, however, presupposes the Bachelor's degree.

Inman, thus, received the Honorary degree of A. M. in 1886, but there is no record of his receiving the Bachelor's degree. Neither did S. Beach Jones, Hon. A. M. '81, receive his Bachelor's degree from Princeton. Toadvine had Hon. A. B. in '64, and Hon. A. M. '68. Jacobus, somehow was graduated with the Class of '64, and received his degree of A. M. in course. The

action of the Trustees seems not to be in accordance with any fixed rule, and the Class Historian realizes that his treatment of this matter has not been consistent, as the result of the inaccuracies of the Catalogue and his own ignorance. Hon. A. M. 1901.

JASPER SCUDDER McILVAINE, our First Honor man at graduation, devoted his life with entire unreserve to the good of China in the work of a missionary, and died at the height of his usefulness at the Capital city of Shan Tung in 1881.

He was born at the family place, "Emerson," at Ewing in the northern suburbs of Trenton, N. J., May 21, 1844. He was the son of William Rodman McIlvaine, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Mercer county, of a family of great antiquity in Scotland, and Christiana Scudder, his wife, who was of English people identified with Princeton. This name forms the link of a certain family connection between several of our Classmates. Reeder says, in answer to an enquiry, "I was not related to McIlvaine, but for about a hundred and fifty years, my family and the Scudder family seem to have formed a habit of intermarrying, and McIlvaine's mother was a Scudder. Sam Stryker's grandmother, as I remember, was Lucretia Scudder, sister of Col. William Scudder; and the wife of Rev. Eli F. Cooley, pastor at Ewing, College Trustee, and earlier of Cherry Valley, was Hannah, his daughter. McIlvaine's mother was of the same family, but not of the same branch." The McIlvaines derived through, 1, Edward Shippen and Esther (Rodman) McIlvaine; 2, Dr. William, Surgeon in the Revolution, educated in Medicine at Edinburg, who married Mary, daughter of Hon. Edward Shippen, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania; and 3, William and Anne (Emerson) McIlvaine, the first of the name in America, a founder of the Philadelphia assemblies and one of the first Elders of the Presbyterian Church there. The intermarriages were with the English families of the Earl of Westmoreland and of the "Downright Shippen" of Pope. A charter for a large tract of land in America was given by James V. to Allane McIlvaine in 1529, which Queen Mary confirmed to his son Gilbert in 1546, and it was to take possession of these lands that William came across the sea.

Jasper McIlvaine prepared in Trenton and Lawrenceville,

entered Sophomore, and graduated with the first honors as Latin Salutatorian, and with the cordial esteem of every man in the Class. He was an Editor of the Nassau "Lit;" with others he was instrumental in arousing a religious interest which stirred the whole College and affected many for life. After leaving College he taught a year at Bridgeton, and entered the Seminary in 1864, whence he did not graduate, however, till 1868, owing to weakness of the eyes which took him for a sojourn in North Carolina.

His sacred bent carried him to Missionary work in the great Empire of China, whose awakening we are beholding to-day. Under appointment by the Presbyterian Board he proceeded to Peking, where he was stationed for three years, acquiring the language and engaged in necessary preliminary work. His longing was to "preach the gospel in the regions beyond," and with a single native attendant he pushed to the interior of Shan Tung province and to the Capital, Tsi Nan Fu (Chinanfoo), on the great Hwang Ho, "China's Sorrow." His strong mental grasp soon made him proficient in the language, and he became known as one of the best Chinese scholars among our men. In his thoroughgoing way he adopted the native dress and mode of living, devoting great endeavors to famine relief, to which he gave richly of his private means, winning deep gratitude and veneration. "He exhibited a wonderful energy and force of will, amounting to an apostolic heroism in confronting great and trying duties. During the terrible famine of 1878-9, resulting from the desolating overflows of the remorseless river, he faced great risks and hardships in the labor of distributing relief in scenes of suffering, disease and death. It was only after long laboring alone that his labors saw such success as to vindicate his choice of the field at Tsi Nan Fu, and he was reinforced with two missionaries and their wives. He produced an immense amount of literary current matter, as well as a number of more permanent works, including a "Translation of the Epistle to the Hebrews," a Commentary, and others. While joyously looking upon the progress and prospects of his work, he was seized with pneumonia, of which he died at Tsi Nan, not yet thirty-seven, and was buried in the grounds of the Chapel transformed from the building he had purchased with a personal gift of \$5,000.

The love and appreciation of the people he had so devotedly benefited wrote on his coffin: "Holy Teacher, gone to God!" He was a man from first to last of earnestness and capacity, of self-abnegation and high, intelligent beneficence. Those for whom he gave himself in that strange and distant land were wife, children, home, to him, and he sought for himself no other; "one of the noblest, bravest, most self-sacrificing missionaries of modern times!"

One who made his acquaintance when he was attending the Model School at Trenton offers this tribute,—“I recall no friend at that period of my life more serious and sincere in all his intercourse with his fellows. He subordinated very distinctly, at that time, every obligation and pursuit to the highest standard of duty, and counted no restraint or sacrifice too great in seeking to attain his standard. He did this naturally, without the appearance of self-restraint, or the slightest ostentation. Whatever there may have been of seeming austerity in his attitude and purpose was always relieved by his evident and absolute sincerity. His spiritual life was highly developed at an early age. He was personally kind and obliging to friends, and to a degree interested in their pursuits and pleasures, but I think he considered his highest obligation to each one of them was, to express by example and precept the duty of a profession of religion.

I have never met a man just like him, and as I look back through the years and to the period of his young manhood when we knew him, I believe his influence in life and character was both powerful and permanent.

In my judgment his qualities of mind and heart would have insured him success in almost any pursuit, for with a good mind, he had the hardest staying qualities in work, and the finest kind of a conscience.”—C. B. Mathews, '64.

McIlvaine united with the Church (Trenton First Presbyterian), at the age of fourteen. He was a man of the out and out Kitchener stamp in the whole field of moral duty and in the thoroughness of his diligence and efficiency in the spiritual warfare.

A. B. and A. M.

ALGERNON MARCELLUS was a heroic laborer in the Christian ministry, though suffering from lifelong impair-

ment of health contracted in army service. He was descended from Holland Dutch and German ancestry, settled in America about 1650. He was the son of Gilbert N. and Sarah E. (Chapman) Marcellus, and was born at Amsterdam, N. Y., March 31, 1840.

He decided early to prepare himself for the ministry,—in fact made the promise to his mother, who died when he was ten years old. He studied Latin grammar at the plough, and later finished at the Freehold (N. J.) Institute, where he united with the historic Monmouth Church at eighteen. He took the four years with us. He taught in the Edge Hill school the while, and spent the years from 1863 to 1865 in hard service in the army, three and a half years altogether, with intervals of business in New York and teaching at the Freehold Young Ladies' Seminary.

The "Record" in its Roll of Honor gives the following as his war story. "Private in the Fifty-ninth Regiment, New York Volunteers, with the Second Corps he passed through the campaigns and battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and Mine Run. He was appointed Second Lieutenant of U. S. Colored Troops, December 29, 1863, and served in New Orleans and Pensacola. He served as Staff Officer in various capacities and in April, 1865, was promoted Adjutant of the Twenty-fifth U. S. Colored Troops. Mustered out December 14, 1865."

He studied under Charles Hodge at Princeton a year, entering in 1866, a year under Alexander Hodge at Alleghany, and the third under the Breckinridges at Danville, Ky. He married, January 1, 1867, Louisa Conover of Freehold. Two sons are living,—Louis Conover Marcellus, in mercantile business at Portland, Ore., aged twenty-nine, married to Alice Smith of Oakland,—who has one daughter, Naomi, six years old. The younger son, Marius Breckinridge, M. D., aged twenty-four, was graduated 1898, at the Presbyterian College, Albany, Ore., (which is a child of Princeton), and at the University, Pa., Medical Dept., 1903. He is serving at St. Timothy's Hospital, Roxborough, Philadelphia, and hopes to practice on the Pacific coast, where, at Oakland, his father died, November 26, 1896.

Marcellus began his ministry in Kentucky, at Hopewell and Bethel; but went to Canton as a missionary in 1870, where

he suffered from ill health, and returned in 1871. As Principal of Plumstead Academy he engaged in teaching and preaching, at New Egypt, N. J., where he labored four years. He then served churches in Pennsylvania and New York twelve years; teaching in Pittston, Pa., and at Rensselaerville Academy, N. Y., when, in 1887, he sought better climate, but found harder work, in Oregon. After a year and a half at Snohomish, in Washington, he took a field near Oakland, Ore., alternating two Sundays there with one each at places nine miles south and eighteen north. He was in his pulpit at the latter place when he was stricken with paralysis, followed by other attacks, till he succumbed, a year and a half after.

As a husband and father he was a good man, and his service as pastor, always in hard fields, was devoted and most laborious. As a home missionary on the Pacific coast for many years, even though very weak physically, he did work that our ministers in the East know nothing of. "Should I attempt to tell you all concerning this topic, your book would be full. His army life was replete with hard experiences, his ministerial career also, yet he never faltered, and the trouble contracted in the war followed him through the remainder of his life, and finally took from the work a good man, and left in his home deep sadness." From letter of Mrs. Marcellus, who resides at New Egypt, N. J.

A. B. and A. M.

HENRY CLAY MARKS was born in New Orleans, July 22, 1843, and was killed at Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862. His great grandfather came from England to Charleston before the Revolution. His grandfather, Alexander, there born, was in the war of 1812, and had two brothers, physicians, Dr. Elias of whom mention is made in Harpers' Biog. Dict., and Dr. Frederick, who many years before the Civil war conducted a young ladies' seminary in Columbia, S. C., and here the father, Alexander Marks, was born in 1817.

The facts of our Classmate's sadly brief career were known to us in 1866 and were correctly given in full in the "Record," to the following effect:— He prepared at New Orleans in the public schools, and had a four years' course in the High School; entered College as a Freshman, and was a Clio, a brilliant, high-spirited student. He left at the winter vacation of

1860, and seeing clear signs of the approach of war, did not return. He enlisted in the 5th Louisiana, and had arrived before Richmond, when he was recalled to take a Lieutenancy in the 10th., and proceeded again at once to Virginia in August, 1861. He became Captain, served through the Peninsular campaign under Magruder, and was in the splendid retreat to the Chickahominy under Johnston, early in May, 1862. At the battle of Malvern he fell, July 1, "within forty yards of the federal guns," in one of Magruder's terrible charges.

His brother, Rev. J. N. Marks of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, confirms these facts, and adds, "It is about all that can be said, hardly more than a boy, his only career was his year or two at Princeton, and not two years in the army. He was my senior by two years; my brother Alexander was in the Class ahead of him at Princeton. My wife's two brothers, Robert M. and Frank N. Butler, of Natchez, were both at Princeton, and left when the war broke out. It may be an item of interest to you to know that all of the three survived the four years of the war in the Confederate army and sons of Alexander Marks and Robert M. Butler served in the Spanish war. I am deeply thankful to Mr. Dennis for the kind words he wrote,—in the 'Record,'—about my brother, in which occurs the sentiment you cite: 'The sooner as a nation or as individuals we bury the bitterness and the strife, and all but the chastened experience of these four hostile years, the better it will be for us as friends and as countrymen.' I have lived to hear a Western audience cheer the name of R. E. Lee with those of Lincoln and Grant. Several years ago I was asked to write an Ode for Memorial Day, of part of which I enclose a copy"

The Class will be gratified to see these stanzas:

SONG OF THE BLUE AND GRAY.

BY REV. J. N. MARKS,
Of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

Thank God for this day, when the Blue and the Gray
Stand shoulder to shoulder again,
As under old Glory they tell the same story
Of Cuba, and men of the Maine!

Together they stand, a gallant, brave band
Of patriots loyal and true,—
One country again!—shall be the refrain,
To fight for the red, white and blue.

The strife of the years has passed, with its tears,
While heroes recall the sad story:--
As they fought bravely then, so united again
They'll fight for the fame of Old Glory.
From Atlantic's broad sweep to Pacific's far deep,
From Maine to the Gulf's crested shore,
The legions are forming, all enemies storming,
To prove we are brothers once more.
Thank God for this day, when the Blue and the Gray
Have buried the strife of the past;
For the Union once more, with the Flag as of yore
Through the ages our nation shall cast.

Harry Marks, as his brother writes, "was just twenty-one days short of nineteen years of age when he was killed." As we look back from this time upon that colossal war, the headlong sacrifice and prodigal waste of young, eager life seem inexplicable and incredible.

WILLIAM W. MERRITT was a Union soldier in the 60th. Illinois regiment of Volunteers, and died at Tusculum, Ala., August 13, 1862, about half a year after his enlistment.

He was the brother of Rev. James Long Merritt, (Wash. Coll., Pa., '59) who was in the Seminary at Princeton while we were in College. He was born April 12, 1840 on a farm in Belmont county, Ohio, two miles west of Bellaire, and remained at home till the fall of 1858, when he went to the Academy at Washington, O., and attended school two years. He joined us at the commencement of the Soph. year. He is said to have been an apt scholar from his youth; his mother used to say that William could answer all the questions of the Shorter Catechism when he was seven years of age. His mother was Eveline, daughter of Hugh Milligan, an Elder in the Presbyterian Church at Forks of Wheeling on the "pan handle" of West Virginia. His father, Robert Merritt, was born near Falling Waters in Berkeley county, now in West Virginia, and was brought to Ohio when nine months old; and it was early in his life that took place the great revival of religion which originated in this locality which had such widespread effects upon the religious development of the new states of the opening West. Robert Merritt became a member of the ancient and historic Rock Hill Church, adjacent to Bel-

laire, of which for some thirty years of his later life he was an Elder. Thus on both sides this Classmate was from godly ancestry, and it was with a view to preparation for the Ministry that he embarked in his studies. He was a member of this Church. He was of a peculiarly smiling and agreeable, yet unassuming disposition. He left College, as he thought, for a time, in June, 1861; and that Autumn made a visit to Illinois, where he taught a school for a few months. His entrance into the service of his country followed early in that Winter, and he remained in the service for the short period which ensued till called to rest from his labors. Like so many of the poor fellows, he was a victim to typhoid fever.

The middle letter of the name was not an initial, but was adopted for the sake of distinction after he entered school. Our Classmate was the first of his family to go, and his death was a great grief; father, mother, and all his sisters and brothers were left behind to mourn their loss in the abrupt taking off of this bright, promising one of the flock,—a mourning not without hope in the case of one so true and good.

Acknowledgments are due for aid in obtaining the above, after much search, to Rev. Wilhelm Van den Berge Te Winkel (Princ. '96), of the Second Church, Bellaire, and to Mr. Hugh Milligan Merritt, of Bellaire, brother of our Classmate.

JOHN ROBERTS MILLER. I was born at Dickinson, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, January 2, 1841. My early life covered pretty nearly all the field usually laid out for a boy, so you can embellish this part of your sketch of my life with almost anything that occurs to you as fitting to a well-fed lad. My parents' names were Andrew G. and Eleanor (Umberger) Miller. My earliest ancestors, Christian Miller and Heinrich Umberger came to this country in the years 1730 and 1733, and settled in Lancaster County. About the year 1770, both branches of the family came to Cumberland County, and here established themselves in various occupations. Andrew Miller, my great-great-grandfather, was a Lieutenant in Col. Ben. Chambers' regiment during the Colonial period, and fought the Indians and French in this section, and I have no doubt, at times, from old Fort Louther which stood upon the very ground where I now write. All of my great

grandfathers were participants in the Revolutionary War. The family was also represented in the Wars of 1812, and the Mexican War. During the Civil War, I hung around the edges of the scene enough to know that war was going on, and satisfied myself that I couldn't have settled it alone; my brother, however, Captain Wm. E. Miller, of the 3rd Pennsylvania Cavalry, attained some distinction especially in a cavalry charge at Gettysburg, which won for him an honorary medal from Congress. During the late Spanish War, my son and only surviving child, Hugh R. Miller, served as a Lieutenant in the Tenth U. S. Infantry, and spent nearly two years in Cuba. He was the first American officer to lead troops into the City of Havana, being practically the military Guard of the City for twenty-four hours before the arrival of any other troops.

I was fitted in the Dickinson and Shippensburg Academies, entering Jefferson College in the Fall of 1859. At the outbreak of the war, I transplanted myself for vegetation at Princeton. You are so familiar with my history there that I scarcely know what I could add to what you can write,—and then too, you can do it from an unprejudiced standpoint. I may say briefly, however, that I had a good bit of fun at Princeton, which largely accounts for my not standing first in the Class. It was my good fortune to attend all the Class re-unions, except the last, i. e., '73, '83 and '93, and it was circumstances beyond my control, alone, that prevented my being there last year.

My life since leaving college had been devoted to making an honest living off of the wrecks of other men's fortunes,—otherwise called practicing law, and I am still out of jail. This business has been quietly conducted at Carlisle, Penn. Since my admission to the Bar in 1866, taking it altogether, I have no kick coming against the world. I have neither poverty nor riches, and I am not running around hunting trouble.

I married, January 7, 1873, Miss Caroline O. Rankin, daughter of the late Dr. William Rankin of Shippensburg, Penn. Of our two children, our daughter died in infancy. My son now twenty-seven, took a course at Dickinson College and graduated at the Law School there, and was admitted to the Bar previous to his entering the military service, but neither mili-

tary or law seem to be to his liking, his talent is for music, and he is now with one of the leading Opera Companies.

The only public function I ever exercised was as Mayor of Carlisle for four or five years, during which time I managed a population of ten or twelve thousand people, a thousand Indians here, at our well known school, and five or six hundred Dickinson College students, and during that time there was a minimum of murders, robberies and debauchery. A. B.

EDWARD STEWART MOFFAT was born January 5, 1844, at Oxford, O., where his father, at the time, was a Professor in Miami University. He was the son of Rev. Dr. James Clement Moffat of the Princeton Class of 1835, and Professor successively in the College and Seminary, whose birthplace was at Glencree, Scotland, where he began life as a shepherd boy and printer and self-taught linguist. His mother was Ellen Stewart of Easton, Pa., where also Dr. Moffat was Professor in Lafayette College in his early life.

Our Classmate prepared at Princeton with Pumyea, Young and the Dones, in Mr. Schenck's school, entered Freshman and graduated with the Class, although he left to take part in the war in the Fall of 1861. He enlisted in Co. K, Ninth New Jersey Infantry, October 15, and was appointed First Sergeant. He served with Casey's Division at the Defences of Washington, and with Reno's Brigade in the Burnside expedition at the capture of Roanoke Island. At the battle of Newbern, March 14, 1862, he was promoted Second Lieutenant, but declined; in May being reappointed at Fort Macon. Detailed, in September, 1862, as Acting Signal Officer, he accompanied Foster's Goldsboro expedition in that capacity, and later the Port Royal expedition, under Heckman. In March, 1863, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Signal Corps, and was in command of the outpost line of Stations in North Carolina, where with five hundred of the One Hundred and Thirty-second New York he resisted Pickett with 7,000 men and several batteries, and saved Newbern from recapture; for which gallantry he was publicly thanked. Here he rode into a rebel regiment, and preferring risk to capture escaped amid a shower of bullets. In September, 1864, he was acting Chief Signal Officer in North Carolina, and survived an attack of

yellow fever at Newbern. He was Signal Officer at General Meade's headquarters, February, 1865, and was at Hatcher's Run and Fort Stedman, at the capture of Petersburg and Sailor's Creek. Finally he was present at Appomattox on Lee's surrender. The Pennsylvania Commandery of the Loyal Legion in setting forth the record of his army career, of which the above is but the substance, adds that as in the College so in the army, "He was noted for his graceful bearing and courtly manners, and when he left his regiment to take a position in the Signal Corps, in which he rose to prominence, his loss was keenly felt by all. He had the high esteem of all the men under him; in battle he was entirely self possessed and on the march capable of great fatigue."

The war over, he took a three years' course at the Columbia College School of Mines in New York and soon received a call to the post of Professor of Mining and Metallurgy in Lafayette College, where his father had been a professor before him. Two years later partial failure of health compelled him to seek less sedentary work, and he took the management of blast furnaces at Port Oram and at Stanhope, N. J., where his success in the practical details of his profession made him known, and in 1882 he went to Scranton as Manager of the furnaces of the Lackawanna Iron and Steel company, of which he became General Manager, and in 1892 President, which position he held at the time of his death. He was a most conscientious worker, combining the whole range of theoretical knowledge with intimate experience in the unwritten niceties of practice, and his attractive courtesy and affability put him on excellent terms with his employees.

Professor Moffat married Anna R. McCartney, daughter of Hon. Washington McCartney of Easton, who with four children survives him, residing at Scranton. He went to Europe for his health, but without the desired result, and died at Edinburg, August 4, 1893.

A. B. and A. M.

ALBERT H. MORDECAI, M.D., was from Columbia, S. C., where he has a sister, Miss Cornelia Mordecai. He entered Freshman and left in the early part of the Sophomore year, and was reported to have served in the Southern army, but in 1866 had not been heard from. He graduated in Medicine

at Philadelphia, married, and settled as a physician in Baltimore. The address some years ago was 400 North Calvert street. No word has been received from Dr. Mordecai, who is said to have a son in Keyport, N. J. A. Mr. Henry Mordecai, perhaps a connection, is in New Orleans, in business.

Mordecai is understood to have been of one of the able Hebrew families anciently settled in the Carolinas and Georgia, of whom much that is patriotic and public-spirited is recorded; who served, as well as gave splendidly, in the Revolution, and have been well represented in every national crisis since. Dr. Madison C. Peters, in his "Justice to the Jew," states that Major Alfred Mordecai, born in North Carolina in 1800, is among those of this stock who "left valuable evidence of their patriotism in the Mexican war," and that "Major Mordecai is a recognized authority in the military world, in the field of scientific research, and in the practical application of mechanical deduction to war uses. His son and namesake has been an Instructor at West Point." It would be gratifying to know that our Classmate is a connection of this fine soldier.

WILLIAM RUSSELL MURRAY was from Harrisburg, Penn., a son of Judge Murray of that city. He entered the Class at Princeton in the Sophomore year, and is remembered favorably, was a good student, a companionable associate and a man of evidently gentlemanly antecedents. He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts with us in due course, but there is on the Catalogue nothing to indicate that he pursued a regular professional course such as was usual to entitle him to the Arts degree. His address is given as at Harrisburg at the time of the Triennial, but he had not been heard from.

There is little that the Class Historian is able to communicate concerning Mr. Murray, beyond the above. He is known to have married and had one or more children. Our Classmate VanCleve reports that he met him at Carlisle, Pa., a great many years ago. He lived there then, and was a lawyer, and Alumni Secretary McAlpin says "A lawyer." Miller, however, states that he never lived in Carlisle, and says, "I don't believe he ever studied Law." It is learned that he was some years ago in Philadelphia industriously engaged in a manufacturing business, (umbrellas), respected and well liked,

and the Princeton Directory, of 1892, confirms this address. He is understood to have removed from Philadelphia to Harrisburg; and later his address, as given by the Secretary of the Alumni, was Media, in Delaware County, Pa., where he died in May, 1896.

There is a touch of sadness in the note of the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Media, who, "after much vain enquiry," reported, "I was able to find the undertaker who served at the funeral of Wm. R. Murray. No one seems to have remembrance of him. He was probably in ill health when the family located in this county, one mile out of town, and he died soon after." A. B.

WALTER SMITH NICHOLS in October last received an appointment as Special Lecturer on Insurance in Yale University, and consequently his name now appears on its Catalogue as one of the "Officers of Instruction" in that institution, a mark of recognition on which we congratulate him.

Nichols says that his business can only be intelligently explained by a conglomerate statement: In New York he is what is officially known as an actuary; more specifically, he is the mathematical and legal adviser of various corporate interests, and was formerly Mathematician and Secretary of a Life Company. He is also Vice-President of an insurance publication company in that city, and in that connection is editor and author of various publications on the law and practice of insurance.

Among other honorary and trust positions, he is a member of the American Mathematical Society, and of the Actuarial Society of America. He has been for many years a Director in the Newark Fire Insurance Company, the oldest of its kind in New Jersey. In his native city of Newark he is something of a landlord and real estate man. Nichols is one of the last of the original town farmers of Newark, i. e., holders and cultivators of originally granted upland and salt-meadow, farmed from the residential town plot as laid out in the first settlement. His parents were Alexander McWhorter and Hannah (Riggs) Nichols.

So described, Walter was born November 23, 1841, an only

son,—accused of wonderful powers of abstraction in his childish days, he blossomed out in our Freshman year as our first honor man in mathematics, “only to drop off into a spell of laziness which lasted the rest of his course.” He “tried to make a lawyer of himself, and pretended to study law, with Justice Bradley of the United States Supreme Court, while actually engaged in solving various mathematical problems, and with rod and gun studying the natural history of fishes and birds, until, convinced that he was not called to the Bar, he turned his attention to his present profession.”

His only service in the war was on the Provost Marshal's Staff, sending other fellows to the front. His published papers and addresses on various legal, mathematical and other topics, if collected, would make a pretty large volume, “and not be worth reading.” The most important addresses were delivered before the World's Fair Congress at Chicago, and the International Congress of Mathematicians in London. His principal works are on the “Law of Agents,” the “Law of Contracts,” and the “Law of Assignments.” So he fished and hunted to some purpose in the deeps and thickets of the law. His political offices were Alderman, which he declined, Pilot Commissioner, which he could not get, and after dinner speaker, from which he has retired. To “make up for his personal shortcomings he points to a Revolutionary Captain as one of his ancestors, and to a Commissary as another,” and will tell you that he is a direct descendant of many of those old New England families who founded the city of Newark in the seventeenth century; and “going back further still show you his genealogical tree running back without a break to the royal families of England, Scotland and France, until it reaches Charlemagne and Pepin, and will prove to you that he is a distant cousin of the King of England, and only escaped being seated on the throne of Great Britain because he came down through younger sons and daughters,”—which to a Republican is, of course, no reason at all. His other boast is a family of six children, with not a black sheep among them, and one already taking a position in the world that has cast his paternal into the shade:—children that through their mother are of Mayflower stock, and likewise derived from the Jenners of Vaccination fame. “As an offset to all this he will whisper

that Guy Fawkes of the Gunpowder Plot was also a distant relation."

Mr. Nichols married in 1870, Minnie C. Tompkins, who died in 1901, of whom he says, "I have always claimed that marrying a good wife was the turning point that hinged the critical determinations of my life." He has, as a business man, continuously served the cause of religion in a number of ways in which his varied talents made him available. In the Newark Tabernacle Sunday School Association he is a Trustee and Secretary, and he is President of the Board of Trustees of his ancestral church, the ancient First Presbyterian, where he is in close association with our friend of Princeton days, Dr. D. R. Frazer—in the Parsonage of which our College had its birth under Rev. Aaron Burr;—a position of important financial responsibility, in view of the large landed and other endowments that have come down with this old Church from early days, placing it in a class with the wealthiest religious corporations in the country,—property which in recent years has been reduplicating in value by leaps, with the sudden appreciation of the value of business sites in the centre of the city. He is fond of the water and spends much vacation time in his sloop on the Atlantic coast.

A. B. and A. M.

THOMAS O'HANLON, see under the H's., as if Thomas Hanlon.

NELSON DANIEL PARKHURST entered the Class in the Sophomore year, and was with us to the end of our course. He roomed by himself at 15 West, (or 13, according to the Catalogue), but in the Senior year at Mr. Andrews'. He was from Elizabeth, N. J., the son of Daniel and Maria Parkhurst, and was born at Fort Covington, N. Y.,—on the Canadian line,—February 7, 1842. He fitted at Pearl Cottage Seminary, and is reported in 1866 as having studied Law two years in New York city, and as at that time practicing in Knoxville, Tenn., where, according to "a resident of the place," he was making,—in the lingo of our day,—“a perfect Rowl.” His address, as given in the Princeton "Directory of Alumni" in 1892, was Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He left there eight or nine years ago, (so we are informed by the postmaster), and the last "Direc-

tory" gives as his subsequent address, 261 Calumet Ave., Chicago.

Parkhurst was very much of a gentleman, and the Class Historian would very much like to have been able to give a fuller account of him.

A. B. and A. M.

JAMES WILSON PATTERSON is a scholar of very marked historical and geographical tastes, whose life has been largely spent in the pursuit of these favorite studies. He shares with Sheldon the distinction among our number of writing the letters F. R. G. S. after his name, on which we congratulate him, and we accept it modestly as one of the proud honors of the Class. He is a fellow of the American Historical Society, of the Maryland Historical Society, of the Society of Colonial Wars, a member of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, etc. He writes, "I have always been and am interested in literature, history and geography, and am a life member of the Royal Geographical Society," and he encourages the Class Historian by adding, that he is interested in the Book, by wishing him all success in the undertaking, and by showing that he is properly hungry for it by asking, "When may I hope to receive it?"

Our Classmate is a close second with McCauley, (and perhaps with McGuire), for the post of Class Traveller and Sinbad, for he says, "I have crossed the Atlantic twenty-eight times, have travelled extensively, visiting every country in Europe, have been in Africa five times, and in Asia Minor."

He could hardly fail to have a taste for his favorite studies, since his family stands in intimate relation to names that have been engraved deeper on the scrolls of fame, and hands that have made larger alterations in the map of the world, than almost any to be found in the whole range of history. His aunt, his father's sister Elizabeth, was that beautiful Betsy Patterson, who was married in Baltimore, to Jerome Bonaparte, the brother of the mighty Napoleon, afterward King of Westphalia. His uncle, Robert Patterson, married that one of the "Three Caton Belles," who afterwards became the wife of the Marquis of Wellesley, Viceroy of India, son of the Earl of Mornington and brother of Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington;—the quiet American family on the

Banks of Chesapeake Bay thus forming a curious link between the two giants in warfare who confronted each other on the field of Waterloo.

Mr. Patterson was born at the family seat, "Roseland," in Baltimore county, Maryland. He is of American stock on both sides, and he states "My grandfather, William Patterson, fought in the Revolutionary War, and in addition financially aided the Colonies in their discouraging struggle with the difficulties of raising revenue. My great-great-grandfather, Thomas McKim, was an officer in the Delaware contingent of troops who served in the Indian war of 1755 to 1763."

He sat with us in classroom during the four years of our college life, and after graduation departed for Europe, where he has since spent large portions of his time, exploring libraries and visiting the regions of geographical and historic interest which attracted him.

Mr. Patterson married Margaret Sherwood, of New York, November 16, 1881. They have one child a daughter, Margaret Patterson.

Address, Messrs. Wilson, Colston and Company 216 East Baltimore street, Baltimore. A. B. and A. M.

JOHN WOODBRIDGE PATTON was born in Philadelphia in 1843. His father, Rev. Dr. John Patton, a Presbyterian minister and a graduate of Jefferson College, was born in Maryland of Scotch-Irish stock; his mother, a native of Massachusetts of "Mayflower" descent, bore the beautiful Puritan name of Mindwell L. Gould. He took the Freshman year in the University of Pennsylvania, in which he now holds his chair, and entered Princeton with us as Sophomores. He graduated, then taught a log cabin school in Kentucky for a year; and after that experience, returned to his native city and passed a year in the office of Hon. John C. Bullitt. For an interval, in 1865, there was a break-down in health, which gave occasion for some variation in his experience, and he went to North Carolina as a Paymaster's Clerk.

Returning he took a short course at the Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the Bar of Philadelphia in 1868. He practiced law in that city for twenty years. He was

afterwards President of the Mortgage Trust Company of Pennsylvania,—remaining, however, in touch with his profession, and acting as master, referee and consulting counsel from time to time.

In 1897 Mr. Patton was appointed to the new professorship of The Practice of Law in the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania. This is a field in which he has met with a degree of success which has been gratifying to those interested in the foundation. Formerly it was the almost invariable practice of young men entering the profession of law to find a place in the office of some established lawyer or firm, and there acquire the necessary practical knowledge. But this has become more and more a privilege for the few, and it is found that in recent years only a small proportion of young lawyers are able to command it, to their serious disadvantage and the detriment of the public depending upon their services. There was no small doubt whether “practice” could be successfully taught; it was an unbroken path and the methods had to be invented. The seven years past have shown that it could measurably be done, and nearly all the members of Third Year Class now elect that course. It may well be understood that such a position affords very pleasant opportunities to our Classmate for acquaintance and intercourse among a most desirable class of men, and it may be said that he is the friend as well as the teacher of the students. It has been said in fact, by some Princeton men who have studied law at Pennsylvania, that he is “the Dean Murray of the University Law School.”

Mr. Patton has taken his part in public affairs. He served for nearly five years as member of the City Councils in Philadelphia. He has had a number of offers of nominations for important public offices such as Register of Wills, and Judge, and has also had proffers of positions of repute in business, but in nearly every case has been compelled to decline for a reason which seemed at the time to be obligatory. He has recently received an honor from the Judges of the Courts of Philadelphia which was an absolute surprise, the first intimation of which came through reading an editorial in the *Philadelphia Ledger* of January 5, 1904, of which the following is an excerpt:

"The Board of Judges yesterday elected Professor John W. Patton of the Tenth Ward, as a member of the Board of Education, and Hon. William Potter, ex-Minister to Italy and now President of Jefferson College, as a member of the Board of City Trusts. Both appointments will commend themselves to the citizens of Philadelphia as in all respects judicious, praiseworthy and appropriate. * * *

"The appointment of Professor Patton to the Board of Education will also be unreservedly approved by the Philadelphia public. He has long been a prominent member of the Philadelphia Bar, and is now Professor of Law in the University of Pennsylvania. He was elected to Common Council in 1881 as a Republican, receiving the indorsement of the Citizens' Committee of One Hundred. His record in Councils was flawless, and his services in the reorganization of the city government under the Bullitt bill, upon which he wrote the supplemental report, were of the greatest value. His public career, experience in scholastic affairs, and personal probity and worth are such as fit him to become a very efficient member of the Board of Education. The Board of Judges has undoubtedly consulted the public interests in both appointments. Membership in the Board of City Trusts and the Board of Education is a mark of distinction. In these instances the appointees will be regarded by common consent as worthy of the honor which has been conferred upon them. Were citizens as careful in the election of officials in other departments of the city government as the Board of Judges has been in these instances, the conduct of public affairs would furnish no ground for criticism."

Mr. Patton married, July 8, 1873, Mary Blackiston of Middletown, Delaware. Mrs. Patton is a niece of ex-Governor Pollock of Pennsylvania, and of the venerable Dr. James Curtis Hepburn, the distinguished missionary to Japan, both Princeton men, the latter of the Class of '32, and perhaps now the oldest living graduate. They have two sons and three daughters. "Sixty-three" is much indebted to Patton for his warm Class enthusiasm, and for the cordial, whole-hearted services in which he has devoted himself to our pleasure and interests. He succeeded Mr. Huey in the labors of Class Secretary, by vote at the last Reunion, and may be

addressed at the Law Department of the University, corner 34th and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

A. B. and A. M.

NICHOLAS BIDDLE PHIPPS was born in Wilson county, Tennessee, June 2, 1838, and with his parents removed to Mississippi about 1844. His father, W. R. D. Phipps, was an extensive planter in the vicinity of Yazoo city, where relatives of the family are still living, among them Mrs. Eliza Greenwood Phipps, to whom thanks are due for help in tracing the family of our Classmate. He has a sister, Mrs. Darthula Nickelson, at Gallatin, Tenn.

When sixteen years of age Phipps entered Franklin College, Tenn., and in September, 1860, went from there to Princeton; his half-brother, Henry C. Phipps, now of St. Louis, starting at the same time for Upper Canada College, Toronto, where the latter remained five years, the brothers being separated by the events of the war and scarcely meeting again. Our Classmate left in the Spring of 1861 and returned to Mississippi, where he enlisted. He was in the Engineering Corps of the Confederate army for a short time, but was discharged on account of disabilities.

The war over, Mr. Phipps engaged in business, in 1865, as a cotton factor at Memphis, which he pursued there for some years. In 1878 he went to Texas, where his wife's family had had interests, and settled at Paris in the northeastern part of the State, as Agent for the Mutual Life Insurance company, of New York. He was their first agent established in that State, and did the largest business of any representative of the company in Texas, up to the time of his death. He was connected with the Mutual Life company in that capacity for twenty years.

He married at Columbus, Ky., January 17, 1865, Miss Alice Henderson, from the family of that name of North Carolina and historically connected with the founding of Kentucky, as well as of Texas,—whose father was Judge James Martin Henderson of Kentucky. He was a relative of James Pinckney Henderson, first President of the Republic of Texas, chiefly instrumental in its annexation to the United States, and afterwards its Senator. Mrs. Phipps is living at Paris in that State,

with a daughter, Miss Alice and five sons, of whom two, W. R., and H. P., are younger;—the three elder, O. H., H. D., and O. G., were educated at Bethany College, near Wheeling, in West Virginia, the two former subsequently taking professional degrees at the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.

Mr. Phipps died at Hot Springs, Ark., June 12, 1893.

CHARLES HENRY POTTER was a physician in extensive practice in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he died in the year 1881. He was the son of David Magie and Elizabeth (Sherwood) Potter, and was born at Union in Union County, N. J., August 12, 1842, in the old homestead of the family, where in Revolutionary days resided his great grandfather, who was a Captain in the American army during that war.

Dr. Potter prepared for Princeton at Pearl Cottage Seminary, Dr. Pingry's school, Elizabeth, where Holden and others studied, and entered Sophomore, August 11, 1860. Potter is set down in the Senior year as having roomed with Zahner at 20 West College. He gave the Geological Oration at Commencement. From January until April, 1864, he taught at Aberdeen, Ind., and subsequently studied medicine at Bellevue Hospital Medical College, in New York, and graduated M.D., in March, 1868. In January of that year he began the practice of medicine in Brooklyn, and was eminently successful, having at the time of his death one of the largest practices in that city of homes. His professional activity extended over thirteen years, during which he won high regard. The direct cause of his death, which occurred August 6, 1881, was overwork, resulting in an illness of only seven days.

Dr. Potter married Eva Adella Vannt of Brooklyn, July 22, 1873, and left at his death two children, Eva Sherwood and Adella E. Potter, both of whom are graduates of Packer Institute, the former having also taken her degree from Barnard College, Columbia University.

It is an honor to our Class to cite the following allusive words, referring to an expression in the "Schedule of Topics" sent out at the inception of this Class Book undertaking;—"The 'mighty deeds' of the true physician are in almost constant sequence, and are seldom known to the world. But when

a man becomes so devoted to his patients and his profession that in the midst of his manifold duties he succumbs to exhaustion; and at the expiration of a seven days' battle for life dies, without any organic or functional disorder,—almost never having been ill before,—he should be known as a hero falling in the thickest of the fight. Unostentatiously, without cant or parade, the late Dr. Potter went about his work,—always cheerful, patient and faithful, and known as the 'Christian Physician'." From a letter of Mrs. Havens Brewster Baylis, formerly Mrs. Charles H. Potter. A. B. and A. M.

JOHN HAMILTON POTTER was a member of the prominent family identified with Princeton and with the States of South Carolina and Georgia, whose country seat, "Coleraine," situated amid extensive rice plantations, lay on the Savannah river not many miles above the city. He was a grandson of John Potter of Charleston and of "Prospect," the nobly seated mansion at Princeton which is now the residence of the President of the University, of which Dr. McCosh once remarked to the present writer then enjoying his hospitality, that in it he "was lodged more splendidly than any other college president in the world." His father, James Potter, lived at Princeton in our Class's time, and died in 1862. The Potter family were from Ballymorán, county Down, in Ireland. His mother was Sarah Grimes, whose grandfather was Chief Justice Glen of Savannah, of Colonial and Revolutionary prominence; and another ancestor was Noble Wimberly Jones, of "Lambeth," Ga., born in Lambeth, Surrey, who was Captain of the Provincial forces in the Creek War of 1749, Member and Speaker of Assembly and of the Provincial Congress, etc., and was sent a prisoner by the British to St. Augustine from Charleston in 1780. Connected thus with prominent families of the North and South, John Potter was an only son, and the hopes of the family name blighted by his untimely loss, were centred in his infant son by his marriage with Alice Beirne Steenberger of Savannah, only a year before his death.

He attended the school of St. James the Less in Philadelphia, entered College, 1859, and left in the Fall of 1861, joining the Confederate army that winter. He was a Lieutenant in the Sixty-third Georgia Infantry under Colonel George A. Gordon.

He served for two years, the object of admiration and affection among his comrades, and was mortally wounded in front of Atlanta July 24, 1864. Taken to Macon he lingered for two days, dying on the 26th, and was buried at Savannah. Later his remains were interred in Trinity churchyard, Princeton.

He was born November 24, 1842, and was married July 23, 1863. His son and only child, John Potter of Philadelphia, married Elizabeth Sturgis of that city, and has children, Elizabeth, John and Robert.

His obituary, written by Captain Howard, says, "Gentle as a woman, he was brave as a lion. If the foe had deliberately selected the most shining mark, if he had determined to inflict the severest blow upon the affections of our regiment, he could not have more successfully accomplished his purpose, than in the death of Lieutenant Potter."

The above information is furnished by his sister, Mrs. Fanny G. Hodgson, of Sewanee, Tennessee. A feeling tribute to him, from the pen of Bishop Odenheimer, was printed in the "Record" of 1867. John Potter lived at home and was less familiar with the easy life of the College; but we of the Class well recall the bright, young fellow, the handsome face, handsome figure, that went so soon, and came not back to the stricken young wife!

WILLIAM ELMER POTTER, Brevet Major of United States Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel on the Staff of Governor Ward of New Jersey, was an LL. B. of Harvard Law School already when he entered Princeton, which he did as a Junior, in August, 1861. He early developed a taste for public speaking, for which he became noted in after life, both as a political and patriotic orator. He had completed his law course of two years at Cambridge in June and had previously read a year in the office of Hon. John T. Nixon, of Bridgeton, N. J. He was born at Bridgeton, June 13, 1840, and received his early education at its excellent Academy. He was noticeably more mature than the average among us. His affection and love for Princeton were pronounced and he was an earnest supporter of it so long as he lived.

He left in June, 1862, and enlisted in the Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers; was made Second Lieutenant, August 1862, First

Lieutenant, August, 1863, Captain, February 4, 1864, and was brevetted Major, July 30, 1866. He served till the close of the war, and was in all the battles of the army of the Potomac; was wounded at The Wilderness, not seriously, however, and never drew a pension. One incident he often spoke of,—he was within sight, and nearly within hearing, of the Surrender at Appomattox, his duty as Staff Officer requiring his presence, and the event of that period of his life in which he took most pride was that he was one of the officers chosen on that occasion to convey the stand of Confederate colors to the Secretary of War at Washington. His legal knowledge brought him into service often during his three years in the army as Judge Advocate and on Courts Martial. Colonel Potter was a member of Meade Post, No. 2, G. A. R., of Philadelphia; of the Loyal Legion; the Society of the Cincinnati; and of Brearley Lodge, No. 2, F. & A. M. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church at Princeton.

Returning to Bridgeton after the war, Mr. Potter was admitted to the Bar, as Attorney in November, 1865, and as Counsellor, February, 1869. He served as Solicitor of his city and county and as Prosecutor of the Pleas of Cape May and Atlantic counties; was Delegate to the National Convention of the Republican party in 1868 and 1876, and was a Presidential elector for the First Congressional District in 1880. He was frequently urged to accept the Congressional nomination, but felt that his circumstances would not permit his acceptance. A lawyer of prominence and recognized ability for many years, there were few cases of importance in South Jersey with which he was not connected. His earliest case that attracted general attention was his defence of Charles K. Landis, in which he was successful in freeing his client, a man of high position, from the charge of murder. His usual practice, however, was in civil cases, as more to his taste and inclination. He was a profound student, reader and thinker, and was a widely recognized authority on the history of the Civil War, upon which most of his best speeches were made. His tastes were refined and some of his poems written at leisure moments evidence a strong poetic feeling. He was not a traveller to any extent, and his life was outwardly quiet and uneventful, after he had once gained release from the stir of war.

Like so many of our Class he was of strong and patriotic American ancestry. He was the son of James Boyd and Jane (Barron) Potter,—Scotch-Irish, on both sides. His grandfather was Colonel David Potter of the Continental army, who was captured and spent a year on the “Jersey” Hulk, in the harbor of New York, but was afterwards exchanged. Through his mother’s family he was connected with Commodore Barron of Decatur fame, whose act in resisting search of his vessel, the *Chesapeake*, by the British *Leopard*, in 1807, is said to have precipitated the war with England. His father’s brother, William Potter, was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the War of 1812.

Mr. Potter married Alice Eddy, a lineal descendant of John and Priscilla Alden. He died November 9, 1896, leaving children, Alfred Eddy, James Boyd, David, Alice, and Francis Delavan. James Boyd, with whom Mrs. Potter now lives, is a lawyer in practice at Bridgeton, and was in the Spanish war as a Lieutenant in the Navy with a temporary commission. He graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1893. The third son, David, graduated from Princeton in 1896, and was Class Historian. He was in the Spanish war as Paymaster and is now in the permanent establishment. Francis is in business in Wisconsin. A. B. and A. M.

ERASTUS CORNING PRUYN was of Albany, a Cambridge Collegian, who became a member of the Diplomatic Service of the country, with prospects of great promise, and who died only too early, at Teneriffe in the Canary Islands, February 1, 1881. He was born August 24, 1841.

He was a member of the Pruyn family that has been settled in Albany, N. Y., for over two centuries, and is of Netherlands origin, whose genealogy has been printed in various publications on that subject. His ancestor Casparus Pruyn was a Lieutenant in the American Revolution. Members of the family have held positions in the government of the city and county of Albany, in the State Legislature and other State positions, and in the Diplomatic service and Congress of the United States,—as also in the Parliament of Canada, etc.

From his brother, J. V. L. Pruyn of Albany, Esq., are derived the following details of Erastus Corning Pruyn’s career. He studied at Mr. Calthrop’s school at Bridgeport, Connecti-

cut, at Princeton in the Class of '63 (for the Freshman year), and at Trinity College, Cambridge, Eng. He was appointed Consular or Commercial Agent of the United States at Caracas, by William H. Seward, Secretary of State, during the Venezuelan Revolution of 1868. Mr. Pruyn was for a period the acting Minister there of our Government, in circumstances of difficulty and delicacy growing out of the state of civil war, his services being commended by the Department of State. He subsequently went abroad for travel, observation and study.

Mr. Pruyn married, but left no issue.

PETER BERRIEN PUMYEA, M. D., was a physician in practice successfully for many years at Allentown, N. J. He was born about three miles from New Brunswick in that State, September 23, 1842. Dr. Pumyea was present at Commencement last June seemingly in the best of health, hailing his Classmates with his old-time spirit, and subsequently with the greatest interest in the project of this Book he corresponded with the Class Historian, who was much startled to receive from Dr. Holmes the unexpected information of his death, after a very brief illness, from an affection of the heart, December 4, 1903.

He had, a considerable time before, sent the following, in which he so interestingly recites and philosophizes his own career, that it will better recall him than any mere sketch.

"In the first year of my existence my parents moved to Franklin township, Somerset county, about five miles from Princeton,—and took me along. Except an occasional trip to New Brunswick, and once, that I remember, by boat to New York,—when I visited Barnum's Museum and the Crystal Palace, a world's fair,—my life until I was fourteen was spent upon a farm; which accounts, perhaps, for my innocence and simplicity. There were six of us, three boys and three girls; I was next to the youngest, and at fourteen I was sent to Princeton to school. There, at John C. Schenck's private school I was prepared for the College of New Jersey, along with Moffatt, Young and J. B. and J. H. Done, and became a member of the Class of '63. North, East, West and South College, the Chapel, the old Recitation rooms,—'Johnnie' McLean and the hornsprees, I recall, but can hardly reconcile with the present

appearance,—forty years subsequently,—of Princeton University. *Tempora mutantur et mutamur.*

My only offence while in College, at least what the Faculty thought deserved suspension, was throwing snowballs one evening at the students as they came out and were going into Chapel; one of the snowy missiles barely escaped 'Dad' Atwater. That probably was the reason why I was suspended for one week from the duties and privileges of the College. I did not know of my suspension (as I was not 'up' before the Faculty) until the time had nearly expired, when Prof. Cameron at his recitation informed me that I was so adjudged, and could come around to his house and recite! I then recognized the rigor of the punishment,—but it was not so hard as I had expected:—Difficulties and dangers are often magnified by distance. 'The Past and Present,' I think, was the subject of my Commencement oration; a very comprehensive and formidable theme. As I have not preserved it I cannot,—fortunately for you,—furnish you a copy for publication. I do not remember to have been interrupted by applause, nor to have received any bouquets; so it would seem not to have made a very great impression upon the audience. But I do remember of rehearsing it previously in Potter's woods, and the trees were very patient listeners.

I was now twenty-one years old, had a diploma from Princeton College, and the wide world was before me. Just previous to my graduation I had received through a friend a proposition to teach in a private family in Hancock, Maryland, along the Potomac. In August, 1863, I went to Hancock. The battle of Gettysburg had been fought in the previous July, and there was no communication with the Western part of Maryland by rail; from Chambersburg, Pa., I went by stage to Hagerstown, and the next day from there by stage again to Hancock. During this stage journey of about fifty miles I received my first impression of the meaning of war. Soldiers were everywhere, business was suspended, and everything was in disorder and confusion; and all strangers were looked upon with suspicion. I was told at the hotel in Chambersburg that they could not accommodate me, and it was only by good luck that I got a ride to Hagerstown. A few years ago I was in Hagerstown and tried to find the hotel where I stopped that night, but

there was nothing that looked like it, and I could find nobody that knew of it. What a change in this country since the war!

The time spent in Hancock, two and a half years, was a holiday. I was located in a very pleasant house just outside of the town, in a family noted for its hospitality, and out of school hours we hunted for partridges and wild turkeys, shot ducks and wild pigeons and caught great strings of bass in the Potomac,—‘Fond recollection loves to dwell’ amid those memories. A few years ago I was in Baltimore and saw there my old employer, in whose family I taught. He did not recognize me; his mind was a total blank:—The sight of old friends or places is often tragic!

While in Maryland I had ‘no thought of the morrow,’ but when I returned home the question arose, What to do? How shall my life be spent?—a vital question that everyone must answer. My diploma certified that “*Petrus Berrien Pumyea juvenem ingenium, moribus inculpatum, literisque humanoribus imbutum;*” but how shall these qualities be made efficient in earning a livelihood? After consultation and advice I determined to study medicine, and my diploma, given by Bellevue Hospital Medical College in New York city on the first day of March 1868, testifies to my authority to practise medicine and surgery.

I located at Imlaystown, N. J., on the eastern edge of Mercer county, and stayed there until the year after my marriage, which occurred in the fall of 1879. I then moved to Hightstown, nine miles north, and after living there two years moved to Allentown, part way back, where I still reside. We have had two children, a boy and a girl. The girl we lost when she was four years old; the boy is a graduate of Princeton University and now in his third year at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University. I should be glad to welcome any of the Class of '63 at my home in the quiet, retired village of Allentown, where I hope to spend the rest of my life.”

A. B. and A. M.

ABRAM BEACH READING, who was from Vicksburg, entered our Class as a Freshman with us and left at the beginning of the Sophomore year. He joined the Confederate army, and was killed before Richmond. This early close of his career

was reported to the Class at our Triennial and the fact was confirmed by Rowland Cox, Cross and Inman. Our Classmate Gammon had had a chance meeting with him in the street at Richmond, no long time before; but to the enquiries of the Class Historian replied, "That he knew nothing further of Reading, than that his people were prominent, of large means and of the best class." It was feared that this was all that could be imparted concerning him, when the Class Historian, after long seeking quite in vain, was put in communication with the only surviving relatives, through a firm in Vicksburg, who took a kind interest in the matter, whose name had been furnished by Mr. Gammon. The Warner and Searles company communicated that a cousin of Mr. Reading's there had given them the name of Miss Ella R. Reading, his only sister, of Abilene, Texas, who gladly sends the following:

"He was born at Vicksburg, Miss., September 21, 1841. His father was Cornelius Attwood Reading, whose older and younger brothers were Abram Beach Reading, from whom our Classmate was named, and Randolph Gouverneur Reading, and he is survived by one brother, Harry Attwood Reading and the sister above mentioned. The English origin of the family is attested by the name, derived from the old tenth century town across the water. His mother was Elizabeth C., daughter of Dr. Joel C. Rice, whose wife, his maternal grandmother was, also, a Rebecca Reading, a distant cousin of his father's. There were ancestors in both the Colonial and British armies in the Revolution.

"He was at Hagerstown, Md., in course of preparation for College two terms. He took up arms in the cause of the South when the war began, as a member of the 'Volunteer Southrons' of Vicksburg, a company later incorporated in the Twenty-first Mississippi Regiment, which was among the earliest sent to join General Lee's forces in Virginia. He went through the Peninsular campaign against McClellan and on the Chickahominy, and was shot in the action at Savage's Station during the 'Seven Days' Battles,' June 29, 1862."

HOWARD JAMES REEDER was a jurist of high authority, and was Judge of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania at the time of his death, having held other Judgeships and several

important public positions. He was born at Easton, December 11, 1843, and died there December 28, 1898.

He was descended from John Reeder, who came from England to the American Colonies in 1636, settling at Springfield, Mass., from which place he moved in 1652 to Newtown, L. I., and thence to near Trenton, N. J., about 1700. After the Revolution Absalom Reeder, grandfather of our Classmate, who had served as a soldier in the later years of that war, removed to Easton, Pa., where he spent the remainder of his life, dying in 1853, at eighty. His son, Andrew H. Reeder, was a man eminent in public trusts, and was by President Pierce, in 1854, appointed the first Governor of the Territory of Kansas. He was elected Senator from Kansas in 1856. The maternal grandfather was Christian J. Hutter, a Pennsylvania Colonel in the War of 1812.

Howard prepared with his brother Frank at Reynolds's Academy, now Mecklinburg College at Allentown, Pa., and at the Lawrenceville and Edge Hill schools, entering Sophomore. With Huey, J. K. Casey and Frank Reeder he was suspended for patriotic over-work at the pump-handle in the early days of 1861. He left College in the late fall of that year to accept a Commission as Second Lieutenant in Company A, First United States Infantry, and joined his regiment, serving on the Atlantic coast. Being wounded and in ill health, he resigned from the army and rejoined the Class in May, 1862; but left soon again with an appointment as Adjutant in the One Hundred and Fifty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, which was sent West. In the army of Missouri in 1862 he was wounded at New Madrid, March 13, and after the healing of his wound served in the army of the Potomac until his discharge, which took place after the battle of Gettysburg.

He chose the Law for his profession, and studied in the office of Hon. Henry Green, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, and afterwards at the Harvard Law School. He was admitted to practice in 1867, and formed a law partnership with his brother at Easton, under the firm name of Reeder & Reeder, which continued till he took his seat on the Bench. He was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in the Third Judicial District, by Governor Hoyt in 1881, and was reelected in his judgeship by election in 1884, serving till 1895. He then was ap-

pointed Judge of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania, and the same year was elected to the office for the full term of ten years, his lamented death, however, terminating his service at the close of 1898.

Judge Reeder was appointed Commissioner of Fisheries by Governor Hartranft, in 1873; he was candidate for Auditor-General in 1877 and was Delegate to the National Convention of the Republican party in 1876, and again in 1880.

He married Miss Helen Burke, May 7, 1867. One child died in infancy. His son, John Knight Reeder, of Philadelphia, is a graduate of Lafayette and has a daughter. The other living child is his daughter Leila, who is married to James W. Fox, Attorney at Law, also of Lafayette, and has a son. Judge Reeder's career, as soldier, in the pursuit of his profession and on the Bench, is an honor to the Class as well as to his name, as his companionship in the earlier College years is a green and happy recollection to us all as we look back to that now distant time.

A. B. and A. M.

FRANK REEDER, for a number of years Chairman of the Republican State Committee, is a publicist and an influence of importance in the politics of the great State of Pennsylvania. He was born at Easton, May 22, 1845. Brother of Howard Reeder, preceding, he prepared and entered College with him, sharing his popularity with some special favor of his own on account of his gay youthfulness,—and his suspension for hazarding a Northern student who expressed secession sentiments. Being younger than Howard, he remained till September 1862, when the war impulse claimed him.

His ancestry ascends from Absalom Reeder through a John, an Isaac and a John to still another John, the "exiled father" who among the Puritans "crossed the flood" in 1636. The parents' names were Andrew Horatio Reeder and Fredericka Amalia Hutter. The father was one of the earliest graduates of the famous Lawrenceville Academy. He was one of the most eminent lawyers of Pennsylvania, and filled many positions of importance and distinction, as stated in the previous sketch, and in the National Convention of the Republican party in 1860 was strongly urged by many for the nomination and received the third highest vote for Vice-President of the

United States, as "running mate" with the great Abraham Lincoln. Governor Reeder died in 1864.

Our Classmate, escaping from prosaic study and allowed his bent, entered the army as simple private in the Fourth Pennsylvania Infantry. In a month or two he was promoted to Adjutant of the One Hundred and Seventy-fourth, became, in October, 1865, Captain in the Nineteenth Cavalry; and "for conspicuous gallantry" was brevetted Major. As Lieutenant-Colonel commanding that,—which was the last volunteer regiment in the service,—he was discharged, June 6, 1866. He was taken prisoner in 1863, but escaped the enemy's hands, and he was wounded in the Battle of Nashville, December 17, 1864. In the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic after the war, Colonel Reeder was elected Department Commander, and in 1874 was appointed Brigadier-General of the National Guard of his State. This post he resigned in 1881.

Choosing his profession, he entered the Albany Law School and graduated LL. B. in 1868, in the Class with Major William McKinley, later to be President of the United States. Reeder had been accustomed to contact and acquaintance with those in public position in his father's home, and it was his fortune to be from the beginning of his legal career thrown into close association with men who were to hold some of the highest offices an American can attain. This circumstance doubtless contributed to shape his course. He was admitted to practice in the New York Supreme Court in March, 1868, and had offices in New York city, first, with Hon. J. K. Porter, and then with General Chester A. Arthur, who was also, some years later to be President.

In 1870 he returned to his own State and formed with his brother at Easton the law firm of Reeder & Reeder, a change which brought him into availability in the political life there. In 1900 he became the head of the present firm of Reeder & Coffin. In his financial and business relations he is President of the American Bangor Slate company, and a director of the Easton and Northern railroad, of the Easton Trust company and other corporations. His travels have taken him to Europe some eight times, to Cuba in 1893 and to Mexico in 1899, to Canada and various parts of this country.

General Reeder entered early into official and political life,

enjoying the confidence of his associates in places for which he had peculiar fitness. He was appointed Collector of revenue by President Grant for the Eleventh District of Pennsylvania in 1873 and served till 1876. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1888 and again in 1896, and Delegate-at-large to those of 1892 and 1900. In 1891 he was Republican candidate for the proposed Constitutional convention. That year in the absence of Lieutenant-Governor Watres, the State Chairman, then presiding at a special session of the Senate, Mr. Reeder's familiarity with political affairs and aptitude for such leadership caused him to be looked to, to fill that place, and acting in that capacity he took charge of the campaign of his party. The delicate duties of the position were discharged so much to satisfaction that in 1892 he was made State Chairman, and again in 1899 and 1900. He was Secretary of the Commonwealth under Governor Hastings in 1897, and Commissioner of Banking in 1900. Once more in 1901, after the State convention, he was selected as Chairman, and he holds the position still.

He married, October 21, 1868, Grace E. Thompson of Boston. Their children are, 1, Andrew Howard, born September 9, 1869, a graduate of Lafayette, '90, who married in 1872, Esther Eckard, and has issue, Andrew H. and Elizabeth Bayard. By profession an engineer, Mr. Reeder is now at the head of the department of Mines and Fuel of the Canadian Pacific railway. 2, Frank, Jr., born May 4, 1880, Lafayette, '01, now studying law. 3, Douglas Wyman, born August 25, 1883, Lafayette, '05.

Our Classmate's prominence and success in the management of political affairs have been marked. As John Fiske says of the deserved estimation of one of his finest New England characters, "The explanation is chiefly to be found in his inheritance of public spirit and rare ability, combined with the general favor won by genial manners and unblemished purity of life." With the sunny buoyancy that marked him as one of the youngest College boys among us when we were comrades of the campus, which he yet retains, and which gives him easy capacity for work, he yet seems to mix with it a certain vein of tender sentiment, like that of the one who would not drink the water drawn at risk of brave men's lives, but used

it religiously, a way of touching fine chords, which is attractive, the more because it is so rare and so unlike themselves, to even the roughest and the most bluntly practical of men, and tends greatly to make its possessor sure of their trust and following. A man that was generally liked and trusted, he has been "wanted for all sorts of things." A. B. and A. M.

BENJAMIN SHERROD RICKS, Jr., one of the most eminent and influential citizens of Mississippi since the Civil War, was born May 23, 1843, near Canton in Madison county, where the family lived when he left for College. His father, Benjamin S. Ricks, Sr., was a North Carolinian by birth, where his ancestors, of Welsh descent, located very early on a grant in Halifax county, who after having been educated at Chapel Hill, N. C., emigrated to Mississippi at twenty-eight and devoted himself to planting and to a commission business in New Orleans for twenty-two years, though he had been educated for a physician. The mother of our Classmate, Frances Winter, was of distinguished descent, a daughter of Major Winter, of Virginia, whose mother was the daughter of Bailey Washington, a first cousin of General George Washington, and the same relation to Henry Lee, "Light Horse Harry," the father of General Robert E. Lee.

Ricks received his preparatory education at the famous Bingham school in North Carolina, removed in recent years to Asheville, although he states in our Triennial "Record" that he "prepared at Tutwiter's school, Green Springs, Ala." He probably was at both schools. He came to Princeton in October, 1860, and roomed at Miss Passage's. He was in the midst of his College course when the war between the States broke out. He left, in April, 1861, with a great crowd of Southern students, when that unfortunate contest was seen to be inevitable, and indentified himself with the interests of his State. He enlisted in the Twenty-eighth Mississippi Cavalry, Co. C., was promoted to Lieutenant, and subsequently to Adjutant of his regiment, which was throughout the service with General W. H. Jackson's division of Cavalry and Frank Armstrong's brigade of Forrest's Corps, until it was surrendered, in Alabama, May 12, 1865. He was wounded at Adairsville, Ky., and was subsequently in many hard-fought battles in Tennessee.

After the war, writing to our Class Secretary, he says he "commenced planting, January 1, 1866," and the gallant gentleman speaks out in his greeting to the Class, in response to the invitation to our Triennial banquet,—"'Tis gratifying to the Southern members of the Class to see their Northern friends extending courtesy to us. We appreciate their kindness, and regret that we cannot attend the celebration in person. Will the Class accept my best wishes in its laudable efforts?" He finally settled at "Belle Prairie," his beautiful plantation home on the Yazoo river. Here he lived a quiet but busy and very successful life, until in 1882 he removed to Yazoo City. He was very active in promoting the efficiency of the State militia, of which he was made Major-General, by Governor Lowry, in 1880.

In 1873 he married, in Geneva, Switzerland, Miss Fanny Jones, of Charlotte, N. C., who survives him,—among the most accomplished and philanthropic ladies of the South. She erected a few years ago an exquisite and very substantial edifice for the Yazoo Library Association, as a memorial to her husband, known as The B. S. Ricks Memorial, a gem of architectural skill, costly and convenient, and the pride of the city where it is located.

This gracious and beneficent lady, at her own expense, in furtherance of the cause of education, has supported for years The University Summer School for the public school teachers of the entire State of Mississippi, to which recently, however, supplementary aid has been afforded from the Southern Educational Society, owing to the size to which it has grown. Last summer there were some 800 teachers in attendance upon this most excellent and well-planned school at the University buildings at Oxford in that State.

In 1884 General Ricks was made a member of the State Levee Board, a most important charge, in which the vast planting interests of the entire Mississippi Delta were and are concerned. While a member of this Board he did admirable service for the State. As a citizen and a business man his large views have made him of great influence in the community where he so long resided. He was among the most liberal investors in progressive enterprises that looked to the commercial improvement of the section, and his habit of success

and command over men always inspired confidence. At the time of his death, which occurred December 3, 1899, he was President of the People's Ice Plant, of the large Producers' Oil Mill, and of the Yazoo Commercial Company, and a Director in nearly all of the business institutions of any note in the locality. He was a generous supporter of the Yazoo Library Association, which now finds a splendid home in the striking and elegant structure erected to his memory. He was a generous supporter of the Presbyterian Church in which he became increasingly interested as his life advanced, and of which he was a member at the time of his death.

His brother, W. B. Ricks, Esq., and his sister, Mrs. Fanny R. Jones, reside at Canton. A brief outline such as this gives but an inadequate idea of the life and work of one who occupied a large place in the community where he made his home, and of the estimation in which he was held. General Ricks was a man of fine physique and most dignified bearing. His business interests were so manifold that it required great executive skill to manage them, and his large success indicates the measure of his ability as a man of affairs. He mastered the details of everything with which he was connected, and while loyal to all these serious obligations, no man ever enjoyed more than genial "Ben,"—as he was affectionately known,—the social amenities of life and the healthy recreations which prevail in this region of the country.

EUGENE ROACH was born at "Woodland," the country seat of his father, Benjamin Roach, near Natchez, Mississippi, on the 6th of April 1843. His father was a man of ample wealth, as wealth was counted in ante-bellum times, and owned large cotton plantations in Mississippi, both on the great river and on the Yazoo, and was also the owner of many slaves. His mother was a Miss Wilkins of Natchez, whose family were of distinction and prominence even during the Colonial period of Natchez, and when Mississippi was a Territory. In the formative days Colonel James C. Wilkins was a Territorial Governor after Governor Winthrop Sergeant's term expired. Mr. Roach died when his son Eugene was five years old, and the mother afterwards married Judge Alexander Montgomery, a noted jurist and public-spirited man. When

Eugene was about fifteen years of age, he accompanied his brother Wilkins, (who appears to have been the elder), to Princeton, where he was a student until the war of 1861-65 broke out. Their home address at this time, according to the Catalogue of our Freshman year, was Vicksburg, to which place the family seem to have moved in the interim from Natchez. The brothers left College to enter the Confederate army, in which they both served faithfully (as privates, apparently), until the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, in April 1865. Eugene, at the age of about eighteen, enlisted in a company called the "Natchez Rifles," which was raised by Mr. Alfred Davis, brother to the President of the Confederacy, at his own expense, who took the company off to Bowling Green, Ky., which point General Buckner had occupied at the initial stage of the war, but afterwards Captain Davis resigned and left his men in command of Lieutenant Bisland. They were changed around and finally distributed to other commands. Eugene was at Fort St. Philip on the lower Mississippi when Farragut bombarded and captured the forts below New Orleans. He swam the river in the general stampede, and made his way to the city, where his mother was then residing. But as the federal forces took possession he escaped out of the place as soon as he was able to accomplish it, and rejoined the Confederate army. He was in time to take part in the Battles of Corinth and Shiloh, at Chickamauga and other great battles, and during the siege of Vicksburg he was in the trenches fighting the combined forces of Grant and Farragut.

After the war he returned to New Orleans, where he met and married Miss Annie McLean, a lady widely celebrated as a vocalist of great artistic talent and ability, who survives him. She is of patriot stock; her great grandfather, Colonel B. Von Schaumberg, was one of General Washington's officers during the Revolutionary war, and her grand-uncle, Colonel James von Schaumberg, was of Mexican war fame and had previously fought also in the Seminole war in Florida.

Mr. Roach was of a very retiring and modest disposition, making little of his army service, and after the war scarcely ever referring to it. He cultivated his plantations successfully for a series of years when, about 1880, reverses came upon

his affairs and he removed from Mississippi to Louisiana to engage in other business. He died in New Orleans, April 20, 1894, and left a large family, all of them grown to years,—four sons and five daughters. The sons are James Lea McLean, Wilkins, Benjamin, and Schaumberg Roach. One of the daughters Miss Emma Roach, is now Mrs. Ross. Mrs. Roach resides in the city, and her address is 1630 Erato street, New Orleans.

JAMES WILKINS ROACH passed his early life with his brother Eugene, and entered the Class with him. They roomed at McVeigh's and left Princeton together at the end of their first year. They were from Vicksburg, according to the Catalogue of our Freshman year, but the "Record" of 1867, while reporting them as "not heard from," gives as their "P. O. address, Yazoo City." The Messrs. Warner and Searles of Vicksburg, write that "there were two families named Roach that lived in this county at the time, one for a long period previous, the other who had moved from Adams county, near Natchez, a short time before the war." The inference would be that the family of our Classmates was the latter of these two. The locality of their cotton estates was the theatre of General Grant's operations in the Vicksburg campaign and their property was no doubt devastated and subjected to loss, Captain Rowland Cox distinctly stating the fact that our forces occupied a plantation owned by them of which he had personal knowledge. The family were thus identified with all three places, Natchez, where Eugene Roach is stated to have been born, and not unlikely his brother likewise, Vicksburg and Yazoo City. The Class Historian, whose researches were perplexed by this circumstance, is indebted to Mrs. Rebecca B. Marks, of Natchez, widow of Rev. Alexander Marks (of '62), for assistance in recovering traces of these Classmates, whose friends he had vainly tried to reach; and to Mr. T. H. Roach of Rosedale, Miss., (formerly of Marksville, La.,) who, though not a kinsman, but of a wholly different family, writes that both Eugene and Wilkins were his school-fellows in 1856-57. He says, "Your letter brings back such a host of long-dormant memories, that I fear I may become prolix in replying. Wilkins married Miss Kate, the lovely

daughter of Dr. D. B. Nailor, living near Vicksburg. They both have passed away (many years ago), leaving one son, Nailor Roach." He also knew Mrs. Eugene Roach in her girlhood as a popular belle and musical favorite, and on removing to New Orleans from Vicksburg, in 1881, renewed the old friendship with them and their family. By his courtesy the address of Mr. James Lea McLean, a prominent cotton operator of the city was obtained, brother of the last mentioned lady,—who states that Wilkins Roach, like her husband, "served the whole four years of the war of 1861-65," and that his son, Nailor Roach, Esq., is living and at this time residing on his plantation near Vicksburg.

SYLVANUS SAYRE was a devoted missionary, first in Chile and later on the Pacific coast, where he ended his labors February 8, 1900.

The son of David P. and Hannah Murphy Sayre, he was born at Bridgeton, N. J., March 30, 1836. He fitted at the Philadelphia High School and Media Classical Institute. He entered Freshman, roomed in the Refectory, and took three years in the Seminary. He "always kept up his interest in Princeton and delighted to talk of his seven years there to younger men who had been there later." His widow writes from Portland, Oregon:—

"I wish my husband to be kept in the memory of his Classmates, and would not like a history of his Class to appear without some notice of him. Immediately after leaving the Seminary he went to Chile, South America, at first in the Union Church, Valparaiso, under the American and Foreign Christian Union, afterwards coming under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. He married there, May 4, 1868, Miss Maria Emma Laroze, and there were born to them two daughters, now living, the mother dying at the birth of the second, in 1871.

He continued his work in Chile at Talca and Copiapa until the summer of 1876, when he returned to the United States. He supplied different churches in and around Philadelphia during the next few years, until May 24, 1880, when we were married, and went to live near Alleghany, Pa., taking charge of a chapel started as a mission by the Leetsdale Church, then

under the care of Rev. R. S. Van Cleve, his Princeton Classmate. There our son, James Van Cleve, was born, twenty-one years ago.

In 1885, from different reasons, health being one, we determined to come West, and went as far as California, where for several months Mr. Sayre preached in a newly organized Church at San Geronio. That did not seem a fit place for us to settle, and we moved on, finally getting to Oregon. There he joined the Oregon Presbytery as it then was, comprising the whole State, and was sent to supply the Church in Linkville, Klamath county, staying nearly two years. He supplied the Church at Oakland, together with another at Wilbur, for a time. The next and final move, from motives of my own health was to Clatsop Plains, in Clatsop county, near the mouth of the Columbia river and also near the Pacific ocean. There we found a quiet resting place, and as it was soon shown us that Mr. Sayre's health was failing, we settled there and stayed nearly twelve years. Though not installed, he was virtually pastor to that whole scattered community. The last few years he was able only to preach once each Sabbath, but kept that up,—even after his physician had warned him not to preach,—until the last Sabbath in October, 1899. Valvular disease of the heart had been coming on for some time, and he gradually grew worse until he died.

He was buried in the graveyard of the little Church within sound of the Pacific's waves, and it is worthy of note that this Church which he served so long was the first organized Presbyterian Church on this Pacific coast. In September 1896, we held a semi-centennial, which was attended by a large gathering of those formerly connected with the Church and neighborhood, assisted by the Astoria Church and pastor, who took a lively interest in the commemoration. A semi-centennial of anything in this new land is a remarkable event.

Mr. Sayre's daughters, whom I have brought up as my own, are married,—the elder followed her husband to Alaska, after her father's death, and is still there. The younger is living in San Francisco, and is blessed with a beautiful little son. Our son, James, had always shown a decided taste for journalism, and is now employed as reporter on the *Oregonian*, of Portland, and making and keeping a home for me; for

he is my main dependence." While supplying the Clatsop Church Mr. Sayre's address was Skipanon, and subsequently Warrenton. He died, February 8, 1900. Mrs. Sayre was Miss Mary Catharine Brown of Philadelphia. A. B. and A. M.

WILLIAM LIBBEY SEXTON is a New York merchant-manufacturer, and has been long active in promoting the work of certain of the wisely organized philanthropies of the city and vicinity, among which is the Christadora House, of which he is Treasurer.

He writes,—“A snowstorm on the night of January 28, 1845, landed me in the Bowery,—what would you expect from a Bowery Boy? This one's parents were shrewd enough to move themselves over to the West side of Manhattan in the days when Forty-second street was farm land.” He bears the name of that William Libbey who was a partner of the famous house of A. T. Stewart & Co., father of Professor Libbey, of Princeton. He went to school at Twelfth street and Broadway, then up to Twenty-second street, and finally to Willis's school, the “Institute,” at Freehold, N. J. Thence he came at the age of fifteen to the Sophomore Class in 1860. His father, whose ancestors were from Concord and Lexington, Mass., was born at Paterson, N. J.; his mother at Newburgh, N. Y. His early religious training was in New York under the venerable Dr. James W. Alexander in the Fifth Avenue Church then at Nineteenth street, where, he says, “I remember once of reaching the head of the Sunday School for good recitations in Catechism.”

Mr. Sexton's distinction is that of being the youngest man in the Class.

“The breaking out of the war in 1861 paralysed business so much that it was necessary for me to leave College at the end of the year; and getting a taste of business life, I made the mistake of not resuming my studies later on. Not rooming on the College grounds, I had not the opportunity to make the friendships that come with a closer contact with the life of the Campus; but I enjoyed the year at Princeton thoroughly, and have ever been proud of the splendid Class of '63.” Few of our Classmates have maintained so close a touch with Princeton since the day of our leaving there as Mr. Sexton; his eldest

son, William Alfred, was a graduate of the Class of '94, and was Secretary of his Class. Sorrowful to say, he died, since we met last year at Princeton, October 1, 1903.

Mr. Sexton's older brother, Augustus Wilder Sexton, was a graduate, of the Class of '60,—“Too young to enlist, I unselfishly let my big brother go to the front, and remained at home watching his career as he served on General Banks's Staff in Louisiana. I naturally took up my father's business, that of the manufacture of fine grade jewelry, gems, etc., which I have followed with a fair measure of success to the present time.

I married Antoinette Bradley Jenkins, in 1867, a lovely Christian woman, who passed to her rest in 1877, leaving three sons;—of whom I can say, that they, neither of them, have ever brought anything but pride and pleasure to their father. While the boys were still children of tender age, I married Mary Anderson, who to them has been a faithful and good mother. My eldest boy died as above stated, in October, 1903; in the same month my youngest son, Herbert, was married to a Miss Dorrance, in New York.

In matters of my business life, I was President of the New York Jewellers' Association in 1892, the representative body of the wholesale Jewellers of the East. I was Chairman of the Board of School Trustees at West Brighton, Staten Island, when we erected a \$9,500 school house, during my residence there; and was one of the Eldership of the West Brighton Calvary Presbyterian Church, and was Chairman of the Building Committee when the edifice was burned and a fine new one was built. I have always been Superintendent of a Sunday school, and now as a resident of Manhattan am an upholder of Vermilye Chapel, on the West Side, and am in charge of its Sunday school. My spare time is largely devoted, and for some years has been, to the work of Christadora House, on the east side of the city, one of the 'Settlements' planted in the midst of the excessively crowded districts as a centre of effort for the young people who have few opportunities." Sexton writes, "God bless you for being so patient with me; I am so busy that I scarcely have time to eat. I have been at Christadora all the afternoon telling the Managers of my success in raising some thousands to pay all indebtedness to date. Just

think, in that one Settlement there are twenty-one Clubs, eleven for girls and ten for boys!

The most agreeable function I attended last year was the Reunion of '63 at the Princeton Inn. I hope to attend a few more of the same kind." Business address, 7 Maiden Lane; residence, 229 West 97th street, New York City.

GEORGE WILLIAM SHELDON is an Author, Journalist and Critic of subjects connected with art, who for a series of years was a resident in London as the representative of the publishing house of D. Appleton & Company of New York. At a meeting of the Class in the Senior Recitation room, March 16, 1863, Sheldon was elected Class Secretary, in which office he was succeeded by Huey, upon whose death it was devolved upon Patton. In 1867 he printed the volume, "Records of the Class of Sixty-three, College of N. J.," to which frequent reference has been made in these pages. It contains an account of the Triennial meeting and banquet; sketches or notes of 109 of the Class, (all except Albro and John H. Done); a "Roll of Honor," the war record of thirteen Classmates* who served

*The names of this Roll of Honor are as follows;—Rowland Cox, Holden, Huey, (navy), Hunt, Jackson, Mac Coy, (navy), Marcellus, Moffat, Wm. E. Potter, Frank Reeder, Howard Reeder, Stanfield, and John M. Williams, 13,

The following were also in the Union service;—Baird, Breckinridge, Colman, Hamilton, Holmes, McCauley, Merritt, McLeod Thomson, and Henry M. Williams, $9 + 13 = 22$. Stryker was at the Wilderness on surgical work, and Strickler in the same at Washington, Patton was in the Pay Department, Baldwin in the Quartermaster's Department, and Lupton lost his life in the Freedmen's service. Finally, Dewing, Foster, Hayt and Swinnerton were in the Christian Commission service, the latter also spent periods of four months and six months in the recruiting service, Nichols likewise was in the Provost Marshal's service in recruiting. Holden, Hunt, Breckinridge, Merritt and John M. Williams lost their lives in the service, or from injury resulting in death shortly after.

On the Confederate side, there were the following seventeen in the service;—Gammon, Greenwood, Hueston, Hutchins, Inman, King, Locke, Marks, Phipps, John H. Potter, Reading, Ricks, E. Roach and J. W. Roach, Henley Smith, Washburn and Whaley. Greenwood, Marks John H. Potter and also Reading lost their lives, all killed in battle or from the immediate effects of wounds.

The whole number of soldiers is thirty-eight,—over one third of the hundred and eleven. (See the Mortuary Statement at the foot of the sketch of Lupton).

in the Federal forces; and a necrological record embracing extended obituaries of Holden, Hunt, Lupton, Marks, John H. Potter, John Magie Williams and Sutphen, the last by his pen. The present Class Historian acknowledges his great indebtedness to this most valuable work, in undertaking suddenly the totally unexpected task of tracing the same names after a period of forty years, during which he had scarcely heard of the greater part of them.

Sheldon was born in Summerville, S. C., January 28, 1843. He prepared at Pearl Cottage Seminary, Elizabeth, and entered in April, 1860, near the close of the Freshman year. His home was at Princeton, in Mercer street. He received the Valedictory at our Graduation, and was easily one of our best students. He studied Theology in New York at the Union Seminary for two years, when in 1865 he became Tutor of Latin in the College, and returning to Princeton studied in the Seminary there, becoming Tutor of Belles Lettres in 1866. In 1867 he was appointed Instructor in the Oriental Languages in the Union Seminary and spent the years from that time till 1873 in New York in that work. He subsequently devoted himself to Journalism, Art Criticism and Authorship, and by and by went to Europe in a business capacity, as above stated. The College recognized his literary work with the degree of L. H. D. in 1896.

Mr. Sheldon is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, like our Classmate Patterson. He has been a contributor to Harpers, The Century, etc. He has published a considerable list of books, principally on art subjects and kindred matters:—"American Painters," "Hours with Art and Artists," "Artistic Homes," "Artistic Country Seats," "Selections in Modern Art," and "Recent Ideals of American Art." One of his earlier works was a "Story of the Fire Department of New York City," and a more recent one is "Ideals of Life in France."

A. B., A. M. and L. H. D., 1896.

WILLIAM PRESTON SMALLEY, son of Andrew A. Smalley, was born at Stanhope, N. J., September 12, 1841, where he lived the early part of his life. He gave a whimsical account of his youthful, boarding school and College days in the Class "Record" of 1866-67. He was among the most ele-

gant men in our Class, exceedingly agreeable in manner and full of wit and amusement. He was a very good scholar, and the promise of a most brilliant and serviceable career was sadly cut off by his untimely death. The following account is furnished by Mrs. Smalley:

"At the age of twelve he was sent to boarding school at Flushing, Long Island, at which school he prepared for Princeton College. Naturally of a studious turn of mind, he took a high standing through his College course and was graduated with credit. After leaving College (and indeed for three months before) he was prostrated with a severe illness, from which he did not speedily rally, and broken in health he traveled for a year, "over our disjointed country." On his return to Newark he entered the law office of Hon. Joseph P. Bradley and pursued his studies until September 1865, when he entered Harvard Law School.

In June, 1868, he married Isabel, daughter of Edwin Van Antwerp, of Newark. In the spring of 1870 he went to Europe hoping to find improvement in his health; but all such efforts were unhappily in vain. After another year of patient endurance and suffering, death claimed him as its own. On the afternoon of Monday, May 6, 1872, he entered into life abundant with the hope of a glorious immortality."

A. B. and A. M.

JOHN HENLEY SMITH now living retired in his birth-place, Washington, was a Confederate soldier and subsequently, for a series of years, a merchant of San Francisco. He left Princeton in 1862, during our junior year, and joined the Confederate army that fall, serving, first, as Aide on the staff of Brig.-Gen. John Pegram, in the Army of the Tennessee, where he was in the Battle of Murfreesboro and many smaller engagements, covering the retreat of Bragg's army. Subsequently he was Aide on the staff of Major-General Edward Johnson of the Army of Virginia, taking part in the fight at Brandy Station and connected operations, when he held the honorary rank of Captain. Thirdly, in 1864, he joined the Forty-third Regiment of Cavalry, commanded by Colonel John S. Mosby, known as Mosby's Partisan Rangers, and served till the close of the war in that organization, which was sur-

rendered at Winchester, Va., in April, 1865. He was paroled, and soon allowed to join his family then in Baltimore.

His father, J. Bayard H. Smith, of an influential Philadelphia family, was born in Washington, was a graduate of Princeton of the Class of '29, and practiced Law in Washington many years, but during the Civil War removed to Baltimore. Henley Smith himself was born February 24, 1843, at the home of his mother's father, Commodore John Dandridge Henley, U. S. Navy, after whom he was named. Commodore Henley was the nephew of Mrs. George Washington, our Classmate's great-grandmother being Elizabeth Dandridge, who was a sister of Mrs. Washington and who married a Henley. The ancestral Smiths first came to America from England about 1630, nine generations back, and there has been since in the family no admixture of foreign blood. They settled first in Boston, but moving about a hundred years later to Philadelphia, his great-grandfather, Jonathan Smith, married there Miss Bayard and took the name of Jonathan Bayard Smith. He graduated at Princeton in the Class of 1760, his diploma, as well as that of his degree of A.M., being in the possession of his descendant, who has also the sword which this ancestor carried through the Revolution as Colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment in the First Battalion. This ancestor was a member of the three Continental Congresses, and also a Trustee of the College of New Jersey for thirty years, as well as a Trustee of the University of Pennsylvania.

Samuel Harrison Smith, our Classmate's grandfather, and son of Jonathan Bayard Smith, graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, and came to Washington with the Government from Philadelphia in the year 1800. Here he established the famed newspaper, *The National Intelligencer*, which he edited for many years. He served for a while in the Cabinet of President Monroe; was President ten years of the Bank of Washington, besides being one of its incorporators, and was also President of the District branch of the Bank of the United States, afterwards abolished by Andrew Jackson. Samuel H. Smith married his cousin, Miss Margaret Bayard, daughter of Colonel John Bayard, also a Revolutionary hero, being Colonel of the Second Pennsylvania Regiment, besides being a Member and Speaker of the Continental Congress. He was for thirty

years a Trustee of Princeton and had four sons, brothers of Mrs. Smith's, all graduates of the College, besides the husband of another daughter, the elder Judge Andrew Kirkpatrick, who was both a graduate and Trustee. Thus our Classmate is thoroughly identified with our oldest traditions, having two great-grandfathers Trustees, one of whom was a graduate (1760), four great-uncles and one great-uncle by marriage who were graduates, in addition to his father J. B. H. Smith, of the Class of '29.

Our Classmate, who prepared for college in Washington and entered Freshman, says he has never been to Princeton since the Class Meeting in 1866, owing to residing for many years at so great a distance, and the habit since of passing long periods out of the country. "I know no greater pleasure that could be given me," he writes, anent the invitation to the late reunion, "than to revisit under such auspices the scenes of those youthful days, long since past; to renew old and happy friendships, and see what the lapse of time may have done, for the individual, as well as for the place; to meet once more, in older age, those with whom near three happy early years were spent; again associate as in days of langsyne, and 'be boys again,' at least in recollection. Particularly for me would the pleasures be of the greatest, as my life since leaving Old Nassau has been chiefly spent at distant points, far removed from any connection with early times, with no opportunity for continuation of the early friendships, or to make it possible to be in touch with the college or its associations."

After the close of the war Mr. Smith went into business in Baltimore, as a cotton factor and general commission merchant, in the firm of Hall, Smith & Company, afterwards J. Henley Smith & Company. He moved in 1872 to San Francisco, and in 1873 went into business there, and so continued until 1891, when being in bad health he sold his interest, going to Europe in search of recovery by travel, etc. Since that time he has been without employment, and, although his health is happily regained, he cares not to find any. He settled permanently in Washington in 1897, where half the year is spent, the remainder being passed in Europe. "The 'unfriendly world' has been moderately kind and considerate,—has used me mildly,—my friends say, kindly. In any event, I am suffering from

neither surfeit nor want." He married in Baltimore, April 30, 1867, Miss Mary Rebecca Young. "She still continues my good helpmate, but the one toast upon the festive occasion, 'to young Smith,' has failed to realize, as I am without children."

In San Francisco Mr. Smith was elected several times to the Board of Supervisors,—the governing body of the city,—and was also Chairman for a number of years of its Finance Committee, controlling the expenditure of from five to six millions yearly. He was the Democratic nominee for Mayor, but after a brief canvass retired, owing to disruptions in the party. He was Lieutenant-Colonel upon the Staff, both of Governor Irving and Governor Perkins, the latter now Senator. In the years of his leisure he has "run around the world," visiting Japan, China, India, Palestine, Egypt, and all the Mediterranean coast of Africa, as well as about all the European countries, having crossed the Atlantic twenty-odd times for travel and pleasure,—besides being, at one time or another, in every State of this country, Canada, Mexico and Cuba. His "present pursuit" is "killing time,—enjoying the privilege of living without labor or worry, to eat, sleep and be merry as opportunity offers." Permanent address, 1224 Connecticut avenue, Washington, D. C.

Respecting the historically interesting letters mentioned by Judge Kirkpatrick, Mr. Smith writes as follows: "I have *several thousand* of the letters spoken of as being written to my grandfather and grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith, and others of the family, by the different prominent persons of a hundred years or so ago. Known to exist *under the lock and key* of my parents, they have been only lately inherited by me from them and are now allowed to be seen and their contents given from time to time to the public. Indeed by judges in such matters this accumulation is pronounced to be one of the most valuable collections of autograph letters, (not belonging to a Collector, but family letters) in the United States."

REV. HUGH SMYTHE, A. M., was born in the North of Ireland in 1834. His mother was English, his father Scotch-Irish. When almost sixteen years old he came to New York, and after living there for some time, decided to enter Princeton

College. During College he was a member of the Princeton Quartette, and in graduating was Class Poet. While in Princeton he reached the decision to enter the ministry, and for that purpose returned to Ireland and studied one year at Magee College at Londonderry in Ulster, living with his brother, Dr. Richard Smythe, who was a professor there at that time. He completed his course in theology in Geneva, Switzerland; returned to Ireland, and was called to a Church at White House, a suburb of Belfast. At White House he remained until he was called, in 1873, to the Seventh Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, where he had been heard when on a visit to this country.

Mr. Smythe married, in 1874, Miss Sarah Scarborough, of Cincinnati. Two years afterwards he removed in response to a call from the Second Presbyterian Church at Elizabeth, New Jersey, which he accepted and of which he was pastor for the period of nine years. After leaving Elizabeth he spent some time in Europe. Upon his return he took charge of the Presbyterian Church at Schooley's Mountain, spending his winters, however, in the South, in Bermuda, Florida, the West Indies, California, etc., for the benefit of his health, which for some years had become impaired. He died in Cincinnati of heart trouble, in September, 1901.

Mr. Smythe, we are assured, always kept his love for Princeton, and some of his pleasantest days in these last years were at the meetings there. His location in New Jersey enabled him to be present at many of the Commencements; he often witnessed the football games; and was interested in every change the College had undergone and in every victory won by the students. It was pleasant to see his face among those who met at the Reunion in 1893, and no greeting was heartier than his.

Smythe was the only one of our number not born in this country, if we except Freeman, born in India, but of course of purely American parentage and nationality. DuBois was of pure Swiss parentage, Swinnerton of pure English, and O'Hanlon of parents from the South of Ireland; Moffat's parentage was Scotch and American, Baird's American and Swiss. These six only of our Class were and are of anything but entirely pure American blood, so far as their ancestry is given

in these pages,—and that too in no case less than a number of generations back, with the exception of McLeod Thomson, whose grandfather was Scotch; King, English and Young whose grandparents were English and Welsh. In this distinctively American collection it is instructive to observe the thorough mingling of Saxon and Norman English with Scotch and Scotch-Irish, in blend with Netherlands Dutch and Palatine German, Huguenot French, Puritan, Cavalier and Quaker—together with one name from Franco-English Guernsey, one from Norway, as stated, and one Polish. By himself stood our Choctaw, McFarlan, the only one of other than Caucasian race.

A. B. and A. M.

SAMUEL HENRY SOUTHARD, born in Newark, N. J., May 29, 1844, died at Trenton, November 2, 1869. Already at the Triennial Meeting, Southard was reported as “quite unwell, and unable to engage in any professional pursuits.” His brother, James L. Southard, of Winchester, Mass., sends the following touching lines: “He was a good boy and young man, though self-accusing and melancholy, as you probably remember. While his mind was normal he gave himself to the Lord, and thought seriously of studying for the ministry. He died in the communion of the Christian Church. We laid him away to rest one afternoon in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, at Newark, 1869. The pathos of it all seems fresh after the lapse of four and thirty years; however, it will seem brighter further on.”

The son of Henry Southard, he was great-grandson of that Henry Southard who was Congressman from New Jersey for twenty-one years, by successive re-elections, voluntarily retiring in 1821; and grand-nephew of Samuel L. Southard, Governor of New Jersey, United States Senator, and Secretary of the Navy under President John Quincy Adams.

His preparation was at Mount Retirement, Sussex county, N. J., and Newark Academy. He entered Freshman, but was out one year from ill health. He took up medicine, but his failing condition obliged him to abandon such work, and he never married.

The Class Historian remembers affording Southard a little cheer in the matter that lay so heavily on his mind, in a con-

versation during the religious interest, for which he showed an affecting gratefulness. A. B.

EDWARD PEEBLES STANFIELD refers us to the "Record" of 1866-7 for the initial facts of his career, which are to this effect: He is the son of Thomas S. and Nancy H. Stanfield and was born where he now lives, at South Bend, Indiana, December 25, 1842. He fitted in his native town and entered Freshman, rooming at 31 North; and in 1861 left for the war. He married, August 25, 1865, Miss Anna E. Harris. From October that year till the next April he was studying at Ann Arbor in the University of Michigan Law School, and was then, in 1867, practicing as a lawyer, the address of his firm being Anderson & Stanfield, South Bend.

From this point the Class will best enjoy his being allowed to speak for himself: "I have but little to add. After practicing law about two years I, in 1868, engaged in the retail lumber and sash and door manufacturing business;—this I continued for thirty years, retiring in 1898, with heaps of experience, but no fortune. But, like Mrs. Wiggs, I am thankful for many afflictions I am free from,—corns for instance.

My wife, whose companionship I possessed for thirty-five years, died in 1900. I have three children,—none have died,—two daughters and a son. One of the former and the son are married, and I am twice a grandfather, the first time about three years ago. In regard to forebears and Revolutionary antecedents, I have learned that my mother had an uncle named McClintock, who served one year with the Virginia troops,—if that will do?

I was prepared for College by Rev. A. Y. Moore, who still lives and, although over eighty years old, is yet erect in form and seemingly in his sixties. I left College for good during the first session of the Junior year to enter the Volunteer army. I had left once before, but that was forced on me because I was so intimate with Zabriskie, Hueston, Van Dyke, Van Cleve, et al. My service in the army was from September, 1861, to December, 1865, when I was mustered out. During that time I was Adjutant of the Forty-eighth Indiana, with rank of First Lieutenant.

Since leaving College I have met only three or four of the

Class;—I talked with Mat. Lowrie about fifteen minutes many years ago, and was visited by Van Cleve for one day at a later time. I met Henry M. Williams once, some time in May, 1862, during the campaign of Corinth, Miss. I encountered Rowland Cox at Savannah just as I left the service,—I had seen him the year before, in Alabama. I see you have marked a ‘D’ after the name,—prominent in the law in New York City. I had seen no notice of his death. He delivered a lecture on ‘Trade Marks’ at the World’s Fair in Chicago, and the next day the *Chicago Tribune* had his picture. Such things are generally poor, but this was especially awful. I cut it out and sent it to Cox with a few remarks about the effect of age on the ‘slick’ Aide-de-Camp I once saw down in ‘ole Alabama.’ He replied immediately, in a very witty vein.

I had a short correspondence, many years ago, with ‘Teddy’ Van Dyke, the Class Gunpowder-plotter,—I suppose you know that he is associated with our President, Teddy Roosevelt, in a book on the ‘Deer Family’ in this country, lately published. About a year before the death of J. C. Huston, I read that a man of that name had been made Manager of the Associated Press. I wrote to his address, and asked him if he was the little imp Huston of the Class of ’63? He replied that he was so very busy that he could only say that he was the same individual, and would promise to write more fully later. His death intervened, and as he did not write, I know nothing of his family, or of his own life. He surely had energy and ability to reach the position he held, from the wreck of the Civil war. As to Sayre,—Van Cleve must know all about him, as they were quite close in neighborhood for several years in Pennsylvania. I remember how *old* Sylvanus’s bald head seemed, in the Classroom;—but I have learned to have respect for the bald heads! I don’t envy you the job of wading through such letters as this, and finding it mostly chaff.”

The job of wading back thus up the stream of time has been like paddling again in boyhood brooks, and what he calls chaff are really seeds of grain gold. I give this instead of merely a digest only to show how rich these sands have been.

Mr. Stanfield was appointed the first Comptroller of his

city under its new charter, in 1901, serving during two years, when the opposite party cut short his political career.

A. B. and A. M.

ABRAHAM H. STRICKLER, M. D., is a practicing physician in Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, where he is interested likewise extensively in business and financial operations.

Dr. Strickler was born January 23, 1840, near Greencastle, in Antrim township, Franklin county, Pennsylvania. He was the youngest of four sons of Joseph and Mary (Snively) Strickler.

He entered Freshman with us, August 11, 1860. The College year began early in those primitive days, and we had short vacations, compared with the indulgence of these indolent times. Six weeks was all our play-spell. Strickler was chosen one of the Junior Orators from Whig Hall, and he graduated with the Class, in 1866, receiving his Master's degree in Course, at the conclusion of his medical studies.

After graduation he proceeded at once to New York and during the next three years studied medicine in Bellevue Hospital Medical College, where he graduated in 1866. While pursuing this course he was a Medical Cadet in the Union army in 1864, and while yet an undergraduate performed the duties of Assistant Surgeon at Lincoln Hospital, at Washington.

He commenced private practice at Mercersburg, Pa., in 1866, and remained there five years. In 1871 he located in Waynesboro, on the southern edge of the State, west of Gettysburg. Here he has ever since been prominently engaged in the practice of his profession, interesting himself in public affairs to some extent, contributing his assistance in the business undertakings of the locality and likewise in religious concerns. In 1893 and 1894 he was a Member of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, and he has been influentially interested in the industrial and other institutions of the place. He is a Director of two of Waynesboro's largest manufacturing industries, of one of which he is the President. He is a Director of the Citizens' National Bank, and President of the Board of Health, which latter position he has held for ten years.

Dr. Strickler married, in 1870, Miss Clara Anna Besore.

Their children have been two sons and one daughter, one of the sons having died in infancy.

Present address, Waynesboro, Pa.

A. B. and A. M.

SAMUEL STANHOPE STRYKER has been ever since 1868 established in the practice of medicine in what we used to know as West Philadelphia, long since included within the corporate limits.

He was born in Trenton, N. J., May 4, 1842, and says, "There was nothing remarkable about my early life; I was simply plain old Sam Stryker; fond of all kinds of sports, and a great lover of horses,—am yet."

His father, Samuel S. S. Stryker, was born in Princeton and was named for President Smith, with whose family the Strykers were intimate. His mother was Mary Scudder, born at Scudder's Falls, on the Delaware in Mercer county, N. J., descended from Thomas Scudder, born in England, who came over in 1635. On the father's side the ancestor was Jan Strijcker, who came from Holland in 1652, and settled in New Amsterdam, later in Midwont, Long Island.

He prepared under Rev. S. M. Hamil at Lawrenceville with Van Cleve and graduated there in 1860, when he entered among the Immortals, spent three years in the Olympian seats and graduated in their company. Stryker says, "It seems to me that I have always been on hand at all our Class Reunions, but I cannot remember much about them." (It is queer about our Reunions;—see, under Holmes.)

Deciding for physic, he went into the office of Dr. Charles Hodge, Jr., in Trenton, to begin the study. With his preceptor he went to the front at the end of the first year when the call came for surgeons and assistants during the fight in the Wilderness. To this army practice he added a rare experience during the cholera epidemic while serving as Resident Physician to the Philadelphia Hospital, to which he was elected after his graduation, M. D., at the University of Pennsylvania. He entered that Medical School in the fall of 1864, graduated in March, 1866, served two years in the Hospital mentioned, and then set up in West Philadelphia. He was visiting Obstetrician to the same Hospital for sixteen years, and he has been for a number of years, and is still, a member of the Medical

Staff of the Presbyterian Hospital. We know Sam means it when he says, "What I have accomplished during my medical career, has come through patience and perseverance, by an earnest devotion to my profession and love of it, and a faithful, constant attention to my work. I have gained the confidence of the people and have gathered around me a host of friends. I have every reason to feel that my medical life has not been a failure."

Our Classmate has received many marks of civic and professional recognition. He has been for twenty-eight years a Member of the Philadelphia Board of School Directors and for a number of years has represented the Alumni in the Board of Managers of the University Hospital. He is a Fellow of the College of Physicians, and a Member of the Pathological, the Obstetrical, the Pediatric, and of the Philadelphia County Medical societies. In the historical and patriotic direction, he has been for three years Vice-President of the Holland Society of New York representing Philadelphia; President of the Netherlands Society of Philadelphia, and Honorary Vice-President and Member of the Board of Governors of the Princeton Club in Philadelphia. He is likewise a Member each, of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, of the Colonial Wars, of the Historical Society of Philadelphia, and of the Fairmount Park Art Association.

But what are these honors? He was the Dear Boy of us all, so full of laugh and jolly humor, with that curative smile that took away the drear burden of dull tasks, and helped make us all happy, making him a Healer before he knew medicine. The present writer used to like to adorn his Mathematical Note Book with pictures of quadrants and globes, but hated the work of writing up the weary record of sines and cosines and things he did not understand. Sam took the book and wrote up the notes in his easy hand; and good Duff, passed it, because of the manifest kindness of such a deed! And so he has been doing good and curing miseries every since, just by his goodness. Instead of rank pills and bitter doses or sharp scalpels, to disgust and to cut, he has carried flasks of good humor, phials from which dropped tender consideration and consoling faith, plasters of patience and warm applications of sympathy.

He stepped from the doors of the hospital, and the doors and hearts of West Philadelphia opened to him. He has given them longer lease of life, he has saved their infants, eased the pains of childhood, and men have thought it comfort even to die, if Sam Stryker could be at their bedsides! He is the depository of their holiest confessions, the only one who could explain their deepest mysteries, the only one who can appreciate their saddest sorrows. And he has been a source of happiness to them through it all, always bringing relief, hope, encouragement, when he came.

He has his happy home at the Northeast corner of Walnut and 39th streets, Philadelphia.

Dr. Stryker married Miss Grace M. Bartlett of New York, April 11, 1877. Four sons have been given them, of whom three have now been received back by the Giver, and the youngest alone remains, Abner Bartlett, who is in business life. The first son died at birth, and the third, Malcolm, when still a child, September, 1883. Among several painful things in the course of the preparation of this book, not the least so to the writer is to announce to the members of the Class that Dr. Stryker's second son, bearing his own name, was taken away with great suddenness by an attack of acute sickness so lately as March 29th last. A fine young medical man of twenty-four, he graduated at the old College in 1902, and was studying his profession at the University of Pennsylvania. Surely this draws forth the respectful sympathy of us all.

Dr. Stryker is our Class President. He writes with reference to our officers that he does not remember our having a Class Treasurer after Westcott, our transactions calling for no special need of it. He says, "Up to fifteen years ago I don't think we had any regular Officers," (at least since the early days). "At a reunion at that time I was elected President and Huey was made Secretary. At any meetings we may have had before, a Chairman, I think, was selected for that particular time." And he adds,—“My mind is very foggy about the Class Boy, and the Class Cup, and the Class Stamp. It is particularly unfortunate that so little appears to be remembered about these matters. They would be items of especial interest in a book such as you are preparing.”

A. B. and A. M.

ISAAC FISHER SUTPHEN belonged to a gifted family of scholars and professional men, graduates of Princeton, among whom prevailed a singular and mournful fatality. John Crater Sutphen, M. D., of the Class of '56, a physician of Plainfield, died in 1878. Rev. Morris Crater Sutphen, D.D., also of '56, who was our tutor in Greek, filled pastorates of six years each in Philadelphia, Spring Garden Church, and New York, the Scotch Church, but died in 1875. His son, Morris Crater Sutphen, Jr., of the Class of '90, was Associate Professor of Latin in Johns Hopkins, but lost his life by drowning at Atlantic Highlands in August, 1901. Our Classmate, the younger brother of the two first mentioned, who for the four years sat next the writer on the benches of the Class rooms, was one of the earliest of our number to leave the world, and his death made a painful impression.

He was born at Bedminster, in Somerset county, N. J., June 20, 1843. He was the sixth son of Gilbert Blair and Jane Crater Sutphen. He was fitted for College by Dr. William Blauvelt of Lamington, in the same county, took the full College course, and intended to go through the Seminary with a view to a Missionary life, but died "a triumphant death," March 4, 1864.

He had been teaching that year in Professor Henry Gregory's school in Philadelphia, where he had begun the study of theology under his brother, Dr. Sutphen. He was taken ill at his brother's house, but was carried home to die at his father's in Bedminster. He "submissively yielded all when the Master called him to a higher service." He lies in the family lot in the Lamington cemetery. A. B.

HENRY ULYATE SWINNERTON. I have been for the last thirty-six years Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Cherry Valley, N. Y., a village in Otsego county, which happens to be the first place settled by English-speaking people in Central New York. It was the scene of a massacre in 1778. Its history may be read in many publications, and I wrote a *Historical Account* of the Church in 1876. Adjoining and formerly part of it, is Roseboom, where my wife was born. It is in a mountain climate on the Susquehannah watershed, twelve miles south of the Central railroad, and commands views towards the Adirondacks, the Catskills and as far as

Massachusetts and Vermont. I have had very much of quiet happiness here, though I have accomplished little beyond raising a family of girls. My work has been like a school, sending out successive sets of young people to go elsewhere. One of our Princeton Trustees, Dr. Eli F. Cooley, was Pastor here early in the last century, and his first wife lies here, a connection of several of our Classmates,—“Hannah, daughter of Colonel William and Sarah Scudder, Princeton, N. J.” Dr. Eliphalet Nott began here his career as Educator and Preacher,

As to my ancestry, ours is one of the very old Commoner names seated in Staffordshire at Swinnerton and Hilton Halls, their effigies remaining in the Churches, though the estates have long since passed to other houses by marriage. Younger branches carried the name to various parts, and one at Tetbury, in Gloucestershire, George, five generations back, was my ancestor; whose son came to London, where, in Monkwell street, my grandfather, a scholar of the Bluecoat school, was born. He moved to Colnbrook a few miles from London, where my father was born, his mother being Sarah Ulyate of a Lincolnshire family settled in London. The old Swynner-tons, who figure in Domesday Book, and whose barony became extinct in 1338, were in the uprising against Piers Gaveston and their battle standard is extant which waved at Crecy and Poitiers. Doctor Thomas Swinnerton of Oxford and Cambridge, died in exile at Emden, a Puritan refuge in Germany, in the time of Mary, having written, in 1534, “A Muster of Scysmatycke Bisshoppes of Rome, otherwyse naming Themselves Popes. Much Necesserye to be Redde of al Kynges their Subiects.”

My father, who impaired his education by running away from an odious Boarding School, turned his back on Monarchy and came to the land of the free and equal in 1833, settling in Newark. He was a heraldic painter, an avocation for which there was small field in a democratic country, but he found employment in Newark ornamenting coaches with coats of arms, hit or miss; and when the panic of 1837 broke up business in Newark he found a field at Catskill-on-the-Hudson. And so it happened that I was born a New Yorker in Rip Van Winkle's village, October 4, 1839.

My mother, Fanny Rutter, born in Beaulieu, Hants, was

reared at Lynington, in the Church of which Cardinal Woolsey was Rector in his early life. She was of a common-sense sort of piety, and connected herself as one of the earliest members of the First Dutch Reformed Church in Newark. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen was the enlightening Superintendent of our Sunday School, and grounded me in theology and the Bible. I went to the Newark Academy, both on Broad and on High streets, under Wm. R. Howell and George B. Sears, but I had just begun Latin when an opportunity offered of a place in the large hardware house of Macknet and Wilson, in which I spent over four years, till I was eighteen, venting my literary tastes in the Newark Athenaeum, a debating society, and making valuable use of the Newark Library Association, while acquiring some business training.

The Revival of 1857-58 powerfully altered my bents, and I suddenly resolved to study for the Ministry. About the same time circumstances led me into the Third Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. E. R. Craven was Pastor, and with his help I was soon preparing under Rev. S. Hutchings for Princeton, of which he was, and is, a Trustee. I took only a year and a half; we stopped at Professor Duffield's, and Duff soon found that I could not do my algebra or conjugate oida; still I went in, as you found. I "showed fight" a couple of times against ancient abuses, led the choir after Baird and Ben. Morehouse left, sang songs with you all, carved names on canes, and roomed with "Dave" Frazer at "Home," 32 East; and afterwards with "Johnnie" Freeman, on the entry with Ned Dennis, Zabriskie and Haines (at "Temperance Hall"), Sam and Joe. Pennington and "Ingie" Washburn,—a choice lot of us all together. The tuneful Binner was then in the land, and Nimmo was a gentleman. My only distinction was to edit the "Lit." once, and once to take first in Composition. Yet Princeton did me good, very great good;—and happy!

I was very sad the first year in the Seminary, rooming in town and missing so many of the fellows, but afterwards enjoyed it greatly, with a very pleasant lot, among whom were Sparhawk Jones, now of Calvary Church, Philadelphia, Griffin of Johns Hopkins, J. S. Dennis, J. Gibson Johnson, et al. I spent one vacation at the City Point Hospitals and two in the Recruiting service. In 1866 I supplied the First

Church at Wilmington, Del., then preached a year at Morrisville, Pa., when I came to Cherry Valley, in 1868. It being the earliest seat of classical teaching anywhere hereabouts, I felt much interest in aiding the re-establishment of the ancient Academy, (in which, after the Revolution Dr. Nott taught), lecturing, teaching and upholding, variously; and perhaps in recognition of this in 1877 Union College gave me Ph.D. I began writing for the press before I left College and have published in both secular and religious publications more or less ever since, being a constant contributor for some years to a Philadelphia Weekly under the pen-name of John Martin Ratchett.

In June 1871 I married Levantia Livingston, daughter of Henry Roseboom. She is of the old New York and Albany Knickerbocker, and of Massachusetts Bay and Connecticut Puritan stock. We lost our first child, a boy. Of our five daughters three are Wells College girls, one a Wells Prep. and student of music, and one a graduate of Dana, Morristown. The last is married to Ralph Emerson Lum, Esq., of Newark and Chatham, N. J. They have a son, our only grandchild, Philip L. S., who on Bunker Hill day last year being born, did "lift the cup" as Class boy of Columbia '00.

I went across in 1886, took the tour of the Continent and visited the old places of ancestral interest, and I have visited places of interest in Canada and in this country, corresponding with newspapers as I went along. I was in the famous Detroit General Assembly, and at the Centennial Assembly at Philadelphia in 1901, and several others. Few things in my life have given me more pleasure than the work I have done on this book, especially my success in getting track of and bringing once more together so large a proportion of our Classmates; perhaps it will be my monument. Having no sons to continue the professional succession, I take satisfaction in the fact that my nephew, George Brown Swinnerton, is Pastor of the fine Church at Oneida, N. Y., his son Alan perpetuating the name of the earliest of our tribe, in England; and two of my nieces are wives of ministers, Rev. Harry S. Willoughby, of the Reformed Church, Fort Plain, N. Y., and Rev. Charles Alvin Smith of Peck Chapel, Church of the Covenant, Washington.

A. B. and A. M.

JOHN T. TEMPLE is in the legal profession at Trenton, N. J. He was present in the procession of graybeards who marched in dignified array at the head of the column to the Athletic Field to witness the ball game, last Commencement Saturday. The only record available is from the Class Book of 1866-67.

“Prepared for College at Lawrenceville, N. J. Entered Sophomore year. Roomed one year at 49 N., and the other in town. Upon leaving Princeton he spent one year in the Law Office of Hon. E. W. Scudder, of Trenton, after which he entered the Law School at Albany, N. Y., and graduated June 1863. During the same month he was admitted to practice. He then spent a short time in study in a law office in New York, and has since been in Trenton, most of the time in business. Is married and has been for three years. P. O. Address, Trenton, N. J.

McLEOD WILSON THOMSON was engineer of the right of way of the Pennsylvania Railroad company and one of the most prominent citizens of Altoona. He died March 11th., last year, 1903, of apoplexy, perhaps superinduced by the strain of an important case at law in which he was giving testimony in chief for the company, lasting for hours.

He was the son of Samuel and Mary (Kyner) Thomson, and was born in the Cumberland valley, in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, March 25, 1843. He entered Sophomore half-advanced, distinguished himself in mathematics, and went with the contingent of the Senior class at the opening of that year to join the Union army, with promise of receiving his diploma in 1863, of which, however, no record appears in the General Catalogue. He enlisted as private, Company H, Twenty-first New Jersey Infantry. Two months later his scholarship procured him recognition and he was detailed as Chief Clerk of the Division at Headquarters, Sixth Corps, Army of the Potomac. Nine months later he received a second mark of recognition in the same line,—appointment as Chief Clerk of the Coast Survey. The war ended, he entered the Columbia College School of Mines and on graduation, in 1867, he spent some months in the Bessemer Steel works at Troy,

N. Y. He then took charge of the steel plant of the Collins company of Connecticut, which he successfully managed until 1870, when he became auditor for the Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad company in Alabama. In 1872 he resigned and organized a company which erected a steel plant at Cumberland, Md., of which he was manager until 1879.

Mr. Thomson entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad company in March 1880, and was engaged in surveys and construction of ways on the Western division of the road till June, 1883. He was then appointed Assistant Engineer of Maintenance of Way, with headquarters at Altoona, and served as such until 1883, when he was made Chief Engineer of that department and several years ago he was appointed to the important position he held at his death, that of Engineer of Right of Way. He was a railroad engineer of great ability, and much of the work of changing the roadway of that great line was done under his direction. Upon engineering and the manufacture of steel he was an authority in high regard throughout the State.

A Republican in politics Mr. Thomson never aspired to office; he was an active member of the Second Presbyterian Church at Altoona, of which he was one of the Ruling Elders, and for years President of the Trustees. In his places of authority and respect he was what we always knew him at Princeton, quiet and easily approached, and he stood high in the esteem of the employees, as well as of the officials of the great road. The newspaper from which the facts above given are taken, in its appreciative notice speaks of him as one who "loved his home, was a devoted husband and father, and was respected by all who shared his acquaintance." And it testifies that "in his death the city of Altoona loses a respected and good citizen and the railroad a valued official."

Mr. Thomson married, April 20, 1871, Emma Garver, daughter of Samuel Garver, of Corker Hill, Franklin county, Pa., who survives him with three sons;—William Payton, of Philadelphia; Samuel G., of Altoona, and McLeod, who is in the present Sophomore Class at Princeton.

His great grandfather came to this country with eleven children from his native town of Glasgow, Scotland, in 1773, and settled in Franklin county.

A.B. and A.M.

BENJAMIN THOMPSON was from Crawfordsville and Locust Grove, Iowa. His story is perhaps the most mysterious of any of our Classmates. He entered the Class in the Freshman year, and spent the whole four years with us, rooming at 29 West College. He graduated and was given his Master's degree in course, and his name appears in the General Catalogue in the italics which are used to indicate the clerical profession. Yet there is no clear evidence that he became a Minister. He entered the Theological Seminary at Alleghany and was there the session of '63-4, but he failed to return to the Seminary, and nothing is known there of him further. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Alleghany, April 6, 1864, but in April, 1870, his name was dropped from the roll of Licentiates because no information could be gained of his whereabouts or employment, either by advertisement or letter. Neither has the industrious search of the Class Historian resulted in anything, beyond that in 1866 he was reported to have married. A. B. and A. M.

JAMES PURNELL TOADVINE was one of those whose course with us was brief and whose life career was all too short for the realization of many of his ambitions. He had filled out its essentials already when our Triennial "Record" was published, and the account it gives is ratified as correct in all material details by the data which have been furnished at the present time by his brother, Edward Stanley Toadvin, of the firm of Toadvin & Bell, Attorneys, Salisbury, Maryland, a graduate of Princeton, Class of '69, who mentions that his brother was "distinguished for memory and knowledge of history."

He was born at Salisbury, Somerset county, Maryland, on the Eastern Shore, January 4, 1842, the son of Purnell and Amanda (Parsons) Toadvine. The name is French; the first ancestor settled near Salisbury about 1666, and came from Guernsey, one of the French Channel islands, ancient possessions of Britain;—Britons of French blood and speech.

The later spelling is a return to the early French form.

He attended Salisbury Academy, and prepared at Lamb's school near Baltimore. He entered a Junior in August 1861. He had been married a short time before, and when the Class

graduated he had already taken up the study of his profession, as he wrote jestingly, "room at graduation,—a law office in Belvidere." He had finished his legal studies and was already admitted to the bar of New Jersey in 1877. He also reports that he at that time had one child four years old. He received the honorary degree of A.M. from Princeton in 1868. He practised law at Belvidere until his death on February 22, 1876.

Mr. Toadvine married Miss Lucy M. Sharp of Belvidere, and left surviving, a son, Alison, born April 8, 1862, Josephine A., and E. Stanley Toadvine, Jr. The thanks of the Class Historian are due to Mr. E. Stanley Toadvin for obliging assistance in tracing several of our Classmates in his vicinity whose whereabouts or fate were very baffling. Hon. A. M. '68.

LAWRENCE TURNBULL, founder and editor of the *New Eclectic Magazine*, now discontinued, was born in Baltimore county, Maryland. "No comet, earthquake or other 'prodigy' signalised the event" when it occurred, April 23, 1843. His father, Henry C. Turnbull, grandson of Dr. Nisbet, at one time President of Dickinson College, was the son of William Turnbull, a resident of Philadelphia, who with Robert Morris and some others was instrumental in the introduction to practical use of anthracite coal, which before his day was regarded as valueless, owing to ignorance of the use of grates. His mother was Anna G. Smith, of Philadelphia, related to Mrs. Ferguson, of Graeme Park, who ministered to the needs of the Continental army during the bitter winter at Valley Forge.

Turnbull was prepared for College by M. A. Newell at Baltimore. He entered College late in the Class's history there,—Junior half-advanced,—when great numbers of students had already left, or were leaving, to take part on either side in the great Civil war, when the disturbances and alienations of the struggle were active; and he left College in consequence of ill health several months before the close of the course. Being of Southern sympathies also, he was cut off more or less from intimate association with his Classmates,—and he writes,—

"I have always regretted that my College days fell upon such evil times, for the friends that one makes in that halcyon time are always, I think, the best and the most constant that

one is apt to find in this hard world. I am grateful that notwithstanding these unfortunate circumstances I found some valued friends among my Classmates, and received from all of them consideration and kindness." Inditing to the representative of the Class in the matter of this Book, he proceeds:

"The world has used me kindly,—far better than my deserts. Of myself it mortifies me to tell you, that I know nothing that will 'reflect glory or particular honor on the Class.' Being a neighbour of mine on the recitation benches and in Chapel, you know that I was not born great; I have not achieved greatness, nor have I had it thrust upon me. I have remained through my threescore years a very commonplace individual. The nearest I ever came to a political office was to decline the nomination for Mayor of Baltimore from the Prohibition Party. If, however, I have done nothing to confer notoriety or distinction on our body, I trust I have abstained from doing anything to bring upon it reproach or dishonor. My feeble health, which compelled my withdrawal before graduation, (though I got my diploma), has handicapped me all through my life, and forbidden me to seek or assume any public responsibility.

After we separated at Princeton I travelled for a couple of years abroad; then dabbled a little with commercial life in New York,—from which I retired without any burdensome reward. Returning to Baltimore, I founded, edited and published the *New Eclectic Magazine*, a monthly by which I hoped to raise the literary and moral standards of my countrymen. I found great pleasure in the work and reaped quite a harvest of eulogistic criticism; but after three years' labor in the field,—which yielded a considerable deficit in dollars,—I was compelled to abandon a project which I had hoped might prove my lifework and which offered a fine opportunity for useful influence.

I then read law, and was admitted to the Baltimore Bar, when I practiced, in a mild way, giving most of my time, however, to real estate operations, until a few years ago, when my health again interposed and compelled a complete withdrawal from active work,—since which time I have spent another year abroad with my family, principally in Rome.

Last winter there, I had the pleasure of meeting by invita-

tion, with my wife, Ex-Queen Margherita, of Italy, who is easily the most accomplished, high-minded and beloved of contemporary sovereigns of Europe. We received the invitation on account of my wife having written a novel on Venice, which the Queen had read. She talked with us, in perfect English most intelligently on American affairs.

On January 24, 1871, I married a daughter of Mr. Edwin C. Litchfield of Brooklyn, N. Y. We have had five children, four of whom, two sons and two daughters, are living, grown to manhood and womanhood. One son, Percy, of brilliant promise, died in his ninth year,—and in his memory his mother and I founded the Percy Turnbull Lectureship on Poetry, in the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, on which foundation a course of lectures is delivered each year by some distinguished author from home or abroad, which are afterwards published in memorial volumes. Among the Lecturers have been Edmund Clarence Stedman,—who inaugurated the Lectureship with his course on ‘The Nature and Elements of Poetry;’ Professor Jebb of Cambridge University, England, who lectured on ‘Greek Poetry;’ Professor Tyrrell, of Dublin University, on ‘Latin Poetry,’ Charles Eliot Norton, on ‘Dante;’ Professor Lanman, on ‘Indian Poetry,’ (Sanskrit); Professor Brunetière of Paris, on ‘French Poetry;’ Hamilton W. Mabie on ‘American Poetry;’ and others.

This coming year Count de Gubernatis, Professor of Italian literature at the University of Rome, is to deliver a course on the “Poetry of the Italian Renaissance.” In conclusion,—directing surely to us all,—I am heartily glad to have had news of you, and would be pleased to hear more particularly from you, if you should have time for a friendly letter,—or better still, to welcome you in person, if inclination or duty should ever bring you to this neighborhood.

Residence, 1530 Park avenue, Baltimore, in winter; in summer, ‘La Paix,’ six miles out, on ancestral acres. At either home I will be delighted to welcome you or any old Classmate whenever kind fate may bring you this way.”

A. B. and A. M.

ROBERT STANSBURY VAN CLEVE is a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church for a long series of years happily

settled at Erie, Pennsylvania. The Class will like to hear from him as he speaks for himself:

"I have found it difficult to persuade myself that anything in my commonplace history would contribute to the interest of the contemplated publication. I was born at Beaver Meadow, Carbon county, Pennsylvania, October 16, 1842,—and it was Sunday about seven P. M. I remember the occasion distinctly, and still regret that I arrived too late to attend evening service in the Presbyterian Church, of which my revered father was an Elder. Subsequently, however, I was baptised in the Church by the Pastor, the Rev. Daniel Gaston, who in later times removed to Philadelphia and to-day the Gaston Presbyterian Church of that city is a monument to his memory.

I was named Robert Stansbury after an uncle by marriage, Dr. Robert M. Stansbury, then of Brooklyn, N. Y., and a greater honor was never conferred on any man, (than by the baby on the Doctor, he means). I have had a number of ancestors, and so far as I know, they were all right. I am now the only ancestor left, and you can judge from what you know of me what the rest must have been. My father's uncle, John Van Cleve, M. D., was a Trustee of the College, and was buried in the Princeton cemetery. I presume he was a good man, or he would not have held that honorable office or been buried in that Sacred Dust. I guess I shall have to tie to him, and let it go.

When I was about four years old my father removed with his family to Trenton, N. J., and there I laid the foundation of my subsequent greatness principally in the old Trenton Academy, where my indolence, friskiness and general incompetency were thrashed out of me by almost daily administrations of the rod;—(how they did 'lick' in those days)!

I 'prepared' for College at Lawrenceville, and entered Freshman in the Fall of 1859. The surviving members of '63 will recall my distinguished career in the class-room at Princeton. I hope it will not be forgotten that I was Editor of the October number of our issue of the 'Nassau Literary Magazine,' every word of which I wrote myself, the editorial of which was acknowledged to be the greatest of the series! I had the misfortune to be beaten for Junior Orator by Sam Stryker, but

Sam feels sorry for it, and I forgive him. I got a Speech at Commencement, and took for my subject, 'Adversity Develops Strength,'—a good subject and a fine speech!

The Theological Seminary at Princeton gobbled me up in the Fall of our graduation; I took the full course there, and at its close stepped forth into the world one of about fifty great and good men. In the Fall of 1866 I was called to the New-school Presbyterian Church of Westfield, New York, where I remained practising my gifts upon the people, for over three years. I was then called to Leetsdale, (Sewickly, Pa.), fourteen miles from Pittsburg, where I remained nearly seventeen years.

While at Westfield I was married to Miss Catherine Spencer of Erie, Pa. The date of our marriage was May 12, 1868. My beloved wife was taken from me after a year's illness, at Asheville, N. C., January 25, 1897.

My son, J. Spencer Van Cleve, was born at Westfield, and my twin daughters, Henrietta, (now Mrs. O. G. Hitchcock), and Frances L., were born at Leetsdale. My son was married October 19, 1894, to Miss Grace Reynolds of Erie, and is the father of three children, John Reynolds, Catherine, and Robert; the two boys are living. My daughter, Mrs. Hitchcock,—married December 19, 1901,—is the mother of a daughter, Frances Van Cleve, now about seven months old:—and so it comes to pass that I am a grandfather several times over. My son is president of the 'Erie Foundry' company here, and my daughter's husband is Secretary of the 'Hays Manufacturing Co.,' of this city.

I have lived in Erie most of the time for seventeen years, and while here have acted as Pastor of the Chestnut Street Presbyterian Church, an enterprise which I have been permitted to revive and re-establish, I believe, on a good and prosperous basis, with a hopeful outlook for the future. My 'semi-lunar fardels,' D.D., were attached to my distinguished patronymic by Grove City College several years ago. I have had my share of travel; have been in all the States of the Union but three; have crossed the Continent three times, lived a year in Colorado, and several months in California, at Pasadena; took a trip to Alaska; made two trips across the Atlantic, and last year visited, with my daughter, Palestine

and Egypt. With all this I am still a young man, 'eye undimmed, natural force unabated.'

Permit me, in closing this sketch, to express my profound and sincere admiration for our Class! There certainly has never been a better class in the history of Old Princeton. I love the boys, all of them, and bespeak for myself a little place in their hearts. May those of us who are still here as long as possible cherish the memory of our Classmates who have gone before, serving God and our generation faithfully and well. And then may we meet again in the closer and inseparable fellowship of the better world! Cordially and faithfully Yours."

Delightfully unchanged, the years have not much touched,—nor fattened,—our Bob. We are sorry for his affliction; but we joy with him in the daughters dear, and in the able upholding of his son: one of the strong young men of Western Pennsylvania enterprise,—and in the blessed babes.

A. B. and A. M.

THEODORE STRONG VAN DYKE has attained distinction in two enviable fields, as an engineer of extensive irrigating works, and as a writer and authority on field sports and out of door subjects. It is affirmed that his early years were devoted to pistol and shot-gun shooting; that he was the crack pistol-shot of Princeton and traditions of him still linger there. (See under Cross). He had been famous all his life as a sportsman and in the West is known as "The Still Hunter," after his book of that title. Yet greater than his fame in this dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth, are his gifts to the sons of men in realizing the blessing of the subduing of the earth and turning its deserts into gardens like Eden.

He was born at New Brunswick, N. J., the son of Judge John and Mary D. Van Dyke, the Catalogue alleging that he hailed from "Somerset." He is a brother to Professor John C. Van Dyke of Rutgers College and a third cousin to Professor Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton. He is from an old Dutch Jersey family, and his ancestors were in the Revolution. His father was not a "romantic freebooter" or "pirate," but a distinguished lawyer, bank president, Congressman, etc., and also

for years a Judge of the Supreme Courts of New Jersey and Minnesota. His mother was a daughter of Prof. Theodore Strong of Rutgers College, from whom he received his name, a celebrated mathematician and astronomer.

He prepared at Rutgers Grammar School and Rutgers College, and entered our Class, Freshman half-advanced, in February, 1860. He is put down as rooming at 36 North, with James B. Converse, by the Catalogues, but their testimony oft agrees not together.

He studied law with James Wilson, Esq., of Trenton, was admitted to the Bar in June 1866, and was reported along at that time as "in partnership with his father." In 1867 he went West for his health, and practised in Minnesota, being in the State Legislature there for the term of 1872. The year 1876 brought a decided change in his pursuits owing to a continuance of ill health; he went to Southern California, abandoning law for writing and hydraulic engineering, irrigation. He has been, and is a well-known writer on field sports for all the magazines and for newspapers, travelling in Mexico as special correspondent for the New York *Tribune* and other papers. He has travelled and hunted over every part of that ancient land, and over all our States and Territories. He engineered and built the San Diego Flume, a very important work, and has made the plans and surveys of many other irrigating enterprises in Southern California. He is at present interested in a great undertaking for reclaiming the vast area of the Mohave Desert from works beginning near Daggett, on the Mohave river in San Bernardino county, Cal. He is alleged to have made and lost several fortunes, but to be chiefly interested in writing, in nature, in shooting and in art, and to care little for what is called "success."

Like other men of apparent indolence but real industry, Mr. Van Dyke has been for years a severe student, though it is said he always declared he "went through College with a fiddle and a gun." He is to-day a man of fine education in almost every field. He speaks half a dozen languages, and after so many years since he left College and classical pursuits, he can still read Latin and Greek as readily as French, Italian, German or Spanish. His last books have been published in the "American's Sportsman Library," edited by Caspar Whit-

ney; notably, "The Deer Family," which was produced in collaboration with the present versatile President of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt, "Upland Game Birds," with Edwin Sandys, etc. Before that he wrote "The Still Hunter," "Southern California," "Rifle, Rod and Gun in California," "Millionaires of a Day," "Game Birds at Home," and "The Breeder and Sportsman," besides a book on "The Art of Irrigation."

Mr. Van Dyke married Miss Lois A. Funk of Brooklyn, N. Y., and has two children. His address is, Daggett, S. Bernardino county, California.

It goes without saying that such a man as our somewhat out-of-the-ordinary Classmate is one not much interested in personal mention, is personally modest and retiring like some of the shy creatures whose habits he knows so well, but is highly well thought of by those whose good luck it is to enjoy his intimacy. Parties who have printed his writings, such as the men on *Forest and Stream* and *Outing* speak in unqualified terms of the authority and value of all of his work, as well as of the excellence and power of its style. The books should be better known to his Classmates. A. B. and A. M.

JAMES BRINCKERHOFF VREDENBURGH is an able and highly-valued jurisconsult of the Bar of the State of New Jersey, who has been for the last forty years, nearly, located upon the Jersey City side of the Hudson river at New York. This situation has always been one of very great importance from the point of view of business intercourse and legal relations, owing to the civil and administrative frontier line between two States passing here at the most populous point geographically in the country. The manifold interests and intimacies necessarily existing, growing in extent at a tremendous rate, give rise to problems of law practice which require the presence of legal men of ability, learning and acuteness. Of late years especially the immense development of associate activity in the industries and transportation of the country,—affairs far transcending what the world has ever seen before,—has brought prominently into notice the advantage which accrues to corporations deriving their chartered existence from the State of New Jersey,—advantages

largely of mere legislative fairness,—whose being and functions are of course chiefly centred and exercised in the streets and offices of the great cities just across the Delaware and the Hudson, and whose business is spread over the whole country and the whole world. This has given to Camden and Trenton and especially to Jersey City and Newark, (the latter only twenty minutes away), great prominence as seats of activity in the profession of the law. No judicial name in the country is more constantly or more conspicuously drawn into notice in connection with cases involving large corporate adjudications than that of our Classmate, Judge Andrew Kirkpatrick, at Newark, where he presides over the United States District Court for New Jersey, and almost daily handles cases of the extremest importance to the financial world. This is part of our Class History, and must find mention in this book. Hendrickson is immersed in similar work at Trenton; Martin V. and Christopher Bergen, as well as a cousin and some nephews of Dayton, are at Camden; and Zabriskie and Vredenburg are here at Jersey City. In the occupation of these strategic points, most decisive of the issue in the control of moral forces, the situation is held by the Class of '63!

Mr. Vredenburg's firm is now Vredenburg, Wall & Van Winkle, No. 1 Exchange place, within a few steps of the great Ferry, and just across from the enormous Pennsylvania Terminal. He is the legal adviser, in that locality, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Corporation, among other important interests. Vredenburg has handled their heavy concerns these forty years, usually with success, always to their satisfaction; and he looks hardly a week older to-day, than when we used to see him going about the Campus bent on fun or mischief, in the old and halcyon days.

He was born near the old historical Monmouth battle ground, at Freehold, N. J., October 1, 1844, and fitted for College there, in the Preparatory Institute,—where Marcellus also prepared (whose life was to be so diametrically different). His parents, Peter Vredenburg and Eleanor Brinckerhoff, are of the strong and steadfast Netherlands ancestry and extraction, which has contributed so much to the quality of the men of our Class, as well as to the mental and moral stamina of the country.

He entered Sophomore and roomed in North, caring more for the life of the place than for its scholarly or literary triumphs, though he was a good student, too,—stood eleventh on final standing. On graduating he promptly chose the legal profession as the field of his life work. He studied at Harvard Law School; was admitted to the Bar, June, 1866, and described himself as at that time an individual the State of New Jersey was satisfied to accredit as a "moral man," and to recognize as an Attorney; but "without books, office or sign, case, client or fee." We have changed all that.

Mr. Vredenburg married, April 18, 1878, Emily H. Van Vorst, daughter of John Van Vorst of Jersey City of the able family of that name identified with the locality from the early days. He has six children, five boys and one girl. He resides at 270 Montgomery street, Jersey City. A. B. and A. M.

INGERSOLL WASHBURN returns to our knowledge safe, sound and alive, after the changes of upwards of forty years, and, like several others of our Southern Classmates, having passed through the greatest war of modern times without a wound. He was detailed to the Signal Corps, and since the war has continued to reside in his native city of Savannah. He comes of old Colonial and Revolutionary New England stock,—among whom the nearest to such a "freebooter" as is inquired for by the schedule was a Slaver ferreted out by a delving daughter, a Colonial Dame. His grandfather and great-grandfather on the father's side were among the Massachusetts troops at Bunker Hill, one of them an officer, if not both, besides others,—one a certain famous Colonel Davis,—who were prominent in the military affairs of that time. A Washburn and an Ingersoll ancestor were members of the Convention that framed the first State Constitution of Massachusetts. His father who came to Georgia from near Worcester in the first quarter of last century, and was prominent in the commercial and banking life of Savannah, was a brother of Emory Washburn, Governor of Massachusetts and afterwards a Professor in the Harvard Law School. His mother's name was Ingersoll, from Springfield, Mass., of a family which produced many eminent men.

He prepared in the schools of Savannah and near Media,

Pa., in the school of Arthur Ricord. He entered Sophomore, but returned home the following Spring. He recalls the occasion of a "horn spree," for aiding, abetting and sympathizing with which, in the company of "Cholly" West, 1862, he was driven to the verge of that thing which a small boy defined as "an abomination to the Lord and a very present help in trouble;" — owing to Dr. McLean's persecutant energy. He used diplomacy unto escape from either horn. Other representations there are, — perhaps convivial, — in which the names of near-by roommates occur: he roomed on that entry where was 31 East and the room inscribed "Temperance Hall," now, alas, extant no more.

With "Dick" Woodbridge, Washburn started home, by way of Louisville, the tracks beyond Baltimore on the direct route being torn up. Having learned from Old John the risk of blowing horns, he blew none, yet escaped lynching in Pennsylvania only rather narrowly, and finally reached Georgia via Nashville and Chattanooga. There he entered Franklin College, University of Georgia, at Athens. There were hardly twenty men in the place, and after about a year he left for the army, joining the Eighteenth Georgia Battalion of Infantry (Savannah Volunteer Guards), in which were Woodbridge and "Ned." Kollock, '61, and West, '62. He was detached to the Signal Corps with West and Neufville, of '62, a branch of the service demanding special intelligence, yet offering few opportunities for promotion. He was stationed near the city during the greater part of the war, till it was evacuated on Sherman's arrival. Thence he was sent to Charleston and Sullivan's Island, and was posted for a long time at Battery Bee, near Ft. Moultrie; and from there was taken to a hospital at Cheraw, S. C., having contracted malarial fever in the rice swamps. The army passing through Cheraw, he rejoined his command, but in North Carolina the Signal Corps was disbanded and he was making his way to his regiment, which was in Virginia, when the news of Lee's surrender reached him, and he attached himself to a Savannah command, the Chatham Artillery, then under General Joseph E. Johnston, surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., whence our high private plodded home afoot. Washburn entered the cotton business at Savannah, where he has since resided, having

escaped some close calls by both hurricane, flood and earthquake.

Mr. Washburn, March 9, 1871, at the family plantation, "Richmond," Bryan county, Ga., married Anne Clay, a great-granddaughter of Joseph Clay, who was a Member of the Revolutionary Council at Savannah, and of the Continental Congress from Georgia in 1778-80, and Deputy Paymaster General for the United States Southern Department from 1779 to the close of the war. He was also one of the original Trustees of Franklin College. Mrs. Washburn's grandfather was Joseph Clay, A. B., Princeton, who was Judge of the United States District Court in his day. Her father, Thomas Savage Clay, a prominent citizen and rice planter of the above county in Georgia, was a graduate of Harvard.. Six children have been born of this marriage, four sons and two daughters, of whom only three are now living, a son and two daughters. Address, 122 Waldburg street, East, Savannah, Ga.

ROBERT RAIKES WESTCOTT was the son of Joel and Mary Leighton Westcott,—names associated with scholarship, godliness and devotion to good works,—which prepare us for the statement that he was "naturally studious and religious, was truly converted at seventeen, and at once began to prepare himself for the ministry" and to "work his way through to a finished education."

He taught and studied in Bridgeton Academy, having been born near by, at Cedarville, in Cumberland county, N. J., June 14, 1837. One of the oldest men in our class, he entered Sophomore, graduated with us, and was our Class Treasurer. He taught freedmen at Nashville and Murfreesboro, Tenn., as the war was ending, and supplied a Church at Swedesboro, N. J., during his Seminary vacations, and, graduating in theology at Princeton in 1866, went to Verona, in Dane county, Wisconsin, to settle, stopping on his way at Greenfield, in southern Ohio, to marry the woman of his choice.

He was installed pastor at Verona in June, 1866, from there, "in a little grove in the midst of a Wisconsin prairie," he sent us his greeting that same June, and there and at Blue Mounds he preached three years. But the climate proved too severe for an already delicate throat, and he found a charge

at Clarinda, in southern Iowa, where he labored ten years; when failing lungs and throat compelled a discontinuance. We find him bravely trying again, after a couple of years of outdoor life, at Newton, Iowa. Fifteen months was all he could endure, however, and he saw that his day of full work as a minister was ended.

Having a home of his own at Clarinda, Mr. Westcott now purchased an Abstract and Loan real estate business there, and, though always handicapped by the pulmonary trouble, he was very successful and was greatly esteemed as a Christian gentleman and scholar and sound business man, living till January 11, 1897. "One of the best men we ever knew," as a business associate testified.

He left his wife, who was Nancy Emily Beatty (who resides at Clarinda), and three children living, two having died in infancy. His son, Edward B. Westcott, continued his business, is married and has a daughter six years old. The younger daughter, Florence, died after her father, at the age of twenty, when half-way through Western College, Oxford, Ohio. The elder, Grace, is the wife of Rev. Charles Black, of the Presbyterian Church, Clinton, Ill., who has a son living.

The foregoing excellent record confirms the estimate formed by Westcott's Classmates of him as an earnest, solid, reliable man, who would be sure to do an enduring work as a Christian and a minister.

A. B. and A. M

BENJAMIN SEABROOK WHALEY bears the name of one of the eminent Seabrook family who are well represented on the Princeton Rolls, as are also the Mikells, "related to me in different degrees," and likewise the Whaleys, who appear on the Catalogue, beginning with Hercules of 1785 and on to Ephraim Mikell and William Edings, the last, of 1861, being still living:—"all my relations, foreparents, uncles and cousins," and continuing, "my ancestry date from away back; had two foreparents in the Revolutionary war, one a Captain and the other a Lieutenant."

Whaley was born, July 8, 1842, on Edisto Island, South Carolina, one of the famous coast islands which produce the valuable long staple cotton, but which are liable to the awful devastations of the occasional cyclones.

Growing up in the country, he attended the country schools, preparing there for College as best they could do it, which he entered with us in our first year. There is a delightful letter from him, breathing the spirit of affection for the dear old days and names, and the Class will be glad to have his own words. We remember him as always the modest, agreeable gentleman, respected and liked by all.

“You can hardly conceive the surprise it gave to hear from one of my Classmates of forty years ago,—when we were boys treading the Campus of old Princeton together, with Homer for Cameron, Geometry for Burroughs. I have tried to answer your questions; anything more you may wish to know I will give you with pleasure, and it will give me pleasure to hear from you:—I am tempted to call you Old Fellow, though I see ‘Rev.’” (save the mark!) “to your name:—a high and noble calling. I have been a member of the Episcopal Church for the last thirty-five years. It gave great pleasure to hear from your Circular what had become of the different members of the Class. I left Princeton at the beginning of the Civil War; on my coming home I entered the South Carolina College, remaining there about seven months.” As with others who tried to continue their education at Southern institutions, the spirit of the hour forbade such relative inaction;—“staid there a short while, when I left, entered the C. S. Army and served as a private in the cavalry branch of the service to the end of the war; was in some pretty close places, but came out all right;—I am thankful to the Giver of all good, without a scratch, though I was in some hot places.

The war left us, that is, my father’s family, high and dry financially, and during what are called reconstruction days we had a pretty hard time of it. I have followed farming as my occupation, and it has been an up-hill business, having had disasters from hurricanes, floods and setbacks of different kinds. I married in 1867; my wife (who is now an invalid) and five grown children constitute my family, and I have two grandchildren. I am now sixty-one years old, in very good health; have never held any elective office except such as School Trustee, Tax Assessor and Notary Public, which I am at present.

I have never attended a Reunion of our Class; I have often

wished to visit old Princeton, but from circumstances could never go. It is hard to look back and think that forty years have passed over our heads since the Class of '63 graduated. And yet, though we have passed through some stirring times,—war, earthquake and cyclone, with me,—we can say Thanks to the Lord, you and I are still among the living! Hoping to hear from you again, I must close. Very truly, your friend and Classmate, B. Seabrook Whaley, Bohicket P. O., Charleston county, S. C.”

We ought to write to these delightful fellows.

HENRY M. WILLIAMS was with the Class but a short time, entering in the course of the Junior year and quitting Princeton for the war at its close. He is a resident of Fort Wayne, Indiana, a highly respected citizen, and was for some time engaged in a large way there as a lumber merchant, having mills in Northern Michigan, a member of the firm of Beaver, Miller & Company, which was a house of high standing.

The records of the Indiana Commandery of the Loyal Legion show that Henry M. Williams entered the Eleventh Indiana Battery as Second Lieutenant, February 17, 1862; became First Lieutenant, August 10, 1863; and was mustered out November, 1863, wounded. He suffered a maiming of the hand. For this the law allowed a pension together with arrearages, amounting to a considerable sum, which Mr. Williams presented to a charitable institution in Fort Wayne.

JOHN MAGIE WILLIAMS was from Elizabeth, N. J., where he prepared for College under Mr. Pingry, the loved and honored teacher of a number of our Classmates at Pearl Cottage Seminary, and entered Sophomore. He was one of the band who sacrificed their College prospects for the sake of serving the country, and enlisted in the army at the beginning of the Senior year. He entered the “Anderson Cavalry,” officially the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, Company D, October 3, 1862, in company with Rowland Cox and Montgomery Hamilton. The “Record” states: “He was in a skirmish near Carlisle, Penn., the following December, and then proceeded to Tennessee, where he was for a time en-

gaged in guerilla warfare. His courage in battle and his coolness in danger soon impressed his superior officers, even attracting the attention of the generous-hearted Rosecrans and he was in consequence appointed a Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Seventeenth Kentucky Volunteers." However, the end of his service was near when this grateful recognition came. He was prostrated by typhoid fever, from which he died, at McMinnville, Tenn., July 9, 1863. He was eagerly hopeful of recovery, and, although never able to assume the duties of his new position, took the oath of qualification while on his bed, his Colonel urging it.

Mr. Hamilton, referring to the trio who were messmates in that regiment, says: "Williams's life was much shorter. He did not have the home influence,—with those in authority, I mean,—that Cox and I happened to have. But his personal qualities before long made up for it,—a Kentucky Colonel, finding that he had no one in his regiment fit to be Adjutant, asked our Colonel for some one he could name for such a post; and Williams was recommended and got the position."

The Class Historian well recalls the tall, elegant figure and peculiarly refined face and manner of this noble comrade of College days; and how, in referring to English literature and to Shakespeare, he once remarked: "I always feel that I must try to read a play a week." He was a splendid sacrifice to Patriotism. His remains were brought from Tennessee and buried from the Second Church, Elizabeth, of which he was a member; when the aged Dr. Magie, for whom he was named, and the two well-known and loved teachers, Mr. Pierson and Mr. Pingry, took part. An extended eulogy from one of these friends at Elizabeth appears in the "Record" of 1866-7. There is nothing in the General Catalogue of the College to indicate that Williams was given his degree of A. B. on the graduation of the Class, if such was promised. His death did not take place till after our Commencement.

GEORGE BOARDMAN YOUNG, M. D., is now a clergyman of the Baptist Church. He is the son of Rev. George Young, A. M. (whose father, English by birth, died in the American Navy in 1812, and whose mother was the child of a Welsh Baptist preacher) and Elizabeth Hendrickson Young,

daughter of Charles Ellis, Esq., of Burlington, N. J. His father was a graduate of Brown University and a Princeton Seminary student, and was pastor of the Baptist Church at Princeton, situated in Canal street, in our time.

He was born at Lambertville, September 4, 1843, his father being then pastor there, and he was prepared for College "in the little room under the M. E. Church in Princeton, by that most excellent teacher, the late John Schenck," in a Class with J. B. and J. H. Done, Edward S. Moffat and P. B. Pumyea, who all together entered the Freshman Class in the Fall of 1859. Young took four full years in College, graduated in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania in the Spring of 1867, and practiced medicine in Roxborough, the twenty-first ward of Philadelphia, until the Fall of 1876. Dr. Young then turned his thoughts to the ministry, and received an invitation to preach in a Church at Westville, Hunterdon county N. J. He was ordained to the Christian ministry at Clinton, N. J., in the Autumn of 1877, and was afterwards pastor in Pottsville, Pa., completing his studies a few years later, and was graduated at Crozer Theological Seminary at Chester, Pa., in June, 1881, delivering an oration at the Commencement exercises.

Being now equipped for the work, Dr. Young went first as a missionary of the "Baptist Home Mission Society" to the State of Nebraska, where he labored with very good results for three years. He then returned to New Jersey, in the Fall of 1884, and has served since that time, as pastor, the Churches at Baptistown, Marlton, Hamilton Square, in New Jersey, and also the Baptist Church at Nanticoke, in Pennsylvania. Between three and four hundred souls have united with the Churches under his ministrations, and he has also been very successful at times in his efforts as an evangelist.

He married, in April, 1867, Miss Emily A. Bicknell, of West Philadelphia, youngest daughter of the late Rufus Bicknell, M. D., and Emily L. Bicknell, his wife, who was a Stockton, sister of the late Thomas H. Stockton, D. D., an eminent clergyman, and half-sister to Mr. Frank R. Stockton, lately deceased, the inimitable novelist and storiographer.

They have had four children,—1. Rufus Bicknell, born May 17, 1868, who died while a youth, August 12, 1886, being a

Freshman at Bicknell University, at Lewisburg, Pa., and about to enter the Sophomore year Class of '89 at Princeton, a very bright scholar. 2. Elizabeth, born in 1872, and died that year. 3. Jennie R., born November, 1873, living at home unmarried. 4. Henry George Weston, born March 21, 1880, Princeton '03, and now embarking in business in Boston, who received at Commencement the Boudinot Fellowship in History.

Dr. Young, in 1870, while in medical practice, was invited to take a "Quiz" in Obstetrics at the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. In 1884, in his early ministry, he was elected to the Chair of Greek in the College at Gibbon, Nebraska, now located at Grand Island in that State. He now serves the Baptist Church at Ocean City, N. J., where he has recently built himself "a nice twelve-room cottage, near the ocean," where any Classmate seeking salt air will find him and meet a welcome. "Health good,—appetite fine,"—as becomes one skilled both as a doctor to the outer man and a healer of the inner.

A. B. and A. M.

AUGUSTUS ZABRISKIE, an Attorney and Counsellor of the New Jersey Bar, has from the beginning of his career pursued a valuable practice in the courts of that State, in which he is much respected;—having his residence, however, in the attractive vicinity of Roslyn, Long Island, just outside the limits of Greater New York. For the purposes of business as a New Jersey practitioner, he early established himself in Exchange Place, Jersey City,—the great unfortified tête-du-pont and thronging entrance way of the mighty metropolis and emporium with its millions of people and of wealth just across the Hudson; in a civil sense separate, but in every essential respect, geographical, commercial and otherwise, part, the one of the other.

The wide stream is bridged by the ferries with their numberless powerful boats and floats, incessantly going and coming, crowded with eager, impatient multitudes, dawn and dark, midnight and noon. Exchange Place is the short continuation across the strip of riparian made-land, added as an afterthought to the end of the thoroughfare in which terminate all the highways of the continent. As all roads lead to London, so all lines of travel, traffic and transportation

converge at Jersey City, and by this channel a stream of countless millions constantly pours and roars and passes through. Number fifteen is at the very point and centre of this vast confluence of incoming, outgoing multitudes; and across, behind, on every hand, rise and spread the immense structures that form the terminals of the lines of steel, like the caravanseries of old, whose arches shelter the beasts of iron with their throbbing breasts and nostrils breathing fire. A stone's throw away is the ferry entrance and brink of the human Niagara. Around the "loop," just at hand, like swarming butterflies in summer, or like bees hurrying to and from the hive, are speeding electric cars, the darting shuttles as of a great loom, to weave the fabric of complex municipal life and interest. You step aboard one of these, and in a little you are at the edifices of justice seated on the rocky heights of Bergen, where Hudson City used to stand, now merged in this quarter-million borough. From here you look over the meadowed plain to where lie in sight Newark and Elizabeth and many another thickly-peopled town, the smoke of their industries going up forever; and on along the hastening lines of the railways, where lie, beneath the horizon, the cities,—other seats of justice and of law, Trenton, Philadelphia, Washington,—and the Continent beyond. This is the theatre.

Si Istoria? Circumspice. The gate of the city was from the earliest times the place of concourse and human collision, as well as the seat of honor and influence. Its open space was the scene of traffic, of commercial appointment and of the appeal to justice. Our Classmate gives us a couple of sentences to describe the work of his forty years: "Admitted to New Jersey Bar, June, 1866; have practiced there ever since." Imagine him in this tremendous place, and you can realize his life and services. We may tell the career of humanity in two words, that it was born and that it died; but who can relate what lies between? When on his daily errand from his pleasant Roslyn home, never was it, we may be sure, in the case of our Classmate, to "drive away the ass of the fatherless, or to take the widow's ox for a pledge." When, like Job of old, he "went out to the gate through the city, and prepared his seat in the street," it was to "put on righteousness to clothe him, and judgment for his robe and diadem; to be

a father to the poor and to search out the cause that he knew not; to deliver the poor that cried, and him that had none to help him." Forty years in this spot means more than any Class Historian's pen can write.

Mr. Zabriskie was born at Hackensack, N. J., March 5, 1843. His College preparation was taken at Andover, in company with some of his future Classmates. He was with us through our whole course, one of our liveliest blades,—was November editor of the Nassau "Lit,"—ever greeted with a smile and giving one. He was at the Harvard Law School from 1864 till 1866, several of his Classmates being with him, and there took his LL. B. In 1870 he married Miss Josephine B. Booraem, of Jersey City, and he has three children and five grandchildren.

His father was the Hon. Abraham Oothout Zabriskie, LL. D., Chancellor of New Jersey and a member of the Senate of the State, and a Trustee of our University,—of the Class of '25. His mother was Sarah A. Pell. His brother, Abram Zabriskie, Esq., graduated in 1859, just as we entered; and two of the later generation, Francis Nicoll and Robert Lansing, are of the Class of '95. He is a first cousin of N. Lansing Zabriskie, Esq., of Aurora, the seat of Wells College, N. Y., who has been a lifelong benefactor of the cause of woman's education,—as the Class Historian has reason to know. If it is true, as he asserts, that he "is not descended from a Polish king," he comes of a race of American noblemen, and patriotism and integrity are in the blood.

A. B. and A. M.

PETER ZAHNER, originally of Mifflin, Ohio, was a civil engineer and achieved marked success in railway work of magnitude in the Great West. He is reported by C. W. McAlpin, Secretary of the Alumni at Princeton, to have died in April, 1891, at Pendleton, Oregon, and to have left a son, Mr. J. H. Zahner, at that place. No communication has been established with this gentleman, and it was feared that this notice would be confined to what was known and reported in 1866, till accident recently brought something more definite.

A tall, spare man, Zahner was of quiet and unpretending demeanor, but used to bring down the house in uproarious

stamping and cheering with his recitations in mathematics, and was one in whom Duffield was always well pleased. Zahner looked at us as we made all this noise with a smile that was undemonstrative and modest, but not timid. He roomed with Ben. Thompson, at 29 West, for one year, and afterwards at No. 20. He entered Junior, graduated, and took his two degrees in course, but where he studied his profession is not known. In 1866 he was reported to be then engaged in surveying for the Union Pacific Railroad, his address being at Omaha, or Hayesville (which is near Mifflin), Ohio; and he had already been offered a Professorship in a Western College.

Some clues developed later. Our Classmate Miller wrote that he had heard of Zahner as having "attained some distinction as an engineer in the difficult operations of the work of projecting the Denver & Rio Grande road." Last of all, Dr. Lowrie, at Omaha, through an engineer of the Union Pacific, obtained the name of Mr. W. H. Kennedy, who is at the head of the Engineering Department of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company at Portland, from whom the following very satisfactory letter has been received:

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of yours asking for information relative to the late Peter Zahner, with whom my acquaintance began during the year 1875; at which time he was employed by President Dorsey S. Baker, since deceased, as Chief Engineer of the Walla Walla & Columbia River Railroad, a line over thirty-one miles in length, with a branch some fifteen to twenty miles long to blue Mountain, Washington.

In 1879, when the late President Villard purchased that railroad, he extended it westward into Portland, Oregon, and eastwardly to Colfax, in Washington, with various branches, and on several of these extensions Mr. Zahner was employed on location and construction as Principal Assistant Engineer in Charge.

In 1888 Mr. Zahner, as Chief Engineer of the Washington & Idaho Railroad Company, located a line from Tekoa, in Washington, to the town of Mullen, in Idaho, a distance of eighty-seven miles, and also located and had charge of construction of a line from Farmington, Washington, to the city of Spokane, a distance of about sixty miles.

I have no means of determining the date of Mr. Zahner's death, which occurred in the town of Pendleton, Oregon, but think it was not long after the completion of his work with the Washington & Idaho Company.

Mr. Zahner's attainments commanded the respect of all who had intercourse with him, and I believe I am safe in saying he was one of the most conscientious men with whom it was ever my pleasure to be associated, and I regretted his loss exceedingly. Hoping this all too brief sketch of a portion of the life work of Mr. Zahner may be of use to you, I remain," etc.

"Portland, Oregon, March 14, 1904."

Certainly few of our number have accomplished more effective labor for the advancement of civilization and the benefit of mankind than this unostentatious but able Classmate; and we must all feel proud and gratified that this roll of names can be concluded with one which does us all such honor.

A. B. and A. M.

Yours sincerely, J. B. Linn

AFTERWORD

THE REDACTOR, or Person in Charge of these pages, has striven to avoid the tendency to Appendicitis, so deplorably apt to supervene at this stage, by dispersing generally through the System the Matter which usually causes the congestion. A Consultation of the Medical Members of the Class, however, has decided that, owing to this precaution, entire removal of the Appendix is an extreme not needful; and our "Autocrat," Holmes, has provided the means of safely retaining that affix.

Johns Hopkins has not as yet secured Doctor Holmes for a Course, upon the Turnbull Foundation, on *The Poetry of Sixty-Three*; but the following will give a fair idea what such a course would be. Had the Doctor been able to be at the Banquet, we should not have seen it here, and the Members then absent would have lost a pleasure. It was only designed for a passing occasion; yet as we have in this Book no pictures, whether of the place, the Faculty, or the Men of the Class, these snap-shots, it may be, will serve to call back forgotten scenes and faces, and help revive the past.

1863-1903

Forty years! and can it be,
That time doth fly so very fast!
Are these the "boys" I used to see?
So gray, and growing old so fast!

Of "Sixty-Three" one-half are gone,
The rest are scattered far and wide.
And of our laurels by war we're shorn,
Who years ago sat side by side.

More than eighty, once we numbered,
In those glad, golden days so dear,—
Days when the red war-dogs yet slumbered,
And our hearts had learned to know no fear.

Then it was "Jim" and "Sam" and "Will,"—
The "Clergy," "Doctor" and "Judge," to-day.
Our hearts are those of the glad boys still,
Though we have grown older, yes, and gray.

"Johnnie" McLane, the dear old saint,
Was more than father to us all;
And "Dad" and "Gige," and "Duff," their mate,
Have answered to Heaven's last Roll Call.

Guyot, McIlvaine, Schenck and the "Tutes,"
Are dead,—or gone from the Classic Halls.
Their places are filled by green recruits,
As the ivy, clinging, hides the old walls.

Burroughs and Gregory, McAtee and Sutphen,—
These, with decent Nimmo, our Tutors were:— but Mudge
Belonged to Sixty-Two. His "Fresh" should "cut" then,
With Butler (Giglamps), Orris, Coale and—Fudge!

Our landmarks, too, are gone, all but one,—
Even "Jim," the fragrant, has "Crossed the Bar."
Of the "old hands," Dennis is left alone;—
Could ever we then have seen so far?

Now, a whole city fills all the College park,
Where, in our day, eight edifices stood;
Piles, architectural and modern, mark
The new, trim Campus,—the old was a wood.

Doomed was our Chapel, dismal yet dear,
No stone left,—a Libr'y marks the spot,—
East College sacrificed, quite, I fear!
Is this a real improvement, or is it not?

And the Senior Room, scene of happy hours,
With it has vanished forever from our sight;
The "Scientif" and Libr'y "Green" rear their towers—
All this,—to us,—seems hardly what is right.

Then the old Refectory, too, is now no more;
And "South Campus" has become a thing of the past;
The "Halls," now all marble, are not as of yore:—
Thus all cherished things are touched and spoiled at last.

We cannot but express our much regret
That the College Authorities have "went" so fast,
Changing things from the way they were set,—
And our opinion of it was not asked.

We are greatly opposed to the craze for change,
In deference to fashion's fluctuations.
The pile architectural, the athlete strange:—
The riches of a College are its old associations.

No more the fragile pitcher,—and heavy,—can we fill
From the pump, where it stood, back of Old North;
The dear old, aqueous log, mine eye doth see it still!
“Remove it,” the edict so impious went forth.

By the smelling kerosene “Student lamp” of our days,
“Polled” we the evening’s hours long and still;
Now dang’rous electricity with dazzling rays
Flashes and sparkles from dome to sill.

The railway then was full two miles away;
Now the Station is at the Archway door.
The trolley rushes by, and clangs night and day,—
The “Auto” has come,—the STAGE lumbers no more.

Baseball, in our day, had but just begun:—
Football,—we had half the College on a side,—
And anyone then could make a good run.
“Rules?” Well, we just used to let them slide.

In the glad, golden days of that long ago
We were happy,—so happy,—and full of life,
Not dreaming the years would ever show
Time’s cares and sorrow, and life’s fell strife.

But the hour is coming, and soon must ring:—
Years full forty have their length outdrawn;—
Greater still the changes that time must bring,
In the fullness of that other and coming dawn.

May we meet once yet, Brothers, e’er we all go;
Three score and ten some soon must see;—
And again the old Princeton spirit show,
Whether ’tis you, or whether ’tis me.

And then, when it knells, “Time shall be no more,”
Let us trust that we all together may meet,
An unbroken band, on another shore,
And answer, *Adsum*, at the Mercy Seat.

Summaries of Occupations and Professions

AUTHORS, EDITORS, WRITERS, ETC.

Bovell, Coleman, Rowland Cox, J. S. Dennis, Haines, Hueston, Holmes, McCauley, McGuire, McIlvaine, Hamilton, Hayt, McAtee, Nichols, O'Hanlon, Sheldon, Swinnerton, Turnbull, Van Dyke, and doubtless many others. The greater part of the Class have no doubt written more or less.

COMMERCIAL AND BUSINESS LIFE.

Baird, Dey, Gammon, Horner, Inman, Jacobus, Locke, MacCoy, Moffat, Murray, Nichols, Patterson, Phipps, Ricks, E. Roach, Sexton, Sheldon, Henley Smith, Stanfield, Strickler, McLeod Thomson, Washburn, Westcott, H. M. Williams.

ENGINEERING.

Jones, MacCoy, M. Thomson, Van Dyke, Zahner.

LEGAL PROFESSION.

M. V. and C. A. Bergen, Canfield, Harry and Rowland Cox, Cross, Dayton, Haines, Hendrickson, Hueston, Huey, Jackson, Kunkel, Kirkpatrick, McAtee, Miller, Nichols, Parkhurst, Patton, W. Elmer Potter, Frank and Howard Reeder, Smalley, Temple, Toadvine, Vredenburg and Zabriskie.

The following studied the Profession, but practiced to a limited degree, and in some of the cases not at all:

Butler, Gammon, Hamilton, McGuire, Murray, Stanfield, Turnbull and Van Dyke.

MEDICINE.

Backus, Colman, J. B. Done, Holmes, Hutchins, Beach Jones, Mordecai, Chas. H. Potter, Pumyea, Strickler, Stryker and Young.

MINISTRY OF THE GOSPEL.

In the Pastorate: Chetwood, Foster, Freeman, Hall, Hayt, Littell, Lowrie, MacCoy, Marcellus, O'Hanlon, Sayre, Smythe, Swinnerton, Van Cleve, Westcott, Young.

In the Missionary work: Baldwin, J. S. Dennis, McCauley, McIlvaine, Marcellus and Sayre.

The following contemplated the Ministry, but died, or were diverted by other causes: Clark, Dewing, Holden, Lupton, Southard, Sutphen, B. Thompson.

OFFICIAL STATION.

Judges: M. V. Bergen, Hendrickson, Kirkpatrick, McAtee, Howard Reeder.

Legislative: C. A. Bergen, Canfield, Hendrickson, Strickler, Van Dyke.

Diplomatic: Pruyn.

State and Municipal: Coleman, Rowland Cox, Huey, Miller, McGuire, Patton, W. E. Potter, Frank Reeder, Howard Reeder, Ricks, Henley Smith, Stanfield, Strickler, Stryker, Whaley, and doubtless others.

PLANTERS.

E. E. Dennis, Colman, King, Locke, Ricks, Eugene and J. Wilkins Roach, Whaley.

PROFESSORIAL AND OTHER EDUCATIONAL SERVICES.

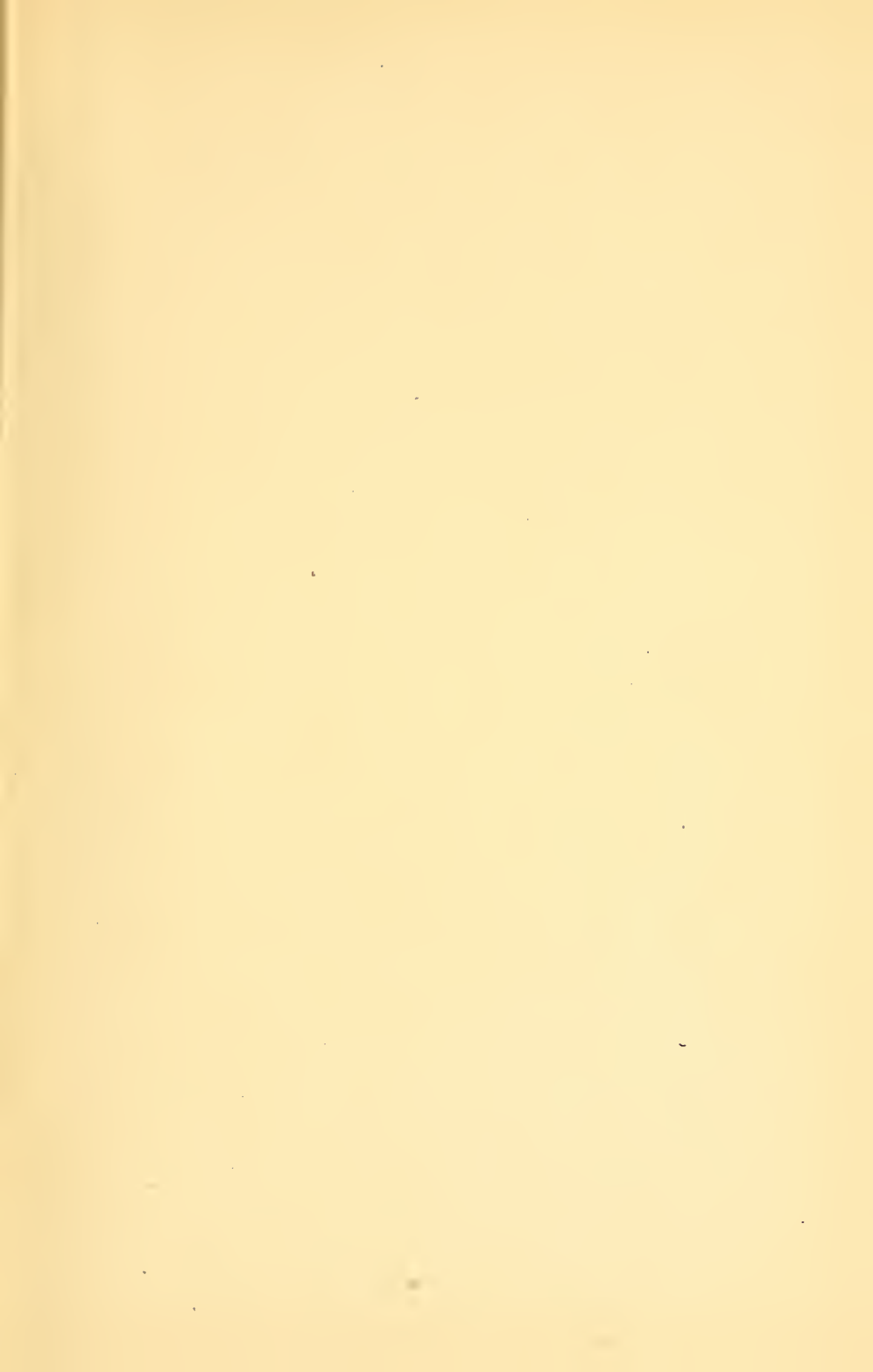
Baird, Baldwin, J. S. Dennis, Hayt, Holmes, Lowrie, Jackson, Marcellus, McCauley, Moffat, Nichols, Patton, Ricks, Sheldon, Swinnerton, Turnbull, Young, Zahner.

WAR.

Breckinridge, and see Classmates in the Civil War above, under the sketch of Sheldon.

NOTE.—The above are necessarily incomplete, but may have a certain interest, even so.

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